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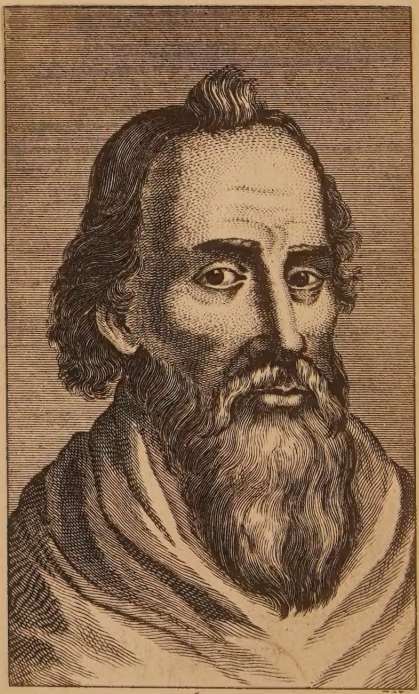
THE SATIRES OF JUVENAL



Juvenal.

From Valpy's Edition of Juvenal 1831.

THE SATIRES OF JUVENAL

With Introduction and Notes

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LONDON: J. M. DENT & CO.

29 & 30, BEDFORD ST., W.C.

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INTRODUCTION

Decius Junius Juvenalis is the latest of the four Roman poets whose writings have been most universally and most constantly read, and he differs widely from the other three. Virgil, Horace and Ovid lived in the brilliant and prosperous time of Augustus, and with the circumstances of their lives and writings we are fairly well acquainted; the mere fact that they belong all three to the same period of literary and political history invites the establishment of relations and comparisons between them. But Juvenal stands apart, divided no less by nature than by circumstance; the outlines, much more the details, of his history are exceedingly difficult to gather, and no agreement has yet been reached among those who make his satires their special study as to his method, character, or object: in fact, while the *Satires* have been for centuries and perhaps still are as widely read and freely quoted as is the work of any Roman poet, yet about few authors is the evidence to be drawn from external sources so slight, the conclusions reached from internal criticism so contradictory. Without entering into the details of a yet undecided question of chronology,* it may be stated that

* Thus Prof. Bury gives 55 A.D., Mr. Duff 60-72 A.D., as the approximate date of Juvenal's birth; Merivale prefers 59 A.D.

Juvenal was born at Aquinum, an Italian town some seventy-five miles south-east of Rome, at some time during the last years of Nero's reign, or shortly after his death; that he lived to an advanced age is inferred from some references in the *Satires* themselves,* while the date of his death is entirely unknown, except that it must have been after 128 A.D.†

Here, then, is a long life, of which the boundaries are very indistinct, and the incidents conjectural: for besides a number of short biographies of the poet attached to manuscripts, confused and contradictory, and three references by Martial, the satires themselves form the one certain source of information. The stories of Juvenal's poverty or wealth, of his banishment to Egypt, and of his military command, were in all probability suggested by the *Satires*, not drawn from any external authority.

According to the traditional account, Juvenal's parents were people of substance, and sent him to Rome in early youth to learn rhetoric; that he was a rhetorician by nature, if not also by art, the *Satires* sufficiently prove, and at Rome, after giving examples of oratorical ‡ power, he began to attempt satire—that "mixed mode" including prose and verse, serious and comic, the ridiculous and the sublime. Domitian's death in 96 A.D. was the signal for an outburst of free speech, no less than for the return of many exiles, so that the first publication of the first book of Juvenal's *Satires* took place after 96: it would have been impossible before. There is no reason for supposing

* *S.* XI, 203; XIII, 17.

† *S.* XV, 27.

‡ That is the common deduction from Martial's application to him of the word *facundus*.

that his production or publication were hindered by Trajan or Hadrian.

What then was the Rome which Juvenal found, and how did it impress him? Were the circumstances of his life such as to account for the vehemence and justify the bitterness of his invective? Rome had changed since the days of Augustus; then a wise and statesmanlike ruler had conciliated a people and a nobility by whom the traditions of freedom were not yet forgotten; with the principate not yet assured, and the senate still powerful, there had been need of caution and moderation; a century of civil war and depredation had demanded peace and made economy advisable. But now, when, at the age perhaps of eighteen or twenty, Juvenal came to Rome, Domitian was on the throne; Rome was the recognised centre and capital of a vast empire, and for the traditional simplicity and rigour of a single free city, had substituted the motley habits and the combined luxury and excesses of a swarm of various peoples, united only in servility to one despotic ruler; and the power that raised him was often the sword that slew his predecessor.* The senate had declined to impotence, and the army was supreme.

It resulted from the growth to maturity of the imperial system that Rome became a capital as vast, as varied, as rich and as poor, as is London or Paris to-day; by the time of Domitian the old Roman pride and Roman stoicism were confined to a few families, and had become unpopular, not to say dangerous, possessions. The people of influence might be freedmen or foreigners, actors or gladiators, only they must be favourites of the Emperor, and they must be wealthy. So far from Cato had the

* Cf. *S.* x, 112, 113.

Romans sunk, that the Latin language was neglected with the Latin dress and the Latin religion. From the East there flowed into Rome a perpetual stream of new cults, new superstitions, and new vices; the most exclusive of cities had become the most cosmopolitan.

It is partly to his life in Rome at this time that Juvenal owes his startling "modernity," the feature which perhaps most forcibly strikes his readers to-day. True, that unless he had been also a keen and candid observer of the "constant" part of life—the passions, pleasures, fears, and affections of men—the accidental similarity between Rome and London (vividly portrayed in Johnson's paraphrase of the third satire) would not have survived for our notice; but now, when the poet's strictures and mockeries of vice and folly are as true as they have always remained, and when London and Paris present the same hybrid features and revolting contrasts as did Rome in 100 A.D., when the nearest parallel to the Roman citizen is the British subject—now the "modernity" of the *Satires* is as striking and as trustworthy a witness to the constancy of human nature as to the insight of Juvenal.

Here, at Rome, less in the study of rhetoric, it is probable, than in the study of the city and its populace, Juvenal spent his youth; and thus he became imbued with the indignation which fires his first nine satires. Conversant as his writing shows him to have been with every line of Virgil, and clinging to the old Roman ideals, he was perpetually contrasting that simple "virtus" and "nobilitas" with the flippant viciousness and the mean greed of this heterogeneous Rome. When at last Domitian died, the iron had entered into Juvenal's soul; so soon as the gag was removed, he burst out in a torrent of angry

scorn against his countrymen in particular, and, affecting to name only those whose death ensured their acquiescence, delivered a comprehensive indictment against the human race in general.* His object was not to lash particular offenders: Crispinus and Apicius,† Cornelia and Hippia, stand for whole classes. For these years spent in Rome he paid a heavy price, since they left him broken in spirit by the evil and misery of all he had seen,—unable, when the time of freedom came, to utter any but words of fire.

Between the first nine and the remaining six satires a considerable interval must have elapsed: nor is it improbable that in the decline of his life and under the influence of a milder and more peaceful rule, Juvenal recovered some of the gentler feelings, something of the cheerful outlook which the anger and disappointment of his earlier days had overwhelmed. At any rate, the difference of style and manner is remarkable; and it is interesting to notice that, while most critics deplore the change from the early to the later style, Merivale writes: "The later satires of Juvenal more than compensate for the earlier." There is, moreover, an equal divergency of opinion upon almost every question connected with Juvenal.

The striking literary qualities to be found in the *Satires* are (to quote a commentator ‡) the "power of painting life-like scenes," and the "command of brilliant epigrammatic phrase"; to them frequent quotation bears witness. But there is another quality,—the source of most of the

* *S.* I, 170.

† The mention of Tigellinus, I, 155, proves this, for Tigellinus lived under Nero; the name merely stands for the class of whom Tigellinus was one.

‡ Mr. J. D. Duff, in Section III of his Introduction.

difficulty experienced in understanding the *Satires*, and the cause which makes an adequate translation impossible,—I mean the quality of inconstancy and unexpectedness. An example will make it clear, for this quality is not striking in the same way as are those already mentioned. Nero killed his mother, and Juvenal compares him with Orestes, to the latter's advantage*: "Orestes," he says, "avenged his father; he never murdered his sister or his wife, nor mixed poisons for his kinsmen, nor sang on the stage, nor murdered the Tale of Troy in verse." Now this particular passage and others like it are noticed for blame by Mr. Duff and M. Nisard, and other critics; the sudden transition from the sublime to the ridiculous seems to them unworthy of an earnest or a sincere writer of satire. But surely it is in reality the satirist's most effective weapon; he chose the satiric form precisely because it gave him that licence, and though Juvenal's transitions are more abrupt and more difficult to comprehend, to say nothing of rendering them, than those of Horace or of any other satirist left to us, yet it is ridiculous to imagine that he was unconscious of anticlimax or not skilful enough to avoid it when he wished. Juvenal was a master of language, not only of fierce invective and of rhetoric, but of parody (as the fourth satire sufficiently shows), of sublimity, and of pathos. The grotesque juxtapositions so frequent and, according to most critics, so damaging, in his satires are designed, and are effective by the contrast they present; it is only because Juvenal understood so well how to write in an epic strain, that the value of his satiric form has been depreciated, and his propriety in using parody and the "bizarre" disputed.

* *S.* VIII, 217.

The style then, like the subject, of the *Satires* is a "farrago"—a medly of high and low, splendid and mean, serious and mocking, but always designedly so. It is the extreme quickness with which the transitions are made that often renders the sense and aim of the words obscure; that rapidity, and the power of parody displayed by Juvenal, are worthy of close attention.

For Juvenal's morals and religious views the *Satires* themselves must speak, and any conclusion drawn from them is sure to be in accord with that of one or other of the critics. But it is at least possible to take a consistent stand upon the belief that Juvenal was a man of intense enthusiasm and love of good, blighted in early life by the horror of reality, and turned to bitterness by that discovery; that he never lacked the gifts of insight, appreciation, and expression; and that with old age his view of life became more happy; of sincerity and feeling he had too much rather than too little.

William Gifford, the author of the translation here printed, was born in 1756, and first published this translation in 1802.

Since that date new light has been thrown upon many obscure passages which he understood imperfectly; but the translation remains as spirited and as fair a rendering of the Latin as any that has appeared before or since, and if the retention and republication of errors now exposed and of misinterpretations now discarded seem reprehensible, yet it must be remembered that there is no lack of books dealing with the difficulties of grammar and syntax to be found in Juvenal, or of critics to elucidate individual passages. Gifford's aim was to reproduce Juvenal's literary qualities, not to exploit his grammatical pecu-

liarities; to present a broad and complete view of the *Satires*, not a partial and minute study. Such inaccuracy in detail as may be objected to him is more than atoned for by the truth and vigour of the whole picture. "Even the best editions of our day have so much of the mere schoolbook; you feel so often that the man does not regard his author as literature, but simply as text. Pedant for pedant, the old is better than the new." *

* George Gissing, in "*The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft.*"

ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST SATIRE

The first satire is introductory: Juvenal complains of the importunity of indifferent poets, and gives his own reasons for writing, and for writing satire. The crimes and follies of Rome have roused in him a burning indignation that cannot be restrained; he gives instances of the vices and meanness now rampant on every side, of the luxury of the rich, the servility of the poor, and, in conclusion, after a reference to the danger gratuitously courted by an unveiled attack upon particular persons, declares his intention of using the names of men no longer living as the medium of his indictment against the age.

Semper ego auditor tantum? nunquamne reponam,
Vexatus toties rauci Theseide Codri?
Impune ergo mihi recitaverit ille togatas,
Hic elegos? impune diem consumpserit ingens
Telephus, aut summi plena jam margine libri
Scriptus et in tergo, necdum finitus, Orestes?
Nota magis nulli domus est sua, quam mihi lucus
Martis et Aeoliis vicinum rupibus antrum
Vulcani. Quid agant venti, quas torqueat umbras
Aeacus, unde alius furtivae devehat aurum
Pelliculae, quantas jaculetur Monychus ornos,
Frontonis platani convulsaque marmora clamant
Semper et assiduo ruptae lectore columnae.
Exspectes eadem a summo minimoque poeta!
Et nos ergo manum ferulae subduximus, et nos
Consilium dedimus Sullae, privatus ut altum
Dormiret. Stulta est clementia, quum tot ubique
Vatibus occurras, perituraे parcere chartae.
Cur tamen hoc potius libeat decurrere campo,
Per quem magnus equos Auruncae flexit alumnus,
Si vacat et placidi rationem admittitis, edam.

Oh! heavens—while thus hoarse Codrus perseveres
To force his Theseid on my tortured ears,
Shall I not once attempt "to quit the score,"
Always an auditor, and nothing more!
Forever at my side, shall this rehearse,
His elegiack, that his comick verse,
Unpunish'd? shall huge Telephus, at will,
The livelong day consume, or, huger still,
Orestes, closely written, written, too,
Down the broad marge, and yet—no end in view!
Away, away!—None knows his home so well,
As I the grove of Mars, and Vulcan's cell,
Fast by the Æolian rocks!
—How the Winds roar,
How ghosts are tortured on the Stygian shore,
How Jason stole the golden fleece, and how
The Centaurs fought on Othrys' shaggy brow,
The walks of Fronto echo round and round—
The columns trembling with the eternal sound,
While high and low, as the mad fit invades,
Bellow the same trite nonsense through the shades.
I, too, can write,—and, at a pedant's frown,
Once pour'd my fustian rhetorick on the town;
And idly proved that Sylla, far from power,
Had pass'd, unknown to fear, the tranquil hour:—
Now I resume my pen; for, since we meet
Such swarms of desperate bards in every street,
'Tis vicious clemency, to spare the oil,
And hapless paper they are sure to spoil.
But why I choose, adventurous, to retrace
The Auruncan's route, and, in the arduous race,
Follow his burning wheels, attentive hear,

Quum tener uxorem ducat spado, Maevia Tuscum
Figat aprum et nuda teneat venabula mamma;
Patricios omnes opibus quum provocet unus,
Quo tondente gravis juveni mihi barba sonabat;
Quum pars Niliacae plebis, quum verna Canopi
Crispinus, Tyrias humero revocante lacernas,
Ventilet aestivum digitis sudantibus aurum,
Nec sufferre queat majoris pondera gemmae:
Difficile est Satiram non scribere. Nam quis iniquae
Tam patiens Urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se,
Causidici nova quum veniat lectica Mathonis,
Plena ipso? post hunc magni delator amici
Et cito rapturus de nobilitate comesa,
Quod superest; quem Massa timet, quem munere palpat
Carus et a trepido Thymele submissa Latino;
Quum te submoveant qui testamenta merentur
Noctibus, in coelum quos evehit optima summi
Nunc via processus, vetulae vesica beatae?
Unciolam Proculeius habet, sed Gillo deuncem,
Partes quisque suas ad mensuram inguinis heres.
Accipiat sane mercedem sanguinis et sic

If leisure serve, and truth be worth your ear.
When the soft eunuch weds, and the bold fair
Tilts at the Tuscan boar, with bosom bare;
When one that oft, since manhood first appear'd,
Has trimm'd the exuberance of this sounding beard,
In wealth, outvies the senate; when a vile,
A slave-born, slave-bred, vagabond of Nile,
Crispinus, while he gathers now, now flings
His purple open, fans his summer rings;
And, as his fingers sweat beneath the freight,
Cries, "Save me—from a gem of greater weight!"
'Tis hard a less adventurous course to choose,
While folly plagues, and vice inflames the Muse.
For who so slow of heart, so dull of brain,
So patient of the town, as to contain
His bursting spleen, when, full before his eye,
Swings the new chair of lawyer Matho by,
Cramm'd with himself! then, with no less parade,
That caitiff's, who his noble friend betray'd,
Who now, in fancy, prostrate greatness tears,
And preys on what the imperial vulture spares!
Whom Massa dreads, Latinus, trembling, plies
With a fair wife, and anxious Carus buys!
When those supplant thee in thy dearest rights,
Who earn rich legacies by active nights;
Those, whom (the shortest, surest way to rise,)
The widow's itch, advances to the skies!——
Not that an equal rank her minions hold:
Just to their various powers, she metes her gold,
And Proculeius mourns his scanty share,
While Gillo triumphs, her's and nature's heir!
And let him triumph! 'tis the price of blood:

Palleat, ut nudis pressit qui calcibus anguem,
Aut Lugdunensem rhetor dicturus ad aram!
Quid referam, quanta siccum jecur ardeat ira,
Quum populum gregibus comitum premit hic spoliator
Pupilli prostantis? et hic damnatus inani
Judicio (quid enim salvis infamia nummis?)
Exsul ab octava Marius bibit et fruitur Dis
Iratis; at tu victrix provincia ploras!
Haec ego non credam Venusina digna lucerna?
Haec ego non agitem? Sed quid magis Heracleas
Aut Diomedeas aut mugitum Labyrinthi
Et mare percussum puero fabrumque volantem,
Quum leno accipiat moechi bona, si capiendi
Jus nullum uxori, doctus spectare lacunar,
Doctus et ad calicem vigilanti stertere naso;
Quum fas esse putet curam sperare cohortis,
Qui bona donavit praesepibus et caret omni
Majorum censu, dum pervolat axe citato

While, thus defrauded of the generous flood,
The colour flies his cheek, as though he prest,
With unsuspecting foot, a serpent's crest;
Or stood engaged at Lyons to declaim,
Where the least peril is the loss of fame.
Ye Gods!—what rage, what frenzy fires my brain,
When that false guardian, with his splendid train,
Crowds the long street, and leaves his orphan charge
To prostitution, and the world at large!
When, by a juggling sentence damn'd in vain,
(For who, that holds the plunder, heeds the pain?)
Marius to wine devotes his morning hours,
And laughs, in exile, at the offended Powers:
While, sighing o'er the victory she won,
The Province finds herself but more undone!
And shall I feel, that crimes like these require
The avenging strains of the Venusian lyre,
And not pursue them? shall I still repeat
The legendary tales of Troy and Crete;
The toils of Hercules, the horses fed,
On human flesh, by savage Diomed,
The lowing labyrinth, the builder's flight,
And the rash boy, hurl'd from his airy height?
When, what the law forbids the wife to heir,
The adulterer's Will may to the wittol bear,
Who gave, with wand'ring eye, and vacant face,
A tacit sanction to his own disgrace;
And, while at every turn a look he stole,
Snored, unsuspected, o'er the treacherous bowl!
When he presumes to ask a troop's command,
Who spent on horses all his father's land,
While, proud the experienced driver to display,

Flaminiam; puer Automedon nam lora tenebat,
Ipse lacernatae quum se jactaret amicae.
Nonne libet medio ceras implere capaces
Quadrivio? quum jam sexta cervice feratur
Hinc atque inde patens ac nuda paene cathedra
Et multum referens de Maecenate supino
Signator falsi, qui se lautum atque beatum
Exiguis tabulis et gemma fecerat uda;
Occurrit matrona potens, quae, molle Calenum
Porrectura, viro miscet sitiente rubetam,
Instituitque rudes melior Locusta propinquas
Per famam et populum nigros efferre maritos.
Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris et carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis! Probitas laudatur et alget;
Criminibus debent hortos, praetoria, mensas,
Argentum vetus et stantem extra pocula caprum.
Quem patitur dormire nurus corruptor avarae,
Quem sponsae turpes et praetextatus adulter?
Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum,

His glowing wheels smoked o'er the Appian way :—
For there, our young Automedon first tried
His powers, there loved the rapid car to guide ;
While great Pelides sought superiour bliss,
And toy'd and wanton'd with his master-miss.
Who would not, reckless of the swarm he meets,
Fill his wide tablets, in the publick streets,
With angry verse ? when, through the mid-day glare,
Borne by six slaves, and in an open chair,
The forger comes, who owes this blaze of state,
To a wet seal, and a fictitious date ;
Comes, like the soft Maecenas, lolling by,
And impudently braves the publick eye !
Or the rich dame, who stanch'd her husband's thirst
With generous wine, but—drugged it deeply first !
And now, more dextrous than Locusta, shows
Her country friends, the beverage to compose,
And, midst the curses of the indignant throng,
Bear, in broad day, the spotted corpse along.
Dare nobly, man ! if greatness be thy aim,
And practise what may chains and exile claim :
On Guilt's broad base thy towering fortunes raise,
For Virtue starves on—universal praise !
While crimes, in scorn of niggard fate, afford
The ivory couches, and the citron board,
The goblet high-emboss'd, the antique plate,
The lordly mansion, and the fair estate !
O ! who can rest—who tastes the sweets of life,
When sires debauch the son's too greedy wife ;
When males to males, abjuring shame, are wed,
And beardless boys pollute the nuptial bed !
No : Indignation, kindling as she views,

Qualemcunque potest, quales ego vel Cluvienus.
Ex quo Deucalion, nimbis tollentibus aequor,
Navigio montem ascendit sortesque poposcit,
Paulatimque anima caluerunt mollia saxa,
Et maribus nudas ostendit Pyrrha puellas,
Quidquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli.
Et quando uberior vitiorum copia? quando
Major avaritiae patuit sinus? alea quando
Hos animos? Neque enim loculis comitantibus itur
Ad casum tabulae, posita sed luditur arca.
Proelia quanta illic dispensatore videbis
Armigero! Simplexne furor, sestertia centum
Perdere et horrenti tunicam non reddere servo?
Quis totidem erexit villas? quis fercula septem
Secreto coenavit avus? Nunc sportula primo
Limine parva sedet, turbae rapienda togatae.
Ille tamen faciem prius inspicit et trepidat, ne
Suppositus venias ac falso nomine poscas.

Shall, in each breast, a generous warmth infuse,
And pour, in Nature and the Nine's despite,
Such strains as I, or Cluvienus, write!
E'er since Deucalion, while, on every side,
The bursting clouds uprais'd the whelming tide,
Reach'd, in his little skiff, the forked hill,
And sought, at Themis' shrine, the Immortal's will;
When softening stones grew warm with gradual life,
And Pyrrha brought each male a virgin wife;
Whatever passions have the souls possest,
Whatever wild desires inflamed the breast,
Joy, Sorrow, Fear, Love, Hatred, Transport, Rage,
Shall form the motley subject of my page.
And when could Satire boast so fair a field?
Say, when did Vice a richer harvest yield?
When did fell Avarice so engross the mind?
Or when the lust of play so curse mankind?—
No longer now, the pocket's stores supply
The boundless charges of the desperate die;
The chest is staked!—muttering the steward stands,
And scarce resigns it, at his lord's commands.
Is it a SIMPLE MADNESS,—I would know,
To venture countless thousands on a throw,
Yet want the soul, a single piece to spare,
To clothe the slave, that shivering stands and bare!
Who call'd, of old, so many seats his own,
Or on seven sumptuous dishes supp'd alone?—
Then plain and open was the cheerful feast,
And every client was a bidden guest;
Now, at the gate, a paltry largess lies,
And eager hands and tongues dispute the prize.
But first (lest some false claimant should be found,)

Agnitus accipies; jubet a praecone vocari
Ipsos Trojugenas: nam vexant limen et ipsi
Nobiscum. Da Praetori, da deinde Tribuno!
Sed libertinus prior est. Prior, inquit, ego adsum.
Cur timeam, dubitemve locum defendere quamvis
Natus ad Euphraten, molles quod in aure fenestrae
Auguerint, licet ipse negem? Sed quinque tabernae
Quadringenta parant. Quid confert purpura major
Optandum, si Laurenti custodit in agro
Conductas Corvinus oves? Ego possideo plus
Pallante et Licinis. Exspectent ergo tribuni;
Vincant divitiae, sacro ne cedat honori,
Nuper in hanc urbem pedibus qui venerat albis;
Quandoquidem inter nos sanctissima Divitiarum
Majestas: etsi funesta Pecunia templo
Nondum habitas, nullas nummorum ereximus aras,
Ut colitur Pax atque Fides, Victoria, Virtus,
Quaeque salutato crepitat Concordia nido.
Sed quum summus honor finito computet anno,
Sportula quid referat, quantum rationibus addat;
Quid facient comites, quibus hinc toga, calceus hinc est
Et panis fumusque domi? Densissima centum
Quadrantes lectica petit, sequiturque maritum

The wary steward takes his anxious round,
And pries in every face; then calls aloud,
"Come forth, ye great Dardanians, from the crowd!"
For, mix'd with us, e'en these besiege the door,
And scramble for—the pittance of the poor!
"Despatch the Praetor first," the master cries,
"And next the Tribune." 'No, not so;' replies
The Freedman, bustling through, 'first come is, still,
First served; and I may claim my right, and will!—
Though born a slave, ('tis bootless to deny,
What these bored ears betray to every eye,)
On my own rents, in splendour, now I live,
On five fair freeholds! Can the PURPLE give
Their Honours, more? when, to Laurentum sped,
NOBLE Corvinus tends a flock for bread!—
Pallas and the Licînii, in estate,
Must yield to me: let, then, the Tribunes wait.'
Yes, let them wait! thine, Riches, be the field!—
It is not meet, that he to HONOUR yield,
To SACRED HONOUR, who, with whiten'd feet,
Was hawk'd for sale, so lately, through the street.
O gold! though Rome beholds no altars flame,
No temples rise to thy pernicious name,
Such as to Victory, Virtue, Faith are rear'd,
And Concord, where the clamorous stork is heard,
Yet is thy full divinity confest,
Thy shrine establish'd here, in every breast.
But while, with anxious eyes, the great explore
How much the dole augments their annual store,
What misery must the poor dependant dread,
Whom this small pittance, cloth'd, and lodg'd, and fed?
Wedged in thick ranks before the donor's gates,

Languida vel praegnans et circumducitur uxor.
Hic petit absenti, nota jam callidus arte,
Ostendens vacuam et clausam pro conjuge sellam.
Galla mea est, inquit. Citius dimitte. Moraris?
Profer, Galla, caput. Noli vexare, quiescet.
Ipse dies pulcro distinguitur ordine rerum:
Sportula, deinde forum, jurisque peritus Apollo
Atque triumphales, inter quas ausus habere
Nescio quis titulos Aegyptius atque Arabarches,
Cujus ad effigiem non tantum meiere fas est.
Vestibulis abeunt veteres lassique clientes,
Votaque deponunt, quanquam longissima coenae
Spes homini. Caules miseris atque ignis emendus.
Optima silvarum interea pelagique vorabit
Rex horum, vacuisque toris tantum ipse jacebit.
Nam de tot pulcris et latis orbibus et tam
Antiquis una comedunt patrimonia mensa.
Nullus jam parasitus erit! Sed quis ferat istas
Luxuriae sordes? Quanta est gula, quae sibi totos
Ponit apros, animal propter convivia natum!
Poena tamen praesens, quum tu deponis amictus
Turgidus et crudum pavonem in balnea portas.

A phalanx firm, of chairs and litters, waits:
Thither one husband, at the risk of life,
Hurries his teeming, or his bedrid wife;
Another, practised in the gainful art,
With deeper cunning tops the beggar's part;
Plants at his side a close and empty chair:
"My Galla, master;—give me Galla's share."
'Galla!' the porter cries; 'let her look out.'
"Sir, she's asleep. Nay, give me; can you doubt!"
What rare pursuits employ the clients' day!
First to the patron's door, their court to pay,
Next to the forum, to support his cause,
Thence to Apollo, learned in the laws,
And the triumphal statues; where some Jew,
Some mongrel Arab, some—I know not who—
Has impudently dared a niche to seize,
Fit to be p—— against, or—what you please.—
Returning home he drops them at the gate:
And now the weary clients, wise too late,
Resign their hopes, and supperless retire,
To spend the paltry dole in herbs and fire.
Meanwhile, their patron sees his palace stored,
With every dainty earth and sea afford:
Stretch'd on th' unsocial couch, he rolls his eyes
O'er many an orb of matchless form and size,
Selects the fairest to receive his plate,
And, at one meal, devours a whole estate!—
But who, (for not a parasite is there,)
The selfishness of luxury can bear?
See! the lone glutton craves whole boars! a beast
Design'd, by nature, for the social feast!—
But speedy wrath o'ertakes him: Gorged with food,

Hinc subitae mortes atque intestata senectus.
It nova, nec tristis, per cunctas fabula coenas,
Ducitur iratis plaudendum funus amicis.
Nil erit ulterius, quod nostris moribus addat
Posteritas: eadem cupient facientque minores.
Omne in praecipiti vitium stetit. Utere velis;
Totos pande sinus. Dicas hic forsitan, Unde
Ingenium par materiae? unde illa priorum
Scribendi, quodcunque animo flagrante liberet,
Simplicitas, cujus non audeo dicere nomen?
Quid refert dictis ignoscat Mucius, an non?
Pone Tigellinum: taeda lucebis in illa,
Qua stantes ardent, qui fixo gutture fumant,
Et latum media sulcum deducis arena.
Qui dedit ergo tribus patruis aconita, vehatur
Pensilibus plumis, atque illinc despiciat nos?—
Quum veniet contra, digito compesce labellum:
Accusator erit, qui verbum dixerit, Hic est.
Securus licet Aeneam Rutulumque ferocem

And swoll'n and fretted by the peacock crude,
He seeks the bath, his feverish pulse to still,
Hence sudden death, and age without a Will!
Swift flies the tale, by witty spleen increast,
And furnishes a laugh at every feast;
The laugh, his friends not undelighted hear,
And, fallen from all their hopes, insult his bier.
NOTHING is left, NOTHING, for future times,
To add to the full catalogue of crimes;
The baffled sons must feel the same desires,
And act the same mad follies, as their sires.
VICE HAS ATTAIN'D ITS ZENITH:—Then set sail,
Spread all thy canvas, Satire, to the gale—
But where the powers so vast a theme requires?
Where the plain times, the simple, when our sires
Enjoy'd a freedom, which I dare not name,
And gave the publick sin to publick shame,
Heedless who smiled or frown'd?
Now glance at Tigellinus, and you glare
In that pitch'd shirt, in which such crowds expire,
Chain'd to the bloody stake, and wrapp'd in fire;
While he, whose crimes your daring lines arraign,
More vicious, proves—you plough the sand in vain!
What, shall the wretch of hard, unpitying soul,
Who, for THREE uncles, mix'd the deadly bowl,
Propp'd on his plumy couch, that all may see,
Tower by triumphant, and look down on me!
Yes; let him look. He comes! avoid his way,
And on your lip your cautious finger lay;
Crowds of informers linger in his rear,
And, if a whisper pass, will overhear.
Bring, if you please, Aeneas on the stage,

Committas: nulli gravis est percussus Achilles,

Aut multum quaesitus Hylas urnamque secutus

Ense velut stricto quotiens Lucilius ardens

Infremuit, rubet auditor, cui frigida mens est

Criminibus; tacita sudant praecordia culpa.

Inde irae et lacrimae. Tecum prius ergo voluta

Haec animo ante tubas. Galeatum sero duelli

Poenitet. Experiar, quid concedatur in illos,

Quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis atque Latina.

Fierce war, with the Rutulian prince, to wage;
Subdue the stern Achilles; and once more,
With Hylas! Hylas! fill the echoing shore;
Harmless, nay pleasant, shall the tale be found,
It bares no ulcer, and it probes no wound.
But when Lucilius, fired with virtuous rage,
Waves his keen falchion o'er a guilty age,
The conscious villain shudders at his sin,
And burning blushes speaks the pangs within;
Cold drops of sweat from every member roll,
And growing terrours harrow up his soul:
Then tears of shame, and dire revenge succeed—
Say, have you ponder'd well the advent'rous deed?
Now—ere the trumpet sounds—your strength debate;
The soldier, once engaged, repents too late.
Yet I MUST write: and since these iron times,
From living knaves preclude my angry rhymes,
I point my pen against the guilty dead,
And pour its gall on each obnoxious head.

ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD SATIRE

Umbritius, a friend of Juvenal, is leaving Rome, and, as he quits the city, pauses to review the reasons for his departure. Rome, he says, is no place for honest poverty; the unscrupulous and the vicious flourish there, and notably, among a crowd of foreigners, the Greeks, whose versatile and servile nature allows them to be adept in all vile practices and intrigues. Everything at Rome is measured by the standard of wealth; beside wealth, birth and character are nothing. The rich man wins adulation and success; the poor man is exposed to danger and insult unpitied; fire frequently destroys his all; the noises of the streets allow him no sleep; he is crushed in the collapse of heavy drays; from the windows above broken pots are thrown down or slops emptied on his head as he walks; drunken bullies insult and maltreat him, to say nothing of the professional footpads. Rome is a city of criminals—— Here Umbritius breaks off, bids farewell to his friend, and goes.

Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici,
Laudo tamen, vacuis quod sedem figere Cumis
Destinet atque unum civem donare Sibyllae.
Janua Baiarum est et gratum litus amoeni
Secessus. Ego vel Prochytam praepono Suburae.
Nam quid tam miserum, tam solum vidimus, ut non
Deterius credas horrere incendia, lapsus
Tectorum assiduos ac mille pericula saevae
Urbis et Augusto recitantes mense poetas ?
Sed dum tota domus reda componitur una,
Substitit ad veteres arcus madidamque Capenam.
Hic, ubi nocturnae Numa constituebat amicae,
Nunc sacri fontis nemus et delubra locantur
Judaeis ; quorum cophinus foenumque supellex.
Omnis enim populo mercedem pendere jussa est
Arbor, et ejectis mendicat silva Camenis.
In vallem Egeriae descendimus et speluncas
Dissimiles veris. Quanto praestantius esset
Numen aquae, viridi si margine clauderet undas

Grieved though I am to see the man depart,
Who long has shared, and still must share my heart,
Yet (when I call my better judgment home)
I praise his purpose; to retire from Rome,
And give, on Cumae's solitary coast,
The Sibyl—one inhabitant to boast!
Full on the road to Baiae, Cumae lies,
And many a sweet retreat her shore supplies—
Though I prefer even Prochyta's bare strand,
To the Suburra:—for, what desert land,
What wild, uncultured spot, can more affright,
Than fires, wide blazing through the gloom of night,
Houses, with ceaseless ruin, thundering down,
And all the horrours of this hateful town?
Where poets, while the dogstar glows, rehearse,
To gasping multitudes, their barbarous verse!
Now had my friend, impatient to depart,
Consign'd his little all to one poor cart:
For this, without the town, he chose to wait;
But stopp'd a moment at the Conduit-gate.—
Here Numa erst his nightly visits paid,
And held high converse with the Egerian maid:
Now the once-hallow'd fountain, grove, and fane,
Are let to Jews, a wretched, wandering train,
Whose furniture's, a basket fill'd with hay,—
For every tree is forced a tax to pay;
And while the heaven-born Nine in exile rove,
The beggar rents their consecrated grove!
Thence slowly winding down the vale, we view
The Egerian grots—ah, how unlike the true!
Nymph of the Spring! more honour'd hadst thou been,
If, free from art, an edge of living green,

Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tophum!
Hic tunc Umbricius, Quando artibus, inquit, honestis
Nullus in Urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,
Res hodie minor est, here quam fuit, atque eadem cras
Deteret exiguis aliquid: proponimus illuc
Ire, fatigatas ubi Daedalus exuit alas,
Dum nova canities, dum prima et recta senectus,
Dum superest Lachesi quod torqueat, et pedibus me
Porto meis, nullo dextram subeunte bacillo.
Cedamus patria: vivant Artorius istic
Et Catulus: maneant qui nigrum in candida vertunt,
Quis facile est aedem conducere, flumina, portus
Siccandam eluviem, portandum ad busta cadaver,
Et praebere caput domina venale sub hasta.
Quondam hi cornicines et municipalis arenae
Perpetui comites notaeque per oppida buccae
Munera nunc edunt et, verso pollice vulgi,
Quem libet, occidunt populariter: inde reversi
Conducunt foricas; et cur non omnia? quum sint
Quales ex humili magna ad fastigia rerum
Extollit, quotiens voluit Fortuna jocari.

Thy bubbling fount had circumscribed alone,
And marble ne'er profaned the native stone.
Umbritius here his sullen silence broke,
And turn'd on Rome, indignant, as he spoke.
Since virtue droops, he cried, without regard,
And honest toil scarce hopes a poor reward;
Since every morrow sees my means decay,
And still makes less the little of to-day;
I go, where Daedalus, as poets sing,
First check'd his flight, and closed his weary wing:
While something yet of health and strength remains,
And yet no staff my faultering step sustains;
While few gray hairs upon my head are seen,
And my old age is vigorous still, and green.
Here then, I bid my much loved home farewell—
Ah, mine no more!—there let Arturius dwell,
And Catulus; knaves, who, in truth's despite,
Can white to black transform, and black to white,
Build temples, furnish funerals, auctions hold,
Farm rivers, ports, and scour the drains for gold!
Once they were trumpeters, and always found,
With strolling fencers, in their annual round,
While their puff'd cheeks, which every village knew,
Call'd to "high feats of arms," the rustick crew:
Now they give Shows themselves; and, at the will,
Of the base rabble, raise the sign—to kill,
Ambitious of their voice: then turn, once more,
To their vile gains, and farm the common shore!
And why not every thing?—since Fortune throws
Her more peculiar smiles on such as those,
Whene'er, to wanton merriment inclined,
She lifts to thrones, the dregs of human kind!

Quid Romae faciam? Mentiri nescio: librum,
Si malus est, nequeo laudare et poscere: motus
Astrorum ignoro: funus promittere patris
Nec volo, nec possum: ranarum viscera nunquam
Inspexi. Ferre ad nuptam quae mittit adulter,
Quae mandat, norint alii: me nemo ministro
Fur erit, atque ideo nulli comes exeo, tanquam
Mancus et exstinctae corpus non utile dextrae.
Quis nunc diligitur, nisi conscius, et cui fervens
Aestuat occultis animus semperque tacendis?
Nil tibi se debere putat, nil conferet unquam,
Participem qui te secreti fecit honesti.
Carus erit Verri qui Verrem tempore, quo vult,
Accusare potest. Tanti tibi non sit opaci
Omnis arena Tagi quodque in mare volvitur aurum,
Ut somno careas ponendaque praemia sumas
Tristis et a magno semper timearis amico.
Quae nunc divitibus gens acceptissima nostris
Et quos praecipue fugiam, proberabo fateri,
Nec pudor obstabit. Non possum ferre, Quirites,
Graecam Urbem: quamvis quota portio faecis Achaei?

But why, my friend, should I at Rome remain?
I cannot teach my stubborn lips to feign;
Nor, when I hear a great man's verses, smile,
And beg a copy, if I think them vile.
A sublunary wight, I have no skill
To read the stars; I neither can, nor will,
Presage a father's death; I never pried,
In toads, for poison, nor—in aught beside.
Others may aid the adulterer's vile design,
And bear the insidious gift, and melting line,
Seduction's agents! I such deeds detest;
And, honest, let no thief partake my breast.
For this, without a friend, the world I quit;
A palsied limb, for every use unfit.
Who now is loved, but he whose conscious breast,
Swells with dark deeds, still, still to be suppress't?
He pays, he owes, thee nothing, (strictly just,)
Who gives an honest secret to thy trust;
But, a dishonest!—there, he feels thy power,
And buys thy friendship high from hour to hour.
But let not all the wealth which Tagus pours
In Ocean's lap, not all his glittering stores,
Be deem'd a bribe, sufficient to requite
The loss of peace by day, of sleep by night:—
O take not, take not, what thy soul rejects,
Nor sell the faith, which he, who buys, suspects!
The nation, by the GREAT, admired, carest,
And hated, shunn'd by ME, above the rest,
No longer, now, restrain'd by wounded pride,
I haste to shew, (nor thou my warmth deride,)
I cannot rule my spleen, and calmly see,
A GRECIAN CAPITAL, IN ITALY!

Jampridem Syrus in Tiberim defluxit Orontes
Et linguam et mores et cum tibicine chordas
Obliquas, nec non gentilia tympana secum
Vexit et ad Circum jussas prostare puellas.
Ite quibus grata est picta lupa barbara mitra !
Rusticus ille tuus sumit trechedipna, Quirine,
Et ceromatico fert niceteria collo.
Hic alta Sicyone, ast hic Amydone relicta,
Hic Andro, ille Samo, hic Trallibus aut Alabandis,
Esquilias dictumque petunt a vimine collem,
Viscera magnarum domuum dominique futuri.
Ingenium velox, audacia perdita, sermo
Promptus et Isaeo torrentior. Ede, quid illum
Esse putes? quem vis hominem, secum attulit ad nos.
Grammaticus, rhetor, geometres, pictor, aliptes,
Augur, schoenobates, medicus, magus: omnia novit
Graeculus esuriens; in coelum, jusseris, ibit.
Ad summam, non Maurus erat neque Sarmata nec Thrax,
Qui sumpsit pennas, mediis sed natus Athenis.
Horum ego non fugiam conchylia? Me prior ille
Signabit? fultusque toro meliore recumbet

Grecian? O, no! with this vast sewer compared,
The dregs of Greece are scarcely worth regard:
Long since, the stream that wanton Syria laves,
Has disembogued its filth in Tiber's waves,
Its language, arts; o'erwhelmed us with the scum
Of Antioch's streets, its minstrel, harp, and drum.
Hie to the Circus! ye who want to prove
A barbarous mistress, an outlandish love;
Hie to the Circus! there in crowds they stand,
Tires on their head, and timbrels in their hand.
Thy rustick, Mars, the trechedipna wears,
And on his breast, smear'd with ceroma, bears
A paltry prize, well-pleased; while every land,
Sicyon, and Amydos, and Alaband,
Tralles, and Samos, and a thousand more,
Thrive on his indolence, and daily pour
Their starving myriads forth: hither they come,
And batten on the genial soil of Rome;
Minions, then lords, of every princely dome!
A flattering, cringing, treacherous, artful race,
Of torrent tongue, and never-blushing face;
A Protean tribe, one knows not what to call,
Which shifts to every form, and shines in all:
Grammarian, painter, augur, rhetorician,
Rope-dancer, conjuror, fidler, and physician,
All trades his own, your hungry Greekling counts;
And bid him mount the sky,—the sky he mounts!
You smile—was't a barbarian, then, that flew?
No, 'twas a Greek; 'twas an ATHENIAN, too!
—Bear with their state who will: for I disdain,
To feed their upstart pride, or swell their train:
Slaves, that in Syrian lighters stow'd, so late,

Advectus Romam, quo pruna et cottana vento?
Usque adeo nihil est, quod nostra infantia coelum
Hausit Aventini baca nutrita Sabina?
Quid? quod adulandi gens prudentissima laudat
Sermonem indocti, faciem deformis amici,
Et longum invalidi collum cervicibus aequat
Herculis, Antaeum procul a tellure tenentis,
Miratur vocem augustam, qua deterius nec
Ille sonat, quo mordetur gallina marito.
Haec eadem licet et nobis laudare: sed illis
Creditur. An melior, quum Thaida sustinet, aut quum
Uxorem comoedus agit vel Dorida nullo
Cultam palliolo? Mulier nempe ipsa videtur,
Non persona loqui: vacua et plana omnia dicas
Infra ventriculum et tenui distantia rima.
Nec tamen Antiochus, nec erit mirabilis illic
Aut Stratocles aut cum molli Demetrius Haemo;
Natio comoeda est. Rides? majore cachinno
Concutitur; flet, si lacrimas conspexit amici,
Nec dolet: igniculum brumae si tempore poscas,
Accipit endromidem: si dixeris, aestuo, sudat.
Non sumus ergo pares: melior, qui semper et omni

With figs and prunes, (an inauspicious freight,)
Already see their faith preferr'd to mine,
And sit above me! and before me sign!—
That on the Aventine I first drew air,
And, from the womb, was nursed on Sabine fare,
Avails me not! our birthright now is lost,
And all our privilege, an empty boast!
For lo! where vers'd in every soothing art,
The wily Greek assails his patron's heart,
Finds in each dull harangue an air, a grace,
And all Adonis in a Gorgon face;
Admires the voice that grates upon the ear,
Like the shrill scream of amorous chanticleer;
And equals the crane neck, and narrow chest,
To Hercules, when, straining to his breast
The giant son of Earth, his every vein
Swells with the toil, and more than mortal pain.
We too can cringe as low, and praise as warm,
But flattery from the Greeks alone can charm.
See! they step forth, and figure to the life,
The naked nymph, the mistress, or the wife,
So just, you view the very woman there,
And fancy all beneath the girdle bare!
No longer now, the favourites of the stage
Boast their exclusive power to charm the age;
The happy art with them a nation shares,
GREECE IS A THEATRE, WHERE ALL ARE PLAYERS.
For lo! their patron smiles,—they burst with mirth;
He weeps,—they droop, the saddest souls on earth;
He calls for fire,—they court the mantle's heat;
'Tis warm, he cries,—and they dissolve in sweat.
Ill-match'd!—secure of victory they start,

Nocte dieque potest alienum sumere vultum,
A facie jactare manus, laudare paratus,
Si bene ructavit, si rectum minxit amicus,
Si trulla inverso crepitum dedit aurea fundo.
Praeterea sanctum nihil est et ab inguine tutum ;
Non matrona laris, non filia virgo, neque ipse
Sponsus levis adhuc, non filius ante pudicus.
Horum si nihil est, aviam resupinat amici.
Scire volunt secreta domus atque inde timeri.
Et quoniam coepit Graecorum mentio, transi
Gymnasia atque audi facinus majoris abollae.
Stoicus occidit Baream, delator amicum
Discipulumque senex, ripa nutritus in illa,
Ad quam Gorgonei delapsa est pinna caballi.
Non est Romano cuiquam locus hic, ubi regnat
Protogenes aliquis vel Diphilus aut Erimarchus,
Qui gentis vitio nunquam partitur amicum,
Solus habet. Nam quum facilem stillavit in aurem
Exiguum de naturae patriaeque veneno,
Limine submoveor : perierunt tempora longi
Servitii. Nusquam minor est jactura clientis.
Quod porro officium, ne nobis blandiar, aut quod
Pauperis hic meritum, si curet nocte togatus

Who, taught from youth to play a borrow'd part,
Can, with a glance, the rising passion trace,
And mould their own, to suit their patron's face;
At deeds of shame their hands admiring raise,
And mad debauchery's worst excesses praise.
Besides, no mound their raging lust restrains,
All ties it breaks, all sanctity profanes;
Wife, virgin-daughter, son unstain'd before,——
And, where these fail, they tempt the grandam hoar:
They notice every word, haunt every ear,
Your secrets learn, and fix you theirs from fear.
Turn to their schools:—yon gray professor see,
Smear'd with the sanguine stains of perfidy!
That tutor most accurs'd his pupil sold!
That Stoick sacrificed his friend to gold!
A true-born Grecian! litter'd on the coast,
Where the Gorgonian hack a pinion lost.
Hence, Romans, hence! no place for you remains,
Where Diphulus, where Erimanthus reigns;
Miscreants, who, faithful to their native art,
Admit no rival in a patron's heart:—
For let them fasten on his easy ear,
And drop one hint, one secret slander there,
Suck'd from their country's venom, or their own,
That instant they possess the man alone;
While we are spurn'd, contemptuous, from the door,
Our long, long slavery, thought upon no more.
'Tis but a client lost!—and that, we find,
Sits wondrous lightly on a patron's mind:
And (not to flatter our poor pride, my friend)
What merit with the great can we pretend,
Though, in our duty, we prevent the day,

Currere, quum Praetor lictorem impellat et ire
Praecipitem jubeat, dudum vigilantibus orbis,
Ne prior Albinam et Modiam collega salutet?
Divitis hic servi claudit latus ingenuorum
Filius: alter enim, quantum in legione Tribuni
Accipiunt, donat Calvinae vel Catienae,
Ut semel atque iterum super illam palpitet: at tu,
Quum tibi vestiti facies scorti placet, haeres
Et dubitas alta Chionem deducere sella.
Da testem Romae tam sanctum, quam fuit hospes
Numinis Idaei: procedat vel Numa, vel qui
Servavit trepidam flagranti ex aede Minervam:
Protenus ad censum, de moribus ultima fiet
Quaestio. Quot pascit servos? quot possidet agri
Jugera? quam multa magnaque paropside coenat?
Quantam quisque sua nummorum servat in arca,
Tantum habet et fidei. Jures licet et Samothracum
Et nostrorum aras contemnere fulmina pauper
Creditur atque Deos, Dis ignoscentibus ipsis.
Quid? quod materiam praebet causasque jocorum
Omnibus hic idem, si foeda et scissa lacerna,
Si toga sordidula est et rupta calceus alter

And, darkling run our humble court to pay ;
When the brisk praetor, long before, is gone,
And hastening, with stern voice, his lictors on,
Lest his colleagues o'erpass him in the street,
And first the rich and childless matrons greet,
Alba and Modia, who impatient wait,
And think the morning homage comes too late ;
Here freeborn youths wait the rich servant's call,
And, if they walk beside him, yield the wall ;
And wherefore ? this, forsooth, can fling away,
On one voluptuous night, a legion's pay,
While those, when some Calvina, sweeping by,
Inflames the fancy, check their roving eye,
And frugal of their scanty means, forbear,
To tempt the wanton from her splendid chair.
Produce, at Rome, your witness : let him boast,
The sanctity of Berecynthia's host,
Of Numa, or of Him, whose zeal divine
Snatch'd pale Minerva from her blazing shrine :
To search his rent-roll, first the bench prepares,
His honesty employs their latest cares :
What table does he keep, what slaves maintain,
And what, they ask, and where, is his domain ?
These weighty matters known, his faith they rate,
And square his probity to his estate.
The poor may swear by all the immortal Powers,
By the Great Gods of Samothrace, and ours,
His oaths are false, they cry ; he scoffs at heaven,
And all its thunders ; scoffs,—and is forgiven !
Add, that the wretch is still the theme of scorn,
If the soil'd cloak be patch'd, the gown o'erworn ;
If, through the bursting shoe, the foot be seen,

Pelle patet; vel si consuto vulnere crassum
Atque recens linum ostendit non una cicatrix.
Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit. Exeat, inquit,
Si pudor est, et de pulvino surgat equestri,
Cujus res legi non sufficit, et sedeant hic
Lenonum pueri quocumque in fornice nati.
Hic plaudat nitidi praeconis filius inter
Pinnirapi cultos juvenes juvenesque lanistae.
Sic libitum vano, qui nos distinxit, Othoni.
Quis gener hic placuit censu minor atque puellae
Sarcinulis impar? quis pauper scribitur heres?
Quando in consilio est Aedilibus? Agmine facto
Debuerant olim tenues migrasse Quirites.
Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi; sed Romae durior illis
Conatus: magno hospitium miserabile, magno
Servorum ventres et frugi coenula magno.
Fictilibus coenare pudet, quod turpe negabit
Translatus subito ad Marsos mensamque Sabellam
Contentusque illic veneto duroque cucullo.
Pars magna Italiae est, si verum admittimus, in qua
Nemo togam sumit, nisi mortuus. Ipsa dierum
Festorum herboso colitur si quando theatro
Majestas tandemque redit ad pulpita notum

Or the coarse seam tell where the rent has been.
O Poverty, thy thousand ills combined,
Sink not so deep into the generous mind,
As the contempt and laughter of mankind!

"Up! up! these cushion'd benches," Lectius cries,
"Befit not your estates: for shame! arise."
For "shame!"—but you say well: the pander's heir,
The spawn of bulks and stews, is seated there;
The cry'r's spruce son, fresh from the fencer's school,
And prompt the taste to settle and to rule.—
So Otho fix'd it, whose preposterous pride,
First dared to chase us from their Honour's side.

In these curs'd walls, devote alone to gain,
When do the poor a wealthy wife obtain?
When are they named in wills? when call'd to share
The Aedile's council, and assist the chair?—
Long since should they have ris'n, thus slighted, spurn'd,
And left their home, but—not to have return'd!

Depress'd by indigence, the good and wise,
In every clime, by painful efforts rise;
HERE, by more painful still, where scanty cheer,
Poor lodging, mean attendance,—all is dear.
In earthen ware HE scorns, at Rome, to eat,
WHO, call'd abruptly to the Marsian's seat,
From such, well pleased, would take his simple food,
Nor blush to wear the cheap Venetian hood.

There's many a part of Italy, 'tis said,
Where none assume the toga, but the dead:
There, when the toil forgone and annual play,
Mark, from the rest, some high and solemn day,
To theatres of turf the rusticks throng,
Charm'd with the farce which charm'd their sires so long;

Exodium, quum personae pallentis hiatum
In gremio matris formidat rusticus infans;
Aequales habitus illic similesque videbis
Orchestram et populum: clari velamen honoris
Sufficiunt tunicae summis Aedilibus albae.
Hic ultra vires habitus nitor: hic aliquid plus
Quam satis est interdum aliena sumitur arca.
Commune id vitium est: hic vivimus ambitiosa
Paupertate omnes. Quid te moror? Omnia Romae
Cum pretio. Quid das, ut Cossum aliquando salutes?
Ut te respiciat clauso Veiento labello?
Ille metit barbam, crinem hic deponit amati;
Plena domus libis venalibus! Accipe et istud
Fermentum tibi habe: praestare tributa clientes
Cogimur et cultis augere peculia servis.
Quis timet aut timuit gelida Praeneste ruinam,
Aut positis nemorosa inter juga Volsiniis, aut
Simplicibus Gabiis aut proni Tiburis arce?
Nos urbem colimus tenui tibicine fultam
Magna parte sui. Nam sic labentibus obstat
Villicus et, veteris rimae quum texit hiatum,
Securos pendente jubet dormire ruina.

While the pale infant, of the mask in dread,
Hides, in his mother's breast, his little head.
No modes of dress high birth distinguish THERE;
All ranks, all orders, the same habit wear,
And the dread Aedile's dignity is known,
O sacred badge! by his white vest alone.
But HERE, beyond our power, array'd we go,
In all the gay varieties of show;
And when our purse supplies the charge no more,
Borrow, unblushing, from our neighbour's store:
Such is the reigning vice; and so we flaunt,
Proud in distress, and prodigal in want!
Briefly, my friend, here all are slaves to gold,
And words, and smiles, and every thing is sold.
What will you give for Cossus' nod? how high
The silent notice of Veiento buy?
—One favourite youth is shaved, another shorn;
And, while to Jove the precious spoil is borne,
Clients are tax'd for offerings, and, (yet more,
To gall their patience,) from their little store,
Constrain'd to swell the minion's ample hoard,
And bribe the page, for leave to bribe his lord.
Who fears the crash of houses in retreat?
At simple Gabii, bleak Praeneste's seat,
Volsinium's craggy heights, embower'd in wood,
Or Tibur, beetling o'er prone Anio's flood?
While half the city here by shores is staid,
And feeble cramps, that lend a treacherous aid:
For thus the stewards patch the riven wall,
Thus prop the mansion, tottering to its fall;
Then bid the tenant court secure repose,
While the pile nods to every blast that blows.

Vivendum est illic, ubi nulla incendia, nulli
Nocte metus. Jam poscit aquam, jam frivola transfert
Ucalegon; tabulata tibi jam tertia fumant:
Tu nescis: nam si gradibus trepidatur ab imis,
Ultimus ardebit, quem tegula sola tuetur
A pluvia, molles ubi reddunt ova columbae.
Lectus erat Codro Procula minor, urceoli sex,
Ornamentum abaci; nec non et parvulus infra
Cantharus et recubans sub eodem marmore Chiron;
Jamque vetus Graecos servabat cista libellos,
Et divina opici rodebant carmina mures.
Nil habuit Codrus: quis enim negat? et tamen illud
Perdidit infelix totum nihil: ultimus autem
Aerumnae cumulus, quod nudum et frusta rogantem
Nemo cibo, nemo hospitio tectoque juvabit.
Si magna Asturii cecidit domus; horrida mater,
Pullati proceres, differt vadimonia Praetor;

O! may I live where no such fears molest,
No midnight fires burst on my hour of rest!
For here 'tis terrour all: midst the loud cry
Of "water! water!" the scared neighbours fly,
With all their haste can seize—the flames aspire,
And the third floor is wrapt in smoke and fire,
While you, unconscious, doze: Up, ho! and know,
The impetuous blaze which spreads dismay below,
By swift degrees will reach the aërial cell,
Where, crouching, underneath the tiles you dwell,
Where your tame doves their golden couplets rear,
"And you could no mischance, but drowning fear!"

"Codrus had but one bed, and that, too short,
For his short wife;" his goods, of every sort,
Were else but few:—six little pipkins graced
His cupboard head, a little can was placed
On a snug shelf beneath, and near it lay,
A Chiron, of the same cheap marble,—clay.
And was this all! O no: he yet possest,
A few Greek books, shrined in an ancient chest,
Where barbarous mice through many an inlet crept,
And fed on heavenly numbers, while he slept.—
"Codrus, in short, had nothing." You say true;
And yet poor Codrus lost that nothing, too!
One curse alone was wanting, to complete
His woes: that, cold and hungry, through the street,
The wretch should beg, and, in the hour of need,
Find none to lodge, to clothe him, or to feed!

But should the raging flames on grandeur prey,
And low in dust Asturius' palace lay,
The squalid matron sighs, the senate mourns,
The pleaders cease, the judge the court adjourns;

Tunc gemimus casus Urbis, tunc odimus ignem.
Ardet adhuc, et jam accurrit qui marmora donet,
Conferat impensas. Hic nuda et candida signa,
Hic aliquid praeclarum Euphranoris et Polycleti
Haec Asianorum vetera ornamenta Deorum,
Hic libros dabit et forulos mediamque Minervam,
Hic modium argenti. Meliora ac plura reponit
Persicus orborum lautissimus et merito jam
Suspectus, tanquam ipse suas incenderit aedes.
Si potes avelli Circensibus, optima Sorae
Aut Fabrateriae domus aut Frusinone paratur,
Quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum.
Hortulus hic puteusque brevis nec reste movendus
In tenues plantas facili diffunditur haustu.
Vive bidentis amans et culti villicus horti,
Unde epulum possis centum dare Pythagoreis.
Est aliquid, quocunque loco, quocunque recessu,
Unius sese dominum fecisse lacertae.
Plurimus hic aeger moritur vigilando: sed illum
Languorem peperit cibus imperfectus et haerens

All join to wail the city's hapless fate,
And rail at fire with more than common hate.
Lo! while it burns, the obsequious courtiers haste,
With rich materials, to repair the waste:
This, brings him marble, that, a finish'd piece,
The far-famed boast of Polyclete and Greece;
This, ornaments, which graced of old the fane
Of Asia's gods; that, figured plate and plain;
This, cases, books, and busts the shelves to grace,
And piles of coin his specie to replace—
So much the childless Persian swells his store,
(Though deem'd the richest of the rich before,)
That all ascribe the flames to thirst of pelf,
And swear, Asturius fired his house himself.

O, had you, from the Circus, power to fly,
In many a halcyon village, might you buy
Some elegant retreat, for what will, here,
Scarce hire a gloomy dungeon through the year!
There wells, by nature form'd, which need no rope,
No labouring arm, to crane their waters up,
Around your lawn their facile streams shall shower,
And cheer the springing plant, and opening flower.
There live, delighted with the rustick's lot,
And till, with your own hands, the little spot;
The little spot shall yield you large amends,
And glad, with many a feast, your Samian friends.
And, sure,—in any corner we can get,
To call one lizard ours, is something yet!

Flush'd with a mass of indigested food,
Which clogs the stomach, and inflames the blood,
What crowds, with watching wearied and o'erprest,
Curse the slow hours, and die for want of rest!

Ardenti stomacho. Nam quae meritoria somnum
Admittunt? Magnis opibus dormitur in Urbe.
Inde caput morbi. Redarum transitus arcto
Vicorum inflexu et stantis convicia mandrae
Eripient somnum Druso vitulisque marinis.
Si vocat officium, turba cedente vehetur
Dives et ingenti curret super ora Liburno,
Atque obiter leget aut scribet vel dormiet intus;
Namque facit somnum clausa lectica fenestra.
Ante tamen veniet: nobis properantibus obstat
Unda prior, magno populus premit agmine lumbos,
Qui sequitur; ferit hic cubito, ferit assere duro
Alter: at hic tignum capiti incutit, ille metretam.
Pinguia crura luto, planta mox undique magna
Calcor, et in digito clavus mihi militis haeret.
Nonne vides, quanto celebretur sportula fumo?
Centum convivae: sequitur sua quemque culina.
Corbulo vix ferret tot vasa ingentia, tot res
Impositas capiti, quot recto vertice portat
Servulus infelix et cursu ventilat ignem.
Scinduntur tunicae sartae modo; longa coruscat
Sarraco veniente abies, atque altera pinum
Plaustra vehunt: nutant alte populoque minantur.
Nam si procubuit, qui saxa Ligustica portat,

For who can hope his languid lids to close,
Where brawling taverns banish all repose?
Sleep, to the rich alone, "his visit pays:"
And hence the seeds of many a dire disease.
The carts loud rumbling through the narrow way,
The drivers' clamours at each casual stay,
From drowsy Drusus would his slumber take,
And keep the calves of Proteus broad awake!
If business call, obsequious crowds divide,
While o'er their heads the rich securely ride,
By tall Illyrians borne, and read, or write,
Or (should the early hour to rest invite,)
Close the soft litter, and enjoy the night.
Yet reach they first the goal; while, by the throng
Elbow'd and jostled, scarce we creep along;
Sharp strokes from poles, tubes, rafters, doom'd to feel;
And plaister'd o'er with mud, from head to heel:
While the rude soldier gores us as he goes,
Or marks, in blood, his progress on our toes!
See, from the Dole, a vast tumultuous throng,
Each follow'd by his kitchen, pours along!
Huge pans, which Corbulo could scarce uprear,
With steady neck a puny slave must bear,
And, lest amid the way the flames expire,
Glide nimbly on, and gliding, fan the fire;
Through the close press with sinuous efforts wind,
And, piece by piece, leave his botch'd rags behind.
Hark! groaning on, the unwieldy waggon spreads
Its cumbrous load, tremendous! o'er our heads,
Projecting elm or pine, that nods on high,
And threatens death to every passer by.
Heavens! should the axle crack, which bears a weight

Axis et eversum fudit super agmina montem,
Quid superest de corporibus? quis membra, quis ossa
Invenit? Obtritum vulgi perit omne cadaver
More animae. Domus interea secura patellas
Jam lavat et bucca foculum excitat, et sonat unctis
Striglibus et pleno componit lintea gutto.
Haec inter pueros varie properantur: at ille
Jam sedet in ripa tetrumque novicius horret
Porthmea, nec sperat coenosi gurgitis alnum,
Infelix, nec habet quem porrigat ore trientem.
Respice nunc alia ac diversa pericula noctis:
Quod spatium tectis sublimibus, unde cerebrum
Testa ferit, quotiens rimosa et curta fenestris
Vasa cadant; quanto percussum pondere signent
Et laedant silicem. Possis ignavus haberi
Et subiti casus improvidus, ad coenam si
Intestatus eas. Adeo tot fata, quot illa
Nocte patent vigiles, te praetereunte, fenestrae.
Ergo optes votumque feras miserabile tecum,
Ut sint contentae patulas defundere pelves.
Ebrius ac petulans, qui nullum forte cecidit,
Dat poenas, noctem patitur lugentis amicum

Of huge Ligurian stone, and pour the freight
On the pale crowd beneath, what would remain,
What joint, what bone, what atom of the slain?
The body, with the soul, would vanish quite,
Invisible as air, to mortal sight!—
Meanwhile, unconscious of their fellow's fate,
At home, they heat the water, scour the plate,
Arrange the strigils, fill the cruise with oil,
And ply their several tasks with fruitless toil:
For he who bore the dole, poor mangled ghost,
Sits pale and trembling on the Stygian coast,
Scared at the horrours of the novel scene,
At Charon's threatening voice, and scowling mien;
Nor hopes a passage, thus abruptly hurl'd,
Without his farthing, to the nether world.
Pass we these fearful dangers, and survey,
What other evils threat our nightly way.
And first, behold the mansion's towering size,
Where floors on floors to the tenth story rise;
Whence heedless garretteers their potsherds throw,
And crush the unwary wretch that walks below!
Clattering the storm descends from heights unknown,
Ploughs up the street, and wounds the flinty stone!
'Tis madness, dire improvidence of ill,
To sup abroad, before you sign your Will;
Since fate in ambush lies, and marks his prey
From every wakeful window in the way:
Pray, then,—and count your humble prayer well sped,
If pots be only—emptied on your head.
The drunken bully, ere his man be slain,
Frets through the night, and courts repose in vain;
And while the thirst of blood his bosom burns,

Pelidae, cubat in faciem, mox deinde supinus.
Ergo non aliter poterit dormire? Quibusdam
Somnum rixa facit; sed, quamvis improbus annis
Atque mero fervens, cavet hunc, quem coccina laena
Vitari jubet et comitum longissimus ordo,
Multum praeterea flammarum et aenea lampas.
Me, quem luna solet deducere vel breve lumen
Candelae, cujus dispenso et tempero filum,
Contemnit. Miserae cognosce prooemia rixae,
Si rixa est, ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum.
Stat contra starique jubet; parere necesse est.
Nam quid agas, quum te furiosus cogat et idem
Fortior? Unde venis? exclamat: cujus aceto,
Cujus conche tumes? quis tecum sectile porrum
Sutor et elixi vervecis labra comedit?
Nil mihi respondes? Aut dic, aut accipe calcem.
Ede, ubi consistas: in qua te quaero proseucha?
Dicere si tentes aliquid tacitusve recedas,
Tantumdem est; feriunt pariter: vadimonia deinde
Irati faciunt. Libertas pauperis haec est:
Pulsatus rogat et pugnis concisus adorat,

From side to side, in restless anguish, turns,
Like Peleus' son, when, quell'd by Hector's hand,
His loved Patroclus prest the Phrygian strand.
There are, who murder as an opiate take,
And only, when no brawls await them, wake:
Yet even these heroes, flush'd with youth and wine,
All contest with the purple robe decline;
Securely give the lengthen'd train to pass,
The sun-bright flambeaux, and the lamps of brass.—
Me, whom the moon, or candle's paler gleam,
Whose wick I husband to the last extreme,
Guides through the gloom, he braves, devoid of fear:
The prelude to our doughty quarrel hear,
If that be deem'd a quarrel, where, heaven knows,
He only gives, and I receive, the blows!
Across my path he strides, and bids me STAND!
I bow, obsequious to the dread command;
What else remains, where madness, rage, combine
With youth, and strength superiour far to mine?
"Whence come you, rogue?" he cries; "whose beans, to-night,
Have stuff'd you, thus? what cobbler clubb'd his mite,
For leeks, and sheep's-head porridge? Dumb! quite dumb!
Speak, or be kick'd.—Yet, once again! your home?
Where shall I find you? At what beggar's stand,
(Temple, or bridge) whimp'ring, with outstretch'd hand?"
Whether I strive some humble plea to frame,
Or steal in silence by, 'tis just the same;
I'm beaten first, then dragg'd in rage away;
Bound to the peace, or punish'd for the fray!
Mark here the boasted freedom of the poor!

Ut liceat paucis cum dentibus inde reverti.

Nec tamen haec tantum metuas: nam, qui spoliet te,

Non deerit, clausis domibus, postquam omnis ubique

Fixa catenatae siluit compago tabernae.

Interdum et ferro subitus grassator agit rem,

Armato quotiens tutae custode tenentur

Et Pontina palus et Gallinaria pinus.

Sic inde huc omnes, tamquam ad vivaria, currunt.

Qua fornace graves, qua non incude, catenae?

Maximus in vinclis ferri modus, ut timeas, ne

Vomer deficiat, ne marrae et sarcula desint.

Felices proavorum atavos, felicia dicas

Saecula, quae quondam sub regibus atque tribunis

Viderunt uno contentam carcere Romam.

His alias poteram et plures subnectere causas:

Sed jumenta vocant, et sol inclinat: eundum est.

Nam mihi commota jamdudum mulio virga

Annuit. Ergo vale nostri memor, et quotiens te

Roma tuo refici properantem reddet Aquino,

Beaten and bruis'd, that goodness to adore,
Which, at their humble prayer, suspends its ire,
And sends them home, with yet a bone entire!
Nor this the worst; for when deep midnight reigns,
And bolts secure our doors, and massy chains,
When noisy inns a transient silence keep,
And harass'd nature woos the balm of sleep,
Then, thieves and murderers ply their dreadful trade;
With stealthy steps our secret couch invade:—
Roused from the treacherous calm, aghast we start,
And the flesh'd sword—is buried in our heart!
Hither from bogs, from rocks, and caves pursued,
(The Pontine marsh, and Gallinarian wood,)
The dark assassins flock, as to their home,
And fill with dire alarms the streets of Rome.
Such countless multitudes our peace annoy,
That bolts and shackles every forge employ
And cause so wide a waste, the country fears
A want of ore for mattocks, rakes, and shares.
O! happy were our sires, estranged from crimes;
And happy, happy, were the good old times,
Which saw, beneath their kings, their tribunes' reign,
One cell the nation's criminals contain!
Much could I add, more reasons could I cite,
If time were ours, to justify my flight;
But see! the impatient team is moving on,
The sun declining; and I must be gone:
Long since, the driver murmur'd at my stay,
And jerk'd his whip, to beckon me away.
Farewell, my friend! with this embrace we part:
Cherish my memory ever in your heart;
And when, from crowds and business, you repair,

Me quoque ad Helvinam Cererem vestramque Dianam

Convelle a Cumis. Satirarum ego, ni pudet illas, 321

Adjutor gelidos veniam caligatus in agros.

To breathe at your Aquinum, freer air,
Fail not to draw me from my loved retreat,
To Elvine Ceres, and Diana's seat :—
For your bleak hills my Cumae I'll resign,
And (if you blush not at such aid as mine)
Come well equipp'd, to wage, in angry rhymes,
Fierce war, with you, on follies and on crimes.

ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTH SATIRE

From an attack upon Crispinus, Juvenal passes to a description of the other members of Domitian's privy council, and of a meeting summoned by Domitian himself; the occasion is the catch by a poor fisherman of an enormous turbot, which is presented to the Emperor: how shall it be cooked and served? The council assembles promptly, and the great question is discussed. The satire ends with a few serious and weighty lines; but it is written for the most part in a mock-epic style, in which the sounding language of heroic legend is applied to the mean persons and incidents of Domitian's court. This deliberate and effective use of epic phrase and diction is one of Juvenal's most constant and most striking characteristics, of which this satire gives the most sustained and the most obvious example.

Ecce iterum Crispinus, et est mihi saepe vocandus
Ad partes, monstrum nulla virtute redemptum
A vitiis, aeger solaque libidine fortis:
Delicias viduae tantum aspernatur adulter.
Quid refert igitur, quantis jumenta fatiget
Porticibus, quanta nemorum vectetur in umbra,
Jugera quot vicina foro, quas emerit aedes?
Nemo malus felix, minime corruptor et idem
Incestus, cum quo nuper vittata jacebat
Sanguine adhuc vivo terram subitura sacerdos.
Sed nunc de factis levioribus: et tamen alter
Si fecisset idem, caderet sub judice morum.
Nam quod turpe bonis, Titio Seioque, decebat
Crispinum. Quid agas, quum dira et foedior omni
Crimine persona est? Mullum sex millibus emit,
Aequantem sane paribus sestertia libris,
Ut perhibent, qui de magnis majora loquuntur.
Consilium laudo artificis, si munere tanto
Praecipuam in tabulis ceram senis abstulit orbi.
Est ratio ulterior, magnae si misit amicae,
Quae vehitur clauso latis specularibus antro.
Nil tale exspectes: emit sibi. Multa videmus,
Quae miser et frugi non fecit Apicius. Hoc tu,

Again Crispinus comes! and yet again,
And oft, shall he be summon'd to sustain
His dreadful part:—the monster of the times,
Without one virtue to redeem his crimes!
Diseased, emaciate, weak in all but lust,
And whom the widow's sweets alone disgust.
Avails it then, in what long colonnades
He tires hs mules? through what extensive glades
His chair is borne? what vast estates he buys,
What splendid domes, that round the Forum rise?
Ah, no!—Peace visits not the guilty mind,
Least his, who incest to adultery join'd,
And stain'd thy priestess, Vesta;—whom, dire fate!
The long dark night and living tomb await.
Turn we to slighter vices:—yet had these,
In others, Seius, Titius, whom you please,
The Censor roused; for what the good would shame,
Becomes Crispinus, and is honest fame.
But when the actor's person far exceeds,
In native loathsomeness, his loathsom'st deeds,
Say, what can satire? For a fish that weigh'd
Six pounds, six thousand sesterces he paid!
As those report, who catch, with greedy ear,
And magnify the mighty things they hear.
Had this expense been meant, with well-timed skill,
To gull some childless dotard of a Will;
Or bribe some rich and fashionable fair,
Who flaunts it in a close, wide-window'd, chair;
'Twere worth our praise:—but no such plot was here.
'Twas for Himself he bought a treat so dear!
This, all past gluttony from shame redeems,
And even Apicius poor and frugal seems.

Succinctus patria quondam, Crispine, papyro!
Hoc pretium squamae! Potuit fortasse minoris
Piscator, quam piscis, emi. Provincia tanti
Vendit agros; sed majores Appulia vendit.
Quales tunc epulas ipsum glutisse putemus
Induperatorem, quum tot sestertia, partem
Exiguam et modicae sumptam de margine coenae,
Purpureus magni ructarit scurra Palati,
Jam princeps Equitum, magna qui voce solebat
Vendere municipes fracta de merce siluros?
Incipe, Calliope, licet et considere: non est
Cantandum, res vera agitur. Narrate, puellae
Pierides: prosit mihi vos dixisse puellas!
Quum jam semianimum laceraret Flavius orbem
Ultimus et calvo serviret Roma Neroni,
Incidit Adriaci spatium admirabile rhombi
Ante domum Veneris, quam Dorica sustinet Ancon,
Implevitque sinus: neque enim minor haeserat illis,
Quos operit glacies Maeotica ruptaque tandem
Solibus effundit torrentis ad ostia Ponti,
Desidia tardos et longo frigore pingues.
Destinat hoc monstrum cymbae linique magister
Pontifici summo. Quis enim proponere talem

What! You, Crispinus, brought to Rome, erewhile,
Lapt in the rushes of your native Nile,
Buy scales, at such a price; you might, I guess,
Have bought the fisherman himself for less;
Bought, in some countries, manors at this rate,
And, in Apulia, an immense estate!
How gorged the Emperour, when so dear a fish,
Was guttled down by this impurpled lord,
Chief knight, chief parasite, at Caesar's board,
Whom Memphis heard so late, with ceaseless yell,
Clamouring through all her streets—"Ho! shads to sell!"
Pierian Maids, begin;—but, quit your lyres,
The fact I bring, no lofty chord requires:
Relate it, then, and in the simplest strain,
Nor let the poet style you Maids, in vain.
When the last Flavius, drunk with fury, tore
The prostrate world, which bled at every pore,
And Rome beheld, in body as in mind,
A bald-pate Nero rise, to curse mankind;
It chanced, that where the fane of Venus stands,
Rear'd on Ancona's coast by Grecian hands,
A turbot, wandering from the Illyrian main,
Fill'd the wide bosom of the bursting seine.
Monsters so bulky, from its frozen stream,
Maeotis renders to the solar beam,
And pours them, fat with a whole winter's ease,
Through the bleak Euxine, into warmer seas,
The mighty draught the astonish'd boatman eyes,
And, to the Pontiff's table, dooms his prize:
For who would dare to sell it? who to buy?
When the coast swarm'd with many a practis'd spy,

Aut emere auderet, quum plena et litora multo
Delatore forent? Dispersi protenus algae
Inquisitores agerent cum remige nudo,
Non dubitaturi fugitivum dicere piscem
Depastumque diu vivaria Caesaris; inde
Elapsum veterem ad dominum debere reverti.
Si quid Palfurio, si credimus Armillato,
Quidquid conspicuum pulcrumque est aequore toto,
Res fisci est, ubicumque natat. Donabitur ergo,
Ne pereat. Jam letifero cedente pruinis
Autumno, jam quartanam sperantibus aegris,
Stridebat deformis hyems praedamque recentem
Servabat: tamen hic properat, velut urgeat Auster.
Utque lacus suberant, ubi, quanquam diruta, servat
Ignem Trojanum et Vestam colit Alba minorem,
Obstitit intranti miratrix turba parumper.
Ut cessit, facili patuerunt cardine valvae;
Exclusi spectant admissa opsonia Patres.
Itur ad Atridem. Tum Picens, Accipe, dixit,
Privatis majora focis: genialis agatur
Iste dies; propera stomachum laxare saginis,
Et tua servatum consume in saecula rhombum.
Ipse capi voluit. Quid apertius? et tamen illi

Mud-rakers, prompt to swear the fish had fled
From Caesar's ponds, ingrate! where long it fed,
And thus recaptured, claim'd to be restored
To the dominion of its ancient lord!
Nay, if Palphurius may our credit gain,
Whatever rare or precious swims the main,
Is forfeit to the crown, and you may seize
The obnoxious dainty, when and where you please.
This point allow'd, our wary boatman chose
To give—what else, he had not fail'd to lose.
Now where the dogstar's sickly fervours o'er,
Earth, pinch'd with cold, her frozen livery wore;
The old began their quartan fits to fear,
And wintry blasts deform'd the beauteous year,
And kept the turbot sweet: yet on he flew,
As if the Sultry South corruption blew.—
And now the lake, and now the hill he gains,
Where Alba, though in ruins, still maintains
The Trojan fire, which, but for her, were lost,
And worships Vesta, though with less of cost.
The wondering crowd, that gather'd to survey
The enormous fish, and barr'd the fisher's way,
Satiate, at length retires; the gates unfold!—
Murmuring, th' excluded senators behold
The envied dainty enter:—On the man
To great Atrides press'd, and thus began,
"This, for a private table far too great,
Accept, and sumptuously your Genius treat:
Haste to unload your stomach, and devour,
A turbot, destined to this happy hour.
I sought him not;—he mark'd the toils I set,
And rush'd, a willing victim, to the net."

Surgebant cristae. Nihil est, quod credere de se
Non possit, quum laudatur Dis aequa potestas.
Sed deerat pisci patinae mensura. Vocantur
Ergo in consilium proceres, quos oderat ille;
In quorum facie miserae magnaeque sedebat
Pallor amicitiae. Primus, clamante Liburno,
Currite! jam sedit! rapta properabat abolla
Pegasus, attonitae positus modo villicus Urbi.
Anne aliud tunc Praefecti? quorum optimus atque
Interpres legum sanctissimus; omnia quanquam
Temporibus diris tractanda putabat inermi
Justitia. Venit et Crispi jucunda senectus,
Cujus erant mores, qualis facundia, mite
Ingenium. Maria ac terras populosque regenti
Quis comes utilior, si clade et peste sub illa
Saevitiam damnare et honestum adferre liceret
Consilium? Sed quid violentius aure tyranni,
Cum quo de pluviis aut aestibus aut nimboso
Vere locuturi fatum pendebat amici?
Ille igitur nunquam direxit brachia contra
Torrentem, nec civis erat, qui libera posset
Verba animi proferre et vitam impendere vero.

Was flattery e'er so rank! yet he grows vain,
And his crest rises at the fulsome strain.
When, to divine, a mortal power we raise,
He looks for no hyperboles in praise.
But when was joy unmix'd? no pot is found,
Capacious of the turbot's ample round:
In this distress, he calls the chiefs of state,
At once the objects of his scorn and hate,
In whose pale cheeks distrust and doubt appear,
And all a tyrant's friendship breeds of fear.
Scarce was the Loud Liburnian heard to say,
"He sits," ere Pegasus was on his way;
Yes:—the new bailiff of the affrighted town,
(For what were Praefects more?) had snatch'd his gown,
And rush'd to council: From the ivory chair,
He dealt out justice with no common care;
But yielded off to those licentious times,
And where he could not punish, wink'd at crimes.
Then old, facetious Crispus tript along,
Of gentle manners, and persuasive tongue:
None fitter to advise the Lord of All,
Had that pernicious pest, whom thus we call,
Allow'd a friend to sooth his savage mood,
And give him counsel, wise at once and good.
But who shall dare this liberty to take,
When, every word you hazard, life's at stake?
Though but of stormy summers, showery springs—
For tyrants' ears, alas! are ticklish things.
So did the good old man his tongue restrain;
Nor strove to stem the torrent's force in vain.
Not one of those, who, by no fears deterr'd,
Spoke the free soul, and truth to life preferr'd,

Sic multas hyemes atque octogesima vidit
Solstitia, his armis illa quoque tutus in aula.
Proximus ejusdem properabat Acilius aevi
Cum juvene indigno quem mors tam saeva maneret
Et Domini gladiis tam festinata : sed olim
Prodigio par est cum nobilitate senectus ;
Unde fit, ut malim fraterculus esse gigantis.
Profuit ergo nihil misero, quod cominus ursos
Figebat Numidas, Albana nudus arena
Venator. Quis enim jam non intelligat artes
Patricias ? Quis priscum illud miratur acumen,
Brute, tuum ? Facile est barbato imponere regi.
Nec melior vultu, quamvis ignobilis, ibat
Rubrius, offensae veteris reus atque tacendae,
Et tamen improbior satiram scribente cinaedo.
Montani quoque venter adest, abdomine tardus,
Et matutino sudans Crispinus amomo,
Quantum vix redolent duo funera ; saevior illo
Pompeius tenui jugulos aperire susurro,
Et qui vulturibus servabat viscera Dacis
Fuscus, marmorea meditatus proelia villa,

He temporized—thus fourscore summers fled,
Even in that court, securely, o'er his head.
Next him, appear'd Acilius hurrying on,
Of equal age,—and follow'd by his son;
Who fell, unjustly fell, in early years,
A victim to the tyrant's jealous fears:
But long ere this, were hoary hairs become,
A prodigy, among the great, at Rome;
Hence, had I rather owe my humble birth,
Frail brother of the giant-brood, to earth.
Poor youth! in vain the ancient sleigh you try;
In vain, with frantick air, and ardent eye,
Fling every robe aside, and battle wage,
With bears and lions, on the Alban stage.
All see the trick: and, spite of Brutus' skill,
There are who count him but a driveller still;
Since, in his days, it cost no mighty pains,
T' outwit a prince, with much more beard than brains.
Rubrius, though not, like these, of noble race,
Follow'd with equal terrour in his face;
And, labouring with a crime too foul to name,
More, than the pathick satirist, lost to shame.
Montanus' belly next, and next appear'd
The legs, on which that monstrous pile was rear'd.
Crispinus follow'd, daub'd with more perfume,
Thus early! than two funerals consume.
Then bloodier Pompey, practised to betray,
And hesitate the noblest lives away.
Then Fuscus, who in studious pomp at home,
Plann'd future triumphs for the arms of Rome.
Blind to the event! those arms, a different fate,
Inglorious wounds, and Dacian vultures, wait.

Et cum mortifero prudens Veiento Catullo,
Qui nunquam visae flagrabat amore puellae,
Grande et conspicuum nostro quoque tempore monstrum!
Caecus adulator dirusque a ponte satelles,
Dignus Aricinos qui mendicaret ad axes
Blandaque devexae jactaret basia redae.
Nemo magis rhombum stupuit: nam plurima dixit
In laevum conversus: at illi dextra jacebat
Belua. Sic pugnas Cilicis laudabat et ictus
Et pegma et pueros inde ad velaria raptos.
Non cedit Veiento, sed ut fanaticus, oestro
Percussus, Bellona, tuo, divinat et, Ingens
Omen habes, inquit, magni clarique triumphi:
Regem aliquem capies, aut de temone Britanno
Excidet Arviragus: peregrina est belua: cernis
Erectas in terga sudes? Hoc defuit unum
Fabricio, patriam ut rhombi memoraret et annos.
Quidnam igitur censes? conciditur? Absit ab illo
Dedecus hoc, Montanus ait. Testa alta paretur,

Last, sly Veiento with Catullus came,
Deadly Catullus, who, at beauty's name,
Took fire, although unseen: a wretch, whose crimes
Struck with amaze even those prodigious times.
A base, blind parasite, a murderous lord,
From the bridge-end, raised to the council-board;
Yet fitter still to dog the traveller's heels,
And whine for alms to the descending wheels!
None dwelt so largely on the turbot's size,
Or raised, with such applause, his wondering eyes;
But to the left (O, treacherous want of sight)
He pour'd his praise;—the fish was on the right!
Thus would he at the fencer's matches sit,
And shout with rapture, at some fancied hit;
And thus applaud the stage-machinery, where
The youths were rapt aloft, and lost in air.
Nor fell Veiento short:—as if possest,
With all Bellona's rage, his labouring breast
Burst forth in prophecy; "I see, I see,
The omens of some glorious victory!
Some powerful monarch captured!—lo, he rears,
Horrent on every side, his pointed spears!
Arviragus hurl'd from the British car:
The fish is foreign, foreign is the war."
Proceed, great Seer, and what remains untold,
The turbot's age and country, next unfold;
So shall your lord his fortunes better know,
And where the conquest waits, and who the foe.
The Emperour now the important question put,
"How say ye, Fathers, SHALL THE FISH BE CUT?"
"O, far be that disgrace," Montanus cries;
"No, let a pot be form'd, of amplest size,

Quae tenui muro spatiosum colligat orbem.
Debetur magnus patinae subitusque Prometheus.
Argillam atque rotam citius properate; sed ex hoc
Tempore jam, Caesar, figuli tua castra sequantur.
Vicit digna viro sententia. Noverat ille
Luxuriam imperii veterem noctesque Neronis
Jam medias aliamque famem, quum pulmo Falerno
Arderet. Nulli major fuit usus edendi
Tempestate mea. Circeis nata forent, an
Lucrinum ad saxum Rutupinove edita fundo
Ostrea, callebat primo deprendere morsu;
Et semel aspecti litus dicebat echini.
Surgitur, et misso proceres exire jubentur
Concilio, quos Albanam dux magnus in arcem
Traxerat attonitos et festinare coactos,
Tanquam de Cattis aliquid torvisque Sycambris
Dicturus, tanquam et diversis partibus orbis
Anxia praecipiti venisset epistola pinna.
Atque utinam his potius nugis tota illa dedisset
Tempora saevitiae, claras quibus abstulit Urbi
Illustresque animas impune et vindice nullo!
Sed periit, postquam cerdonibus esse timendus
Coeperat: hoc nocuit Lamiarum caede madenti.

Within whose slender sides, the fish, dread Sire,
May spread his vast circumference intire!
Bring, bring the temper'd clay, and let it feel
The quick gyrations of the plastick wheel:—
But, Caesar, thus forewarn'd, make no campaign,
Unless your potters follow in your train!"
Montanus ended; all approved the plan,
And all, the speech, so worthy of the man!
Vers'd in the old court luxury, he knew,
The feasts of Nero, and his midnight crew;
Where, oft, when potent draughts had fired the brain,
The jaded taste, was spurr'd to gorge again.—
And, in my time, none understood so well,
The science of good eating: he could tell,
At the first relish, if his oysters fed
On the Rutupian, or the Lucrine bed;
And from a crab, or lobster's colour, name,
The country, nay the district, whence it came.
Here closed the solemn farce. The Fathers rise,
And each, submissive, from the presence hies:—
Pale, trembling wretches, whom the Chief, in sport,
Had dragg'd, astonish'd, to the Alban court;
As if the stern Sicambri were in arms,
Or the fierce Catti threaten'd new alarms;
As if ill news by flying posts had come,
And gathering nations sought the fall of Rome!
O! that such scenes, (disgraceful at the most,)
Had all those years of cruelty engrost,
Through which, his rage pursued the great and good,
Uncheck'd, while vengeance slumber'd o'er their blood!
And yet he fell!—for when he changed his game,
And first grew dreadful to the vulgar name,
They seized the murderer, drench'd with Lamian gore,
And hurl'd him, headlong, to the infernal shore;

ARGUMENT OF THE FIFTH SATIRE

The satire is nominally addressed to Trebius, a "parasite" who depends for his livelihood upon the meals which he can obtain at the tables of his wealthy patrons. Juvenal reproaches the meanness of such a life, and goes on to sketch a typical dinner-party, at which Virro, the patron, eats and drinks of the best, while Trebius, for all his servility, is insulted by the servants and starved upon bad food. Virro's faults are plainly shown,—his gluttony, brutality, and vulgar insolence to the poor; but the satire ends with a scarcely less strong condemnation of the contemptible parasite who can submit to such treatment.

Si te propositi nondum pudet atque eadem est mens,
Ut bona summa putes aliena vivere quadra ;
Si potes illa pati, quae nec Sarmentus iniquas
Caesaris ad mensas, nec vilis Galba tulisset :
Quamvis jurato metuam tibi credere testi.
Ventre nihil novi frugalius. Hoc tamen ipsum
Defecisse puta, quod inani sufficit alvo :
Nulla crepido vacat ? nusquam pons et tegetis pars
Dimidia brevior ? Tantine injuria coenae ?
Tam jejuna fames, quum possit honestius illic
Et tremere et sordes farris mordere canini ?
Primo fige loco, quod tu, discumbere jussus,
Mercedem solidam veterum capis officiorum.
Fructus amicitiae magnae cibus. Imputat hunc rex,
Et, quamvis rarum, tamen imputat. Ergo duos post
Si libuit menses neglectum adhibere clientem,
Tertia ne vacuo cessaret culcita lecto,
Una simus, ait. Votorum summa ! Quid ultra

If—by reiterated scorn made bold,
Your mind can still its shameless tenour hold,
Still think the greatest blessing earth can give,
Is, solely at another's cost to live;
If—you can brook, what Galba would have spurn'd,
And mean Sarmentus with a frown return'd,
At Caesar's haughty board, dependents both,
I scarce would take your evidence on oath.
The belly's fed with little cost: yet grant,
You should, unhappily, that little want,
Some vacant bridge might surely still be found,
Some highway side; where, grovelling on the ground,
Your shivering limbs compassion's sigh might wake,
And gain an alms for "Charity's sweet sake!"
What! can a meal, thus sauced, deserve your care?
Is hunger so importunate? when THERE,
THERE, in your tatter'd rug, you may, my friend,
On casual scraps more honestly depend;
With chattering teeth toil o'er your wretched treat,
And gnaw the crusts, which dogs refuse to eat!—
For, first, of this be sure: whene'er your lord
Thinks proper to invite you to his board,
He pays, or thinks he pays, the total sum
Of all your pains, past, present, and to come.
Behold the meed of servitude! the great
Reward their humble followers with a treat,
And count it current coin:—they count it such,
And, though it be but little, think it much.
If, after two long months, he condescend
To waste a thought upon a humble friend,
Reminded by a vacant seat, and write,
"You, Master Trebius, sup with me to-night."

Quaeris? Habet Trebius, propter quod rumpere somnum
Debeat et ligulas dimittere, sollicitus, ne
Tota salutatrix jam turba peregerit orbem,
Sideribus dubiis, aut illo tempore, quo se
Frigida circumagunt pigri sarraca Bootae.
Qualis coena tamen? Vinum, quod sucida nolit
Lana pati: de conviva Corybanta videbis.
Jurgia proludunt: sed mox et pocula torques
Saucius et rubra deterges vulnera mappa,
Inter vos quotiens libertorumque cohortem
Pugna Saguntina fervet commissa lagena:
Ipse capillato diffusum consule potat
Calcatamque tenet bellis socialibus uvam,
Cardiaco nunquam cyathum missurus amico:
Cras bibet Albanis aliquid de montibus aut de
Setinis, cujus patriam titulumque senectus
Delevit multa veteris fuligine testae;
Quale coronati Thrasea Helvidiusque bibebant
Brutorum et Cassi natalibus. Ipse capaces
Heliadum crustas et inaequales beryllo

'Tis rapture all! Go now, supremely blest,
Enjoy the meed for which you broke your rest,
And, loose and slipshod, ran your vows to pay,
What time the fading stars announced the day;
Or at that earlier hour, when, with slow roll,
Thy frozen wain, Boötes, turn'd the pole;
Yet trembling, lest the levee should be o'er,
And the full court retiring from the door!

And what a meal at last! such ropy wine,
As wool, which takes all liquids, would decline;
Hot, heady lees, to fire the wretched guests,
And turn them all to Corybants, or beasts.—
At first, with sneers and sarcasms, they engage,
Then hurl the jugs around, with mutual rage;
Or, stung to madness by the household train,
With coarse stone pots a desperate fight maintain;
While streams of blood in smoking torrents flow,
And my lord smiles to see the battle glow!

Not such his beverage: he enjoys the juice
Of ancient days, when beards were yet in use,
Press'd in the Social War!—but will not send
One cordial drop, to cheer a fainting friend.
To-morrow, he will change, and, haply, fill
The mellow vintage of the Alban hill,
Or Setian; wines, which cannot now be known,
So much the mould of age has overgrown
The district, and the date; such generous bowls,
As Thrasea and Helvidius, patriot souls!
While crown'd with flowers, in sacred pomp, they lay,
To Freedom quaff'd, on Brutus' natal day.

Before your patron, cups of price are placed,
Amber and gold, with rows of beryls graced:

Virro tenet phialas : tibi non committitur aurum ;
Vel, si quando datur, custos affixus ibidem,
Qui numeret gemmas, unguesque observet acutos.
Da veniam : praeclara illic laudatur iaspis.
Nam Virro, ut multi, gemmas ad pocula transfert
A digitis, quas in vaginae fronte solebat
Ponere zelotypo invenis praelatus Iarbae.
Tu Beneventani sutoris nomen habentem
Siccabis calicem nasorum quatuor ac jam
Quassatum et rupto poscentem sulphura vitro.
Si stomachus domini fervet vinoque ciboque,
Frigidior Geticis petitur decocta pruinis.
Non eadem vobis poni modo vina querebar :
Vos aliam potatis aquam. Tibi pocula cursor
Gaetulus dabit aut nigri manus ossea Mauri
Et cui per mediam nolis occurrere noctem,
Clivosae veheris dum per monumenta Latinae.
Flos Asiae ante ipsum, pretio majore paratus,
Quam fuit et Tulli census pugnacis et Anci,
Et, ne te teneam, Romanorum omnia regum
Frivola. Quod quum ita sit, tu Gaetulum Ganymedem
Respice, quum sities. Nescit tot millibus emptus
Pauperibus miscere puer : sed forma, sed aetas

Cups, you can only at a distance view,
And never trusted to such guests as you!
Or, if they be,—a faithful slave attends,
To count the gems, and watch your fingers' ends.
You'll pardon him; but lo! a jasper there,
Of matchless worth, which justifies his care:
For Virro, like his brother peers, of late,
Has stripp'd his fingers to adorn his plate;
And jewels now emblaze the festive board,
Which deck'd, with nobler grace, the hero's sword,
Whom Dido prized, above the Libyan lord.
From such he drinks: to you, the slaves allot
The Beneventine cobbler's four-lugg'd pot,
A fragment, a mere shard, of little worth,
But to be truck'd for matches—and so forth.
If Virro's veins with indigestion glow,
They bring him water cool'd in Scythian snow:
What! did I late complain a different wine
Fell to thy share? A different water's thine!
Getulian slaves your vile potations pour,
Or the coarse paws of some huge, raw-boned Moor,
Whose hideous form the stoutest would affray,
If met, by moonlight, near the Latian way:
On him, a youth, the flower of Asia waits,
So dearly purchased, that the joint estates
Of Tullus, Ancus, would not yield the sum,
Nor all the wealth—of all the kings of Rome!
Bear this in mind; and when the cup you need,
Look to your own Getulian Ganymede;
A page who cost so much, will ne'er, be sure,
Come at your beck: he heeds not, he, the poor;
But, of his youth and beauty justly vain,

Digna supercilio. Quando ad te pervenit ille?
Quando vocatus adest calidae gelidaeque minister?
Quippe indignatur veteri parere clienti,
Quodque aliquid poscas et quod se stante recumbas.
Maxima quaeque domus servis est plena superbis.
Ecce, alius quanto porrexit murmure panem
Vix fractum, solidae jam mucida frusta farinae,
Quae genuinum agitent, non admittentia morsum!
Sed tener et niveus mollique siligine factus
Servatur domino. Dextram cohibere memento.
Salva sit artoptae reverentia. Finge tamen te
Improbulum, superest illic, qui ponere cogat.
Vis tu consuetis audax conviva canistris
Impleri panisque tui novisse colorem?
Scilicet hoc fuerat, propter quod saepe, relicta
Conjuge, per montem adversum gelidasque cucurri
Esquilias, fremeret saeva quum grandine vernus
Jupiter et multo stillaret paenula nimbo!
Aspice, quam longo distendat pectore lancem,
Quae fertur domino, squilla, et quibus undique septa
Asparagis, qua despiciat convivia cauda,
Quum venit excelsi manibus sublata ministri.

Trips by them, with indifference, or disdain.
If call'd, he hears not, or, with rage inflamed—
Indignant, that his services are claim'd
By an old client, who, ye gods! commands,
And sits at ease, while his superior stands!
Such proud, audacious minions swarm in Rome,
And trample on the poor, where'er they come.
Mark with what insolence another thrusts,
Before your plate, th' impenetrable crusts,
Black, mouldy fragments, which defy the saw,
The mere despair of every aching jaw!
While manchets, of the finest flour, are set
Before your lord; but be you mindful, yet,
And taste not, touch not: of the pantler stand
In trembling awe, and check your desperate hand—
Yet, should you dare—a slave springs forth, to wrest
The sacred morsel from you. "Saucy guest,"
He frowns, and mutters, "wilt thou ne'er divine,
What's for thy patron's tooth, and what for thine?
Never take notice from what tray thou'rt fed,
Nor know the colour of thy proper bread?"
Was it for this, the baffled client cries,
The tears indignant starting from his eyes,
Was it for this, I left my wife ere day
And up the bleak Esquilian urged my way,
While the wind howl'd, the hailstorm beat amain,
And my cloak smoak'd beneath the driving rain!
But lo, a lobster introduced in state,
Stretches, enormous, o'er the bending plate!
Proud of a length of tail, he seems to eye
The humbler guests with scorn, as towering by,
He takes the place of honour at the board,

Sed tibi dimidio constrictus cammarus ovo
Ponitur exigua, feralis coena, patella.
Ipse Venafrano piscem perfundit: at hic, qui
Pallidus adfertur misero tibi caulis, olebit
Laternam. Illud enim vestris datur alveolis, quod
Canna Micipsarum prora subvexit acuta;
Propter quod Romae cum Bocchare nemo lavatur,
Quod tutos etiam facit a serpentibus atris.
Mullus erit domino, quem misit Corsica vel quem
Tauromenitanae rupes, quando omne peractum est
Et jam defecit nostrum mare, dum gula saevit,
Retibus adsiduis penitus scrutante macello
Proxima, nec patimur Tyrrhenum crescere piscem.
Instruit ergo focum provincia: sumitur illinc
Quod captator emat Lenas, Aurelia vendat.
Virroni muraena datur, quae maxima venit
Gurgite de Siculo: nam, dum se continet Auster,
Dum sedet et siccat madidas in carcere pennas,
Contemnunt mediam temeraria lina Charybdim.
Vos anguilla manet longae cognata colubrae,
Aut glacie aspersus maculis Tiberinus et ipse
Vernula riparum, pinguis torrente cloaca,
Et solitus mediae cryptam penetrare Suburae.
Ipsi pauca velim, facilem si praebeat aurem.

And crown'd with costly pickles, greets his lord!
A crab is yours, ill garnish'd and ill fed,
With half an egg—a supper for the dead!
He pours Venafran oil upon his fish,
While the stale coleworts in your wooden dish,
Stink of the lamp; for such to you is thrown,
Such rancid grease, as Africk sends to town;
So strong! that when her factors seek the bath,
All wind, and all avoid, the noisome pate;
So pestilent! that her own serpents fly
The horrid stench, or meet it but to die.
See! a sur-mullet now before him set,
From Corsica, or isles more distant yet,
Brought post to Rome; since Ostia's shores no more
Supply the insatiate glutton, as of yore,
Thinn'd by the net, whose everlasting throw
Allows no Tuscan fish, in peace, to grow.
Still luxury yawns, unfill'd; the nations rise,
And ransack all their coasts for fresh supplies:
Thence come your presents; thence, as rumour tells,
The dainties Lenas buys, Aurelia sells.
A lamprey next, from the Sicilian straits
Of more than common size, on Virro waits—
For oft as Auster seeks his cave, and flings
The cumbrous moisture from his dripping wings,
Forth flies the daring fisher, lured by gain,
While rocks oppose, and whirlpools threat in vain.
To you an eel is brought, whose slender make,
Speaks him a famish'd cousin to the snake;
Or some frost-bitten pike, who, day by day,
Through half the city's ordure, suck'd his way!
Would Virro deign to hear me, I could give

Nemo petit, modicis quae mittebantur amicis
A Seneca, quae Piso bonus, quae Cotta solebat
Largiri; namque et titulis et fascibus olim
Major habebatur donandi gloria: solum
Poscimus, ut coenes civiliter. Hoc face et esto,
Esto, ut nunc multi, dives tibi, pauper amicis.
Anseris ante ipsum magni jecur, anseribus par
Altilis et flavi dignus ferro Meleagri
Fumat aper: post hunc tradentur tubera, si ver
Tunc erit et facient optata tonitrua coenas
Majores. Tibi habe frumentum, Alledius inquit,
O Libye; disjunge boves, dum tubera mittas.
Structorem interea, ne qua indignatio desit,
Saltantem spectes et chironomonta volanti
Cultello, donec peragat dictata magistri
Omnia: nec minimo sane discrimine refert,
Quo gestu lepores et quo gallina secetur.
Duceris planta, velut ictus ab Hercule Cacus,
Et ponere foris, si quid tentaveris unquam

A few brief hints:—We look not to receive,
What Seneca, what Cotta used to send,
What the good Piso, to an humble friend;—
For bounty once preferr'd a fairer claim,
Than birth or power, to honourable fame:
No; all we ask (and you may this afford,)
Is simply—civil treatment at your board;
Indulge us here; and be, like numbers more,
Rich to yourself, to your dependents poor!
Vain hope! Near him a goose's liver lies,
A capon, equal to a goose in size;
A boar, too, smokes, like that which fell, of old,
By the famed hero, with the locks of gold.
Last, if the spring its genial influence shed,
And welcome thunders call them from their bed,
Large mushrooms enter: Ravish'd with their size,
"O Libya, keep thy grain!" Alledius cries,
"And bid thy oxen to their stalls retreat,
Nor, while thou grow'st such mushrooms, think of wheat!"
Meanwhile, to put your patience to the test,
Lo! the spruce carver, to his task addrest,
Skips, like a harlequin, from place to place,
And waves his knife with pantomimick grace,
Till every dish be ranged, and every joint
Severed, by nicest rules, from point to point.
You think this folly—'tis a simple thought—
To such perfection, now, is carving brought,
That different gestures, by our curious men,
Are used for different dishes, hare and hen.
But, think whate'er you may, your comments spare;
For should you, like a free-born Roman, dare
To hint your thoughts, forth springs some sturdy groom,

Hiscere, tanquam habeas tria nomina. Quando propinat
Virro tibi sumitque tuis contacta labellis
Pocula? quis vestrum temerarius usque adeo, quis
Perditus, ut dicat regi, Bibe? Plurima sunt, quae
Non audent homines pertusa dicere laena.
Quadringenta tibi si quis Deus aut similis Dis
Et melior fatis donaret homuncio; quantus
Ex nihilo fieres, quantus Virronis amicus!
Da Trebio! Pone ad Trebium! Vis, frater, ab ipsis
Ilibus? O nummi, vobis hunc praestat honorem,
Vos estis fratres. Dominus tamen et domini rex
Si vis tu fieri, nullus tibi parvulus aula
Luserit Aeneas, nec filia dulcior illo:
Jucundum et carum sterilis facit uxor amicum.
Sed tua nunc Mycale pariat licet et pueros tres
In gremium patris fundat simul: ipse loquaci
Gaudebit nido; viridem thoraca jubebit
Adferri minimasque nuces assemque rogatum,
Ad mensam quotiens parasitus venerit infans.
Vilibus ancipites fungi ponentur amicis,
Boletus domini; sed quales Claudius edit

And drags you straight, heels foremost, from the room!
Does Virro ever pledge you? ever sip
The liquor touch'd by your unhallow'd lip?
Or is there one of all your tribe so free,
So desperate, as to say—"Sir, drink to me"?
O, there is much, that never can be spoke
By a poor client, in a threadbare cloak!
But should some godlike man, more kind than fate,
Some god, present you with a knight's estate,
Heavens, what a change! how infinitely dear
Would Trebius then become! How great appear,
From nothing! Virro, so reserv'd of late,
Grows quite familiar: "Brother, send your plate,
Dear brother Trebius! you were wont to say,
You liked this trail, I think—Oblige me, pray."—
O riches!—this "dear brother" is your own,
To you this friendship, this respect is shown:
But would you now your patron's patron be?
Let no young Trebius wanton round your knee,
No Trebia, none: a barren wife procures
The kindest, truest friends! such then be yours.—
Yet, should she breed, and, to augment your joys,
Pour in your lap, at once, three bouncing boys,
Virro will still, so you be wealthy, deign
To toy and prattle with the lisping train;
Will have his pockets too with farthings stored,
And when the sweet young rogues approach his board,
Bring out his pretty corslets for the breast,
His nuts, and apples, for each coaxing guest.
You champ on spongy toadstools, hateful treat!
Fearful of poison, in each bit you eat:
He feasts, secure, on mushrooms, fine as those

Ante illum uxoris, post quem nil amplius edit.
Virro sibi et reliquis Virronibus illa jubebit
Poma dari, quorum solo pascaris odore:
Qualia perpetuus Phaeacum autumnus habebat,
Credere quae possis subrepta sororibus Afris:
Tu scabie frueris mali, quod in aggere rodit,
Qui tegitur parma et galea metuensque flagelli
Discit ab hirsuta jaculum torquere capella.
Forsitan impensae Virronem parcere credas.
Hoc agit, ut doleas: nam quae comedia, mimus
Quis melior plorante gula? Ergo omnia fiunt,
Si nescis, ut per lacrimas effundere bilem
Cogaris pressoque diu stridere molari.
Tu tibi liber homo et regis conviva videris:
Captum te nidore suae putat ille culinae:
Nec male conjectat. Quis enim tam nudus, ut illum
Bis ferat, Etruscum puero si contigit aurum
Vel nodus tantum et signum de paupere loro?
Spes bene coenandi vos decipit. Ecce dabit jam,
Semesum leporem atque aliquid de clunibus apri:

Which Claudius, for his special eating, chose,
Till one more fine, provided by his wife,
Finish'd at once his feasting, and his life!
Apples, as fragrant, and as bright of hue,
As those which in Alcinoüs' gardens grew,
Mellow'd by constant sunshine; or as those,
Which graced the Hesperides, in burnish'd rows;
Apples, which you may smell, but never taste,
Before your lord and his great friends are placed:
While you enjoy mere windfalls; such stale fruit,
As serves to mortify the raw recruit,
When, arm'd with helm and shield, the lance he throws,
And trembles at the shaggy master's blows.
You think, perhaps, that Virro treats so ill,
To save his gold: no, 'tis to vex you still:
For, say, what comedy such mirth can raise,
As hunger, tortured thus a thousand ways?
No; (if you know it not,) 'tis to excite
Your rage, your frenzy, for his mere delight;
'Tis to compel you all your gall to show,
And gnash your teeth in agonies of woe.
You deem yourself, (such pride inflates your breast,)
Forsooth, a freeman, and your patron's guest;
He thinks you a vile slave, drawn, by the smell
Of his warm kitchen, there; and he thinks well:
For who so low, so wretched, as to bear
Such treatment twice, whose fortune 'twas, to wear
The golden boss; nay, to whose humbler lot,
The poor man's ensign fell, the leathern knot!
Your palate still beguiles you: Ah, how nice
That smoking haunch! NOW we shall have a slice!
Now that half hare is coming! NOW a bit

Ad nos jam veniet minor altilis. Inde parato

Intactoque omnes et stricto pane tacetis,

Ille sapit, qui te sic utitur. Omnia ferre

Si potes, et debes. Pulsandum vertice raso

Praebebis quandoque caput, nec dura timebis

Flagra pati, his epulis et tali dignus amico.

Of that young pullet! NOW—and thus you sit,
Thumbing your bread in silence; watching still,
For what has never reach'd you, never will!
No more of freedom! 'tis a vain pretence:
Your patron treats you like a man of sense.
For, if you can, without a murmur, bear,
You well deserve the insults which you share.
Anon, like voluntary slaves, you'll throw
Your humbled necks, beneath the oppressor's blow,
Nay, with bare backs, solicit to be beat,
And merit SUCH A FRIEND, and SUCH A TREAT!

ARGUMENT OF THE SIXTH SATIRE

Ursidius Posthumus is contemplating marriage, and to him Juvenal, under colour of dissuading him from his intention, addresses in this satire a long indictment of women. Open vice, malice and cruelty, pride and pedantry, extravagance and superstition, are the main heads of the charges brought; and though the various sections may have little other connection, they are united by their common subject—tbe wickedness and worthlessness of the female sex. The satire is, in fact, a picture-gallery of bad women, embracing all degrees of fault, from gossiping to murder.

Credo Pudicitiam Saturno rege moratam
In terris visamque diu, quum frigida parvas
Praeberet spelunca domos ignemque laremque
Et pecus et dominos communi clauderet umbra;
Silvestrem montana torum quum sterneret uxor
Frondibus et culmo vicinarumque ferarum
Pellibus, haud similis tibi, Cynthia, nec tibi, cujus
Turbavit nitidos exstinctus passer ocellos,
Sed potanda ferens infantibus ubera magnis
Et saepe horridior glandem ructante marito.
Quippe aliter tunc, orbe novo coeloque recenti,
Vivebant homines, qui rupto robore nati
Compositive luto nullos habuere parentes.
Multa pudicitiae veteris vestigia forsan
Aut aliqua exstiterint et sub Jove; sed Jove nondum
Barbato, nondum Graecis jurare paratis
Per caput alterius, quum furem nemo timeret
Caulibus aut pomis et aperto viveret horto.
Paulatim deinde ad superos Astraea recessit
Hac comite, atque duae pariter fugere sorores.
Antiquum et vetus est alienum, Postume, lectum
Concutere atque sacri Genium contemnere fulcri.

Yes, I believe that Chastity was known,
And prized on earth, while Saturn fill'd the throne;
When rocks a bleak and scanty shelter gave,
When sheep and shepherds throng'd one common cave,
And when the mountain wife her couch bestrew'd
With skins of beasts, joint tenants of the wood,
And reeds, and leaves pluck'd from the neighbouring tree:—
A woman, Cynthia, far unlike to thee,
Or thee, weak child of fondness and of fears,
Whose eyes a sparrow's death suffused with tears:
But strong, and reaching to her burly brood
Her big-swoll'n breasts, replete with wholesome food,
And rougher than her husband, gorged with mast,
And frequent belching from the coarse repast.
For when the world was new, the race that broke,
Unfather'd, from the soil or opening oak,
Lived most unlike the men of later times,
The puling brood of follies and of crimes.
Haply some trace of Chastity remain'd,
While Jove, but Jove as yet unbearded, reign'd:
Before the Greek bound, by another's head,
His doubtful faith; or men, of theft in dread,
Had learn'd their herbs and fruitage to immure,
But all was unenclosed, and all secure!
At length Astrea, from these confines driven,
Regain'd, by slow degrees, her native heaven;
With her retired her sister in disgust,
And left the world to rapine, and to lust.
'Tis not a practice, friend, of recent date,
But old, establish'd, and inveterate,
To climb another's couch, and boldly slight
The sacred Genius of the nuptial rite:

Omne aliud crimen mox ferrea protulit aetas:
Viderunt primos argentea saecula moechos.
Conventum tamen et pactum et sponsalia nostra
Tempestate paras, jamque a tonsore magistro
Pecteris et digito pignus fortasse dedisti.
Certe sanus eras! Uxorem, Postume, ducis?
Dic, qua Tisiphone, quibus exagitare colubris?
Ferre potes dominam, salvis tot restibus, ullam?
Quum pateant altae caligantesque fenestrae?
Quum tibi vicinum se praebeat Aemilius pons? 32
Sed placet Ursidio lex Julia: tollere dulcem 38
Cogitat heredem, cariturus turture magno,
Mullorumque jubis et captatore macello. 40
Quid fieri non posse putes, si jungitur ulla
Ursidio? si moechorum notissimus olim
Stulta maritali jam porrigit ora capistro,
Quem totiens texit perituri cista Latini?
Quid? quod et antiquis uxor de moribus illi
Quaeritur. O, medici, mediam pertundite venam!

All other crimes the Age of Iron curst;
But that of Silver, saw adulterers first.
Yet thou, it seems, art eager to engage
Thy witless neck, in this degenerate age!
Even now, thy hair the modish curl is taught,
By master-hands; even now, the ring is bought;
Even now—thou once, Ursidius, hadst thy wits,
But thus to talk of wiving!—O, these fits!
What more than madness has thy soul possest?
What snakes, what Furies, agitate thy breast?
Heavens! wilt thou tamely drag the galling chain,
While hemp is to be bought, while knives remain?
While windows woo thee so divinely high,
And Tiber and the Æmilian bridge are nigh?—
"O, but the law," thou criest, "the Julian law,
Will keep my destined wife from every flaw;
Besides, I die for heirs." Good! and for those,
Wilt thou the turtle and the turbot lose,
And all the dainties, which the flatterer, still,
Heaps on the childless, to secure his Will?
But what will hence impossible be held,
If thou, old friend, to wedlock art impell'd?
If thou, the veriest debauchee in town,
With whom wives, widows, every thing went down,
Shouldst stretch the unsuspecting neck, and poke
Thy foolish nose into the marriage yoke?
Thou, famed for scapes, and, by the trembling wife,
Thrust in a chest so oft, to save thy life!—
But what! Ursidius hopes a mate to gain,
Frugal, and chaste, and of the good old strain:
Alas, he's frantick! ope a vein with speed,
And bleed him copiously, good doctor, bleed.

Delicias hominis! Tarpeium limen adora
Pronus et auratam Junoni caede juvencam,
Si tibi contigerit capitis matrona pudici.
Paucae adeo Cereris vittas contingere dignae,
Quarum non timeat pater oscula. Necte coronam
Postibus et densos per limina tende corymbos!
Unus Iberinae vir sufficit? Ocius illud
Extorquebis, ut haec oculo contenta sit uno.
Magna tamen fama est cujusdam rure paterno
Viventis. Vivat Gabiis, ut vixit in agro;
Vivat Fidenis! Et agello cedo paterno:
Quis tamen affirmat, nil actum in montibus aut in
Speluncis? Adeo senuerunt Jupiter et Mars?
Porticibusne tibi monstratur femina voto
Digna tuo? Cuneis an habent spectacula totis,
Quod securus ames quodque inde excerpere possis?
Chironomon Ledam molli saltante Bathyllo,
Tuccia vesicae non imperat; Appula gannit,
Sicut in amplexu; subitum et miserabile longum

Jewel of men! thy knees to Jove incline,
And let a heifer fall at Juno's shrine,
If thy researches for a wife be blest,
With one, who is not——need I speak the rest?
Ah! few the matrons Ceres now can find,
Her hallow'd fillets, with chaste hands, to bind;
Few whom their fathers with their lips can trust,
So strong their filial kisses smack of lust!
Go then, prepare to bring your mistress home,
And crown your doors with garlands, ere she come.—
But will one man suffice, methinks, you cry,
For all her wants and wishes? Will one eye!
And yet there runs, 'tis said, a wondrous tale,
Of some pure maid, who lives—in some lone vale.
There she MAY live; but let the phœnix, placed
At Gabii or Fidenae, prove as chaste,
As at her father's farm!—Yet who will swear,
That nought is done in night and silence there?
Time was, when Jupiter and Mars, we're told,
With many a nymph, in woods and caves made bold;
And still, perhaps, they may not be too old.
Survey our publick places; see you there,
One woman worthy of your serious care?
See you, through all the crowded benches, one,
Whom you might take securely for your own?—
Lo! while Bathyllus, with his flexile limbs,
Acts Leda, and through every posture swims,
Tuccia delights to realize the play,
And in lascivious trances melts away;
While rustick Thymelè, with curious eye,
Marks the quick pant, the lingering, deep-drawn sigh,
And while her cheeks with burning blushes glow,

Attendit Thymele; Thymele tunc rustica discit.
Ast aliae, quotiens aulaea recondita cessant,
Et vacuo clausoque sonant fora sola theatro,
Atque a plebeiis longe Megalesia, tristes
Personam thyrsumque tenent et subligar Acci.
Urbicus exodio risum movet Atellanae
Gestibus Autonoes: hunc diligit Aelia pauper.
Solvitur his magno comoedi fibula: sunt quae
Chrysogonum cantare vetent: Hispulla tragoedo
Gaudet. An expectas, ut Quintilianus ametur?
Accipis uxorem, de qua citharoedus Echion
Aut Glaphyrus fiat pater Ambrosiusque choraules.
Longa per angustos figamus pulpita vicos:
Ornentur postes et grandi janua lauro,
Ut testudineo tibi, Lentule, conopeo
Nobilis Euryalum mirmillonem exprimat infans.
Nupta Senatori comitata est Hippia ludium
Ad Pharum et Nilum famosaque moenia Lagi,
Prodigia et mores Urbis damnante Canopo.
Immemor illa domus et conjugis atque sororis
Nil patriae indulsit, plorantesque improba natos,
Utque magis stupeas, ludos Paridemque reliquit.
Sed quanquam in magnis opibus plumaque paterna
Et segmentatis dormisset parvula cunis,

Learns this—learns all the city matrons know.
Others, when of the theatres bereft,
When nothing, but the wrangling bar, is left,
In the long, tedious months, which interpose
'Twixt the Cybelian and Plebeian Shows,
Sicken for action, and assume the airs,
The mask and thyrsus, of their favourite players.
—Midst peals of mirth, see Urbicus advance,
(Poor Aelia's choice,) and, in a wanton dance,
Burlesque Autonoë's woes! the rich engage
In higher frolicks, and defraud the stage;
Take from Chrysogonus the power to sing,
Loose, at vast prices, the comedian's ring,
Tempt the tragedian—but I see you moved—
Heavens! dream'd you that QUINTILIAN would be loved!
Then hie thee, Lentulus, and boldly wed,
That the chaste partner of thy fruitful bed
May kindly single from this motley race,
Some sturdy Glaphyrus, thy brows to grace:
Haste; in thy narrow streets long scaffolds raise,
And deck thy portals with triumphant bays;
That, in thy heir, as swath'd in state he lies,
The guests may trace Mirmillo's nose and eyes!
Hippia, who shared a rich patrician's bed,
To Egypt, with a gladiator, fled,
While rank Canopus eyed, with strong disgust,
This ranker specimen of Roman lust.
Without one pang, the profligate resign'd
Her husband, sister, sire; gave to the wind
Her children's tears; yea, tore herself away,
(To strike you more,)—from PARIS and the PLAY!
And though, in affluence born, her infant head

Contempsit pelagus: famam contempserat olim,
Cujus apud molles minima est jactura cathedras.
Tyrrhenos igitur fluctus lateque sonantem
Pertulit Ionium constanti pectore, quamvis
Mutandum totiens esset mare. Justa pericli
Si ratio est et honesta, timent pavidoque gelantur
Pectore, nec tremulis possunt insistere plantis:
Fortem animum praestant rebus, quas turpiter audent.
Si jubeat conjux, durum est conscendere navim;
Tunc sentina gravis, tunc summus veritur aer:
Quae moechum sequitur, stomacho valet. Illa maritum
Convomit: haec inter nautas et prandet, et errat
Per puppem, et duros gaudet tractare rudentes.
Qua tamen exarsit forma, qua capta juventa est
Hippia? quid vidit, propter quod ludia dici
Sustinuit? nam Sergiolus jam radere guttur
Coeperat et secto requiem sperare lacerto.
Praeterea multa in facie deformia, sicut
Attritus galea mediisque in naribus ingens
Gibbus et acre malum semper stillantis ocelli.
Sed gladiator erat: facit hoc illos Hyacinthos;
Hoc pueris patriaeque, hoc praetulit illa sorori
Atque viro. Ferrum est, quod amant. Hic Sergius idem

Had press'd the down of an embroider'd bed,
She braved the deep, (she long had braved her fame;
But this is little—to the courtly dame,)
And, with undaunted breast, the changes bore
Of many a sea, the swelling and the roar.
Have they an honest call, such ills to bear;
Cold shiverings seize them, and they shrink with fear;
But set illicit pleasure in their eye,
Onward they rush, and every toil defy!
Summon'd by duty, to attend her lord,
How, cries the lady, can I get on board?
How bear the dizzy motion? how the smell?
But—when the adulterer calls her, all is well!
She roams the deck, with pleasure ever new,
Tugs at the ropes, and messes with the crew;
But with her husband—O, how chang'd the case!
Sick! sick! she cries, and vomits in his face!
But by what youthful charms, what shape, what air,
Was Hippia won, the opprobrious name to bear,
Of FENCER'S TRULL? The wanton well might doat!
For the sweet Sergius long had scraped his throat,
Long look'd for leave to quit the publick stage,
Maim'd in his limbs, and verging now to age.
Add, that his face was batter'd and decay'd;
The helmet on his brow huge galls had made,
A wen deform'd his nose, of monstrous size,
And sharp rheum trickled from his bloodshot eyes:
But then he was a SWORDSMAN! that alone,
Made every charm, and every grace his own;
That made him dearer than her nuptial vows,
Dearer than country, sister, children, spouse.—
'Tis BLOOD THEY LOVE: Let Sergius quit the sword,

Accepta rude coepisset Veiento videri.

Optima sed quare Cesennia, teste marito?

Bis quingenta dedit; tanti vocat ille pudicam,

Nec Veneris pharetris macer est aut lampade fervet:

Inde faces ardent; veniunt a dote sagittae.

Libertas emitur: coram licet innuat atque

Rescribat, vidua est, locuples quae nupsit avaro.

Cur desiderio Bibulae Sertorius ardet?

Si verum excutias, facies, non uxor amatur.

Tres rugae subeant, et se cutis arida laxet,

Fiant obscuri dentes oculique minores;

Collige sarcinulas, dicet libertus, et exi:

Jam gravis es nobis et saepe emungeris; exi

Ocius et propera: sicco venit altera naso.

Interea calet et regnat poscitque maritum

Pastores et ovem Canusinam ulmosque Falernas.

Quantulum in hoc! Pueros omnes, ergastula tota:

Quodque domi non est et habet vicinus ematur.

Mense quidem brumae, quo jam mercator Iason

And he'll appear, at once,—so like her lord!
But why's Cesennia then, you say, adored,
And styled the first of women, by her lord?
Because she brought him thousands: such the price,
It cost the lady to be free from vice!—
Not for her charms the wounded lover pined,
Nor felt the flame which fires the ardent mind,
Plutus, not Cupid, touch'd his sordid heart;
And 'twas her dower that wing'd the unerring dart.
She brought enough her liberty to buy,
And tip the wink before her husband's eye.
A wealthy wanton, to a miser wed,
Has all the license of a widow'd bed.
But yet, Sertorius what I say disproves,
For though his Bibula is poor, he loves.
True! but examine him; and, on my life,
You'll find he loves the beauty, not the wife.
Let but a wrinkle on her forehead rise,
And time obscure the lustre of her eyes;
Let but the moisture leave her flaccid skin,
And her teeth blacken, and her cheeks grow thin;
And you shall hear the insulting freedman say,
"Pack up your trumpery, madam, and away!
Nay, bustle, bustle; here you give offence,
With snivelling night and day;—take your nose hence!"—
But, ere that hour arrive, she reigns indeed!
Shepherds, and sheep of Canusinian breed,
Falernian vineyards, (trifles these,) she craves,
And store of boys, and troops of country slaves;
Briefly, for all her neighbour has, she sighs,
And plagues her doting husband, till he buys.
In winter, when the merchant fears to roam,

Clausus et armatis obstat casa candida nautis,
Grandia tolluntur crystallina, maxima rursus
Murrhina, deinde adamas notissimus et Berenices
In digito factus pretiosior: hunc dedit olim
Barbarus incestae, dedit hunc Agrippa sorori,
Observant ubi festa mero pede sabbata reges
Et vetus indulget senibus clementia porcis.
Nullane de tantis gregibus tibi digna videtur?
Sit formosa, decens, dives, fecunda, vetustos
Porticibus disponat avos, intactior omni
Crinibus effusis bellum dirimente Sabina,
Rara avis in terris nigroque simillima cygno:
Quis ferat uxorem, cui constant omnia? Malo,
Malo Venusinam, quam te, Cornelia mater
Gracchorum, si cum magnis virtutibus adfers
Grande supercilium et numeras in dote triumphos.
Tolle tuum, precor, Hannibalem victumque Syphacem
In castris, et cum tota Carthagine migra!
Parce, precor, Paean, et tu, Dea, pone sagittas;
Nil pueri faciunt, ipsam configite matrem!
Amphion clamat: sed Paean contrahit arcum.
Extulit ergo greges natorum ipsumque parentem,
Dum sibi nobilior Latonae gente videtur

And snow confines the shivering crew at home;
She ransacks every shop for precious ware,
Here cheapens myrrh and crystal vases; there,
That far-famed gem which Berenice wore,
The hire of incest, and thence valued more;
A brother's present, in that barbarous State,
Where kings the Sabbath, barefoot, celebrate;
And old indulgence grants a length of life
To hogs, that fatten fearless of the knife.

What! and is none of all this numerous herd,
Worthy your choice? not one, to be preferr'd?
Suppose her nobly born, young, rich, and fair,
And (though a coal-black swan be far less rare)
Chaste as the Sabine wives, who rush'd between
The kindred hosts, and closed the unnatural scene;
Yet who could bear to lead an humbled life,
Curs'd with that veriest plague, a faultless wife!—
Some simple rustick at Venusium bred,
O let me, rather than Cornelia, wed,
If, to great virtues, greater pride she join,
And count her ancestors as current coin.
Take back, for mercy's sake, thy Hannibal!
Away, with vanquish'd Syphax, camp and all!
Troop, with the whole of Carthage! I'd be free,
From all this pageantry of worth—and thee.

"O let, Apollo, let my children live,
And thou, Diana, pity, and forgive;"
Amphion cries; "They, they are guiltless all:
The mother sinn'd, let then the mother fall."
In vain he cries; Apollo bends his bow,
And, with the children, lays the father low!
They fell; while Niobe aspired to place

Atque eadem scrofa Niobe fecundior alba.
Quae tanti gravitas, quae forma, ut se tibi semper
Imputet? Hujus enim rari summique voluptas
Nulla boni, quotiens animo corrupta superbo
Plus aloes, quam mellis habet. Quis deditus autem
Usque adeo est, ut non illam, quam laudibus effert,
Horreat inque diem septenis oderit horis?
Quaedam parva quidem, sed non toleranda maritis.
Nam quid rancidius, quam quod se non putat ulla
Formosam, nisi quae de Tusca Graecula facta est,
De Sulmonensi mera Cecropis? Omnia Graece,
Quum sit turpe magis nostris nescire Latine.
Hoc sermone pavent, hoc iram, gaudia, curas,
Hoc cuncta effundunt animi secreta. Quid ultra?
Concumbunt Graece. Dones tamen ista puellis:
Tune etiam, quam sextus et octogesimus annus
Pulsat, adhuc Graece? Non est hic sermo pudicus
In vetula. Quotiens lascivum intervenit illud
Ζωὴ καὶ ψυχή? Modo sub lodice relictis
Uteris in turba. Quod enim non excitet inguen
Vox blanda et nequam? digitos habet. Ut tamen omnes
Subsidant pennae, dicas haec mollius Haemo

Her birth and blood above Latona's race ;
And boast her womb,—too fruitful, to be named
With that White Sow, for thirty sucklings famed.
Beauty and worth are purchased much too dear,
If a wife force them hourly on your ear ;
For, say, what pleasure can you hope to find,
Even in this boast, this phœnix of her kind,
If, warp'd by pride, on all around she lour,
And in your cup more gall than honey pour ?
Ah ! who so blindly wedded to the state,
As not to shrink from such a perfect mate,
Of every virtue feel the oppressive weight,
And curse the worth he loves, seven hours in eight ?
Some faults, though small, no husband yet can bear :
'Tis now the nauseous cant, that none is fair,
Unless her thoughts in attick terms she dress ;
A mere Cecropian of a Sulmoness !
All now is Greek : in Greek their souls they pour,
In Greek their fears, hopes, joys ;—what would you more ?
In Greek they clasp their lovers. We allow
These fooleries, to girls : but thou, O thou,
Who tremblest on the verge of eighty-eight,
To Greek it still !—'tis, now, a day too late.
Foh ! how it savours of the dregs of lust,
When an old hag, whose blandishments disgust,
Affects the infant lisp, the girlish squeak,
And mumbles out, " My life ! My soul ! " in Greek !
Words, which the secret sheets alone should hear,
But which she trumpets in the publick ear.
And words, indeed, have power—But though she woo
In softer strains than e'er Carpophorus knew,
Her wrinkles still employ her favourite's cares ;

Quanquam et Carpophoro ; facies tua computat annos.
Si tibi legitimis pactam junctamque tabellis
Non es amaturus, ducendi nulla videtur
Causa ; nec est, quare coenam et mustacea perdas,
Labente officio, crudis donanda ; nec illud,
Quod prima pro nocte datur, quum lance beata
Dacicus et scripto radiat Germanicus auro.
Si tibi simplicitas uxoria, deditus uni
Est animus, submitte caput cervice parata
Ferre jugum : nullam invenies, quae parcat amanti.
Ardeat ipsa licet, tormentis gaudet amantis
Et spoliis. Igitur longe minus utilis illi.
Uxor, quisquis erit bonus optandusque maritus.
Nil unquam invita donabis conjuge ; vendes
Hac obstante nihil ; nihil, haec si nolet, emetur.
Haec dabit affectus ; ille excludetur amicus
Jam senior, cujus barbam tua janua vidit.
Testandi quum sit lenonibus atque lanistis
Libertas et juris idem contingat arenae,
Non unus tibi rivalis dictabitur heres.
Pone crucem servo.—Meruit quo crimine servus
Supplicium ? quis testis adest ? quis detulit ? Audi,
Nulla unquam de morte hominis cunctatio longa est.—
O demens, ita servus homo est ? nil fecerit, esto

And while she murmurs love, he counts her years!
But tell me;—if thou CANST NOT love a wife,
Made thine by every tie, and thine for life,
Why wed at all? why waste the wine and cakes,
The queasy-stomach'd guest, at parting, takes?
And the rich present, which the bridal right
Claims for the favours of the happy night?
The charger, where, triumphantly inscroll'd,
The Dacian Hero shines in current gold!
If thou CANST love, and thy besotted mind
Is, so uxoriously, to one inclined,
Then bow thy neck, and with submissive air,
Receive the yoke—thou must for ever wear.
To a fond spouse, a wife no mercy shows:—
Though warm'd with equal fires, she mocks his woes,
And triumphs in his spoils: her wayward will
Defeats his bliss, and turns his good to ill!
Nought must be given, if she opposes; nought,
If she opposes, must be sold or bought;
She tells him where to love, and where to hate,
Shuts out the ancient friend, whose beard his gate
Knew, from its downy, to its hoary state:
And when pimps, parasites, of all degrees,
Have power to will their fortunes as they please,
She dictates his; and impudently dares,
To name his very rivals for his heirs!
"Go, crucify that slave." For what offence?
Who the accuser? Where the evidence?
For when the life of MAN is in debate,
No time can be too long, no care too great;
Hear all, weigh all with caution, I advise—
"Thou sniveller! is a slave a MAN?" she cries.

Hoc volo, sic jubeo, sit pro ratione voluntas.
Imperat ergo viro; sed mox haec regna relinquit
Permutatque domos et flammea conterit: inde
Avolat et spreti repetit vestigia lecti.
Ornatas paulo ante fores, pendentia linquit
Vela domus et adhuc virides in limine ramos.
Sic crescit numerus; sic fiunt octo mariti
Quinque per autumnos: titulo res digna sepulcri.
Desperanda tibi salva concordia socru.
Illa docet spoliis nudi gaudere mariti;
Illa docet, missis a corruptore tabellis,
Nil rude nec simplex rescribere; decipit illa
Custodes aut aere domat: tunc corpore sano
Advocat Archigenen onerosaque pallia jactat.
Abditus interea latet et securus adulter,
Impatiensque morae pavet et praeputia ducit.
Scilicet expectas, ut tradat mater honestos
Atque alios mores, quam quos habet! utile porro
Filiolam turpi vetulae producere turpem.
Nulla fere causa est, in qua non femina litem
Moverit. Accusat Manilia, si rea non est.

"He's innocent! be't so:—'tis my command,
My will; let that, sir, for a reason stand."
Thus the virago triumphs, thus she reigns:
Anon she sickens of her first domains,
And seeks for new; husband on husband takes,
Till of her bridal veil one rent she makes.
Again she tires, again for change she burns,
And to the bed she lately left returns,
While the fresh garlands, and unfaded boughs,
Yet deck the portal of her wondering spouse.
Thus swells the list; EIGHT HUSBANDS IN FIVE YEARS:
A rare inscription for their sepulchres!
While your wife's mother lives, expect no peace.
She teaches her, with savage joy, to fleece
A bankrupt spouse: kind creature! she befriends
The lover's hopes, and, when her daughter sends
An answer to his prayer, the style inspects,
Softens the cruel, and the wrong corrects:
Experienced bawd! she blinds, or bribes all eyes,
And brings the adulterer, in despite of spies.
And now the farce begins; the lady falls
"Sick, sick, oh! sick;" and for the doctor calls:
Sweltering she lies till the dull visit 's o'er,
While the rank letcher, at the closet door,
Lurking in silence, maddens with delay,
And in his own impatience melts away.
Nor count it strange: What mother e'er was known,
To teach severer morals than her own?—
No;—with their daughters' lusts they swell their stores,
And thrive as bawds, when out of date as whores!
Women support the BAR: they love the law,
And raise litigious questions for a straw:

Componunt ipsae per se formantque libellos,

Principium atque locos Celso dictare paratae.

Endromidas Tyrias et femineum ceroma

Quis nescit? vel quis non vidit vulnera pali?

Quem cavat adsiduis sudibus scutoque lacessit,

Atque omnes implet numeros, dignissima prorsus

Florali matrona tuba; nisi si quid in illo

Pectore plus agitat veraeque paratur arenae.

Quem praestare potest mulier galeata pudorem,

Quae fugit a sexu? Vires amat. Haec tamen ipsa

Vir nollet fieri: nam quantula nostra voluptas!

Quale decus, rerum si conjugis auctio fiat,

Balteus et manicae et cristae crurisque sinistri

Dimidium tegimen! vel, si diversa movebit

Proelia, tu felix, ocreas vendente puella!

Hae sunt, quae tenui sudant in cyclade, quarum

Delicias et panniculus bombycinus urit.

They meet in private, and prepare the Bill,
Draw up the Instructions with a lawyer's skill,
Suggest to Celsus where the merits lie,
And dictate points for statement, or reply.
Nay more, they FENCE! who has not marked their oil,
Their purple rugs, for this preposterous toil?
Room for the lady—lo! she seeks the list,
And fiercely tilts at her antagonist,
A post! which, with her buckler, she provokes,
And bores and batters with repeated strokes;
Till all the fencer's art can do she shows,
And the glad master interrupts her blows.
O worthy, sure, to head those wanton dames,
Who foot it naked at the Floral Games;
Unless, with nobler daring, she aspire,
And tempt the Arena's bloody field—for hire!
What sense of shame is to that female known,
Who envies our pursuits, and hates her own?
Yet would she not, though proud in arms to shine,
(True woman still) her sex for ours resign;
For there's a thing she loves beyond compare,
And we, alas! have no advantage there.—
Heavens! with what glee a husband must behold
His wife's accoutrements, in publick, sold;
And auctioneers displaying to the throng,
Her crest, her belt, her gauntlet, and her thong!
Or, if in wilder frolicks she engage,
And take her private lessons for the stage,
Then three-fold rapture must expand his breast,
To see her greaves "a-going," with the rest.
Yet these are they, the tender souls! who sweat
In muslin, and in silk expire with heat.—

Aspice, quo fremitu monstratos perferat ictus
Et quanto galeae curvetur pondere, quanta
Poplitibus sedeat, quam denso fascia libro,
Et ride, scaphium positis quum sumitur armis.
Dicite vos neptes Lepidi caecive Metelli,
Gurgitis aut Fabii, quae ludia sumpserit unquam
Hos habitus? quando ad palum gemat uxor Asyli?
Semper habet lites alternaque jurgia lectus,
In quo nupta jacet; minimum dormitur in illo.
Tunc gravis illa viro, tunc orba tigride pejor,
Quum simulat gemitus occulti conscia facti,
Aut odit pueros, aut ficta pellice plorat,
Uberibus semper lacrimis semperque paratis
In statione sua atque expectantibus illam,
Quo jubeat manare modo: tu credis amorem,
Tu tibi tunc, curruca, places fletumque labellis
Exsorbes, quae scripta et quot lecture tabellas,
Si tibi zelotypae retegantur scrinia moechae!
Sed jacet in servi complexibus aut equitis. Dic,

Mark, with what force, as the full blow descends,
She thunders "hah!" again, how low she bends
Beneath the opposer's stroke; how firm she rests,
Poised on her hams, and every step contests:
How close tuck'd up for fight, behind, before,
Then laugh—to see her squat, when all is o'er!
Daughters of Lepidus, and Gurges old,
And blind Metellus, did ye e'er behold
Asylla (though a fencer's trull confest)
Tilt at a stake, thus impudently drest!
'Tis night; yet hope no slumbers with your wife;
The nuptial bed is still the scene of strife:
There lives the keen debate, the clamorous brawl,
And quiet "never comes, that comes to all."
Fierce as a tigress plunder'd of her young,
Rage fires her breast, and loosens all her tongue,
When, conscious of her guilt, she feigns to groan,
And chides your loose amours, to hide her own;
Storms at the scandal of your baser flames,
And weeps her injuries from imagined names,
With tears that, marshall'd, at their station stand,
And flow impassion'd, as she gives command.
You think those showers her true affection prove,
And deem yourself—so happy, in her love!
With fond caresses strive her heart to cheer,
And from her eyelids suck the starting tear:
—But could you now examine the scrutore,
Of this most loving, this most jealous whore,
What amorous lays, what letters would you see,
Proofs, damning proofs, of her sincerity!
But these are doubtful—Put a clearer case:
Suppose her taken in a loose embrace,

Dic aliquem, sodes, hic, Quintiliane, colorem.
Haeremus. Dic ipsa. Olim convenerat, inquit,
Ut faceres tu, quod velles, nec non ego possem
Indulgere mihi: clames licet et mare coelo
Confundas, homo sum. Nihil est audacius illis
Deprensis: iram atque animos a crimine sumunt.
Unde haec monstra tamen vel quo de fonte, requiris?
Praestabat castas humilis fortuna Latinas
Quondam, nec vitiis contingi parva sinebant
Tecta labor somnique breves et vellere Tusco
Vexatae duraeque manus ac proximus Urbi
Hannibal et stantes Collina turre mariti.
Nunc patimur longae pacis mala; saevior armis
Luxuria incubuit victumque ulciscitur orbem.
Nullum crimen abest facinusque libidinis, ex quo
Paupertas Romana perit. Hinc fluxit ad istos
Et Sybaris colles, hinc et Rhodos et Miletos
Atque coronatum et petulans madidumque Tarentum.
Prima peregrinos obscoena pecunia mores
Intulit, et turpi fregerunt saecula luxu
Divitiae molles.
Audio, quid veteres olim moneatis amici.

A slave's or knight's. Now, my Quintilian, come,
And fashion an excuse. What! you are dumb?
Then, let the lady speak. "Was't not agreed
The MAN might please himself?" It was; proceed.
"Then, so may I"—O, Jupiter! "No oath:
MAN is a general term, and takes in both."
When once surprised, the sex all shame forego;
And more audacious, as more guilty, grow.
Whence shall these prodigies of vice be traced?
From wealth, my friend. Our matrons, then, were chaste,
When days of labour, nights of short repose,
Hands still employ'd the Tuscan wool to tose,
Their husbands arm'd, and anxious for the State,
And Carthage hovering near the Colline gate,
Conspired to keep all thoughts of ill aloof,
And banish'd vice, far from their lowly roof.
Now, all the evils of long peace are ours;
Luxury, more terrible than hostile powers,
Her baleful influence wide around has hurl'd,
And well avenged the subjugated world!
—Since Poverty, our better Genius, fled,
Vice, like a deluge, o'er the State has spread.
Now, shame to Rome! in every street are found,
The essenced Sybarite, with roses crown'd,
The gay Miletan, and the Tarentine,
Lewd, petulant, and reeling ripe with wine!
Wealth first, the ready pander to all sin,
Brought foreign manners, foreign vices in;
Enervate wealth, and with seductive art,
Sapp'd every homebred virtue of the heart.
I hear, old friends, I hear you: "Make all sure:
Let spies surround her, and let bolts secure."

Pone seram, cohibe. Sed quis custodiet ipsos
Custodes? Cauta est et ab illis incipit uxor.
Jamque eadem summis pariter minimisque libido:
Nec melior, silicem pedibus quae conterit atrum,
Quam quae longorum vehitur cervice Syrorum,
Ut spectet ludos, conducit Ogulnia vestem,
Conducit comites, sellam, cervical, amicas,
Nutricem et flavam, cui det mandata, puellam.
Haec tamen argenti superest quodcunque paterni
Levibus athletis ac vasa novissima donat.
Multis res angusta domi: sed nulla pudorem
Paupertatis habet, nec se metitur ad illum,
Quem dedit haec posuitque modum. Tamen utile quid sit,
Prospiciunt aliquando viri, frigusque famemque
Formica tandem quidam expavere magistra.
Prodiga non sentit pereuntem femina censum
Ac, velut exhausta redidivus pullulet arca
Nummus et e pleno semper tollatur acervo,
Non unquam reputant, quanti sibi gaudia constent.
Si gaudet cantu, nullius fibula durat
Vocem vendentis praetoribus; organa semper
In manibus; densi radiant testudine tota

But who shall KEEP the KEEPERS? Wives contemn
Our poor precautions, and begin with THEM.
Lust is the master passion; it inflames,
Alike, both high and low: alike, the dames,
Who, on tall Syrians' necks, their pomp display,
And those who pick, on foot, their miry way.
Whene'er Ogulnia to the Circus goes,
To emulate the rich, she hires her clothes,
Hires followers, friends, and cushions; hires a chair,
A nurse, and a trim girl, with golden hair,
To slip her billets:—prodigal and poor,
She wastes the wreck of her paternal store
On smooth-faced wrestlers; wastes her little all,
And strips her shivering mansion to the wall!
There's many a woman knows distress at home;
Not one who feels it, and, ere ruin come,
To her small means conforms. Taught by the ant,
Men sometimes guard against the extreme of want,
And stretch, though late, their providential fears,
To food and raiment for their future years:
But women never see their wealth decay;
With lavish hands they scatter night and day,
As if the gold, with vegetative power,
Would spring afresh, and bloom from hour to hour;
As if the mass its present size would keep,
And no expense reduce the eternal heap.
But should the dame in musick take delight,
The publick singer is disabled quite:
In vain the praetor guards him all he can;
She slips the buckle, and enjoys her man.
Still in her hand his instrument is found,
Thick set with gems, that shed a lustre round;

Sardonyches; crispo numerantur pectine chordae,
Quo tener Hedymeles operas dedit: hunc tenet, hoc se
Solatur gratoque indulget basia plectro.
Quaedam de numero Lamiarum ac nominis alti
Cum farre et vino Janum Vestamque rogabat,
An Capitolinam deberet Pollio quercum
Sperare et fidibus promittere. Quid faceret plus
Aegrotante viro? medicis quid tristibus erga
Filiolum? Stetit ante aram, nec turpe putavit
Pro cithara velare caput, dictataque verba
Pertulit, ut mos est, et aperta palluit agna.
Dic mihi nunc, quaeso, dic, antiquissime Divum,
Respondes his, Jane pater? Magna otia coeli:
Non est, ut video, non est quod agatur apud vos.
Haec de comoedis te consulit; illa tragoedum
Commendare volet: varicosus fiet haruspex.
Sed cantet potius, quam totam pervolet urbem
Audax, et coetus possit quam ferre virorum
Cumque paludatis ducibus praesente marito
Ipsa loqui recta facie strictisque mamillis.
Haec eadem novit, quid toto fiat in orbe;

Still o'er his lyre the ivory quill she flings,
Still runs divisions on the trembling strings,
The trembling strings, which the loved Hedymel
Was wont to strike—so sweetly, and so well!
These still she holds, with these she sooths her woes,
And kisses on the dear, dear wire bestows.
A noble matron of the Lamian line,
Inquired of Janus, (offering meal and wine,)
If Pollio, at the Harmonick Games, would speed,
And wear the oaken crown, the victor's meed!
What could she for a husband, more, have done,
What for an only, an expiring son?
Yes; for a harper, the besotted dame
Approach'd the altar, reckless of her fame,
And veil'd her head, and, with a pious air,
Follow'd the Aruspex through the form of prayer;
And trembled, and turn'd pale, as he explored
The entrails, breathless for the fatal word!
But, tell me, father Janus, if you please,
Tell me, most ancient of the deities,
Is your attention to such suppliants given?
If so—there is not much to do in heaven!
For a comedian, this consults your will,
For a tragedian, that; kept standing, still,
By this eternal route, the wretched priest
Feels his legs swell, and dies to be releast.
But let her rather sing, than roam the streets,
And thrust herself in every crowd she meets;
Chat with great generals, though her lord be there,
With lawless eye, bold front, and bosom bare.
She, too, with curiosity o'erflows,
And all the news of all the world she knows;

Quid Seres, quid Thraces agant; secreta novercae
Et pueri; quis amet, quis diripiatur adulter.
Dicet, quis viduam praegnantem fecerit et quo
Mense; quibus verbis concumbat quaeque, modis quot
Instantem regi Armenio Parthoque cometen
Prima videt; famam rumoresque illa recentes
Excipit ad portas; quosdam facit; isse Niphatem
In populos magnoque illic cuncta arva teneri
Diluvio; nutare urbes, subsidere terras,
Quocunque in trivio, cuicunque est obvia, narrat.
Nec tamen id vitium magis intolerabile, quam quae
Vicinos humiles rapere et concidere loris
Exorata solet. Nam si latratibus alti
Rumpuntur somni; Fustes huc ocius, inquit,
Adferte, atque illis dominum jubet ante feriri,
Deinde canem. Gravis occursu, teterrima vultu
Balnea nocte subit; conchas et castra moveri
Nocte jubet; magno gaudet sudare tumultu.
Quum lassata gravi ceciderunt brachia massa
Callidus et cristae digitos impressit aliptes
Ac summum dominae femur exclamare coegit,
(Convivae miseri interea somnoque fameque
Urgentur) tandem illa venit rubicundula, totum
Oenophorum sitiens, plena quod tenditur urna

Knows what in Scythia, what in Thrace is done;
The secrets of the step-dame and the son;
Who speeds, and who is jilted; and can swear,
Who made the widow pregnant, when and where,
And what she said, and how she frolick'd there.—
She first espied the star, whose baleful ray,
O'er Parthia, and Armenia, shed dismay:
She watches at the gates, for news to come,
And intercepts it, as it enters Rome;
Then, fraught with full intelligence, she flies
Through every street, and, mingling truth with lies,
Tells how Niphates bore down every mound,
And pour'd his desolating flood around;
How earth, convuls'd, disclosed her caverns hoar,
And cities trembled, and—were seen no more!
And yet this itch, though never to be cured,
Is easier, than her cruelty, endured.
Should a poor neighbour's dog but discompose
Her rest, a moment, wild with rage she grows;
"Ho! whips," she cries, "and flay that brute accurst;
But flay that rascal, there, who owns him, first."
Dangerous to meet while in these frantick airs,
And terrible to look at, she prepares
To bathe at night; she issues her commands,
And in long ranks, forth march the obedient bands,
With tubs, cloths, oils:—for 'tis her dear delight,
To sweat in clamour, tumult, and affright.
When her tired arms refuse the balls to ply,
And the lewd bath-keeper has rubb'd her dry,
She calls to mind each miserable guest,
Long since with hunger, and with sleep opprest,
And hurries home; all glowing, all athirst,

Admotum pedibus, de quo sextarius alter
Ducitur ante cibum, rabidam facturus orexim,
Dum redit et loto terram ferit intestino.
Marmoribus rivi properant, aurata Falernum
Pelvis olet: nam sic, tanquam alta in dolia longus
Deciderit serpens, bibit et vomit. Ergo maritus
Nauseat atque oculis bilem substringit opertis.
Illa tamen gravior, quae quum discumbere coepit,
Laudat Virgilium, perituraе ignoscit Elissae,
Committit vates et comparat; inde Maronem
Atque alia parte in trutina suspendit Homerum.
Cedunt grammatici, vincuntur rhetores, omnis
Turba tacet; nec causidicus, nec praeco loquatur,
Altera nec mulier; verborum tanta cadit vis;
Tot pariter pelves, tot tintinnabula dicas
Pulsari. Jam nemo tubas, nemo aera fatiget;
Una laboranti poterit succurrere lunae.
Imponit finem sapiens et rebus honestis.
Nam quae docta nimis cupit et facunda videri,
Crure tenus medio tunicas succingere debet,

For wine, whole flasks of wine! and swallows, first,
Two quarts, to clear her stomach, and excite
A ravenous, an unbounded appetite!
Huisch! up it comes, good heavens! meat, drink, and all,
And flows in purple torrents round the hall;
Or a gilt ewer receives the foul contents,
And poisons all the house with vinous scents.
So, dropt into a vat, a snake is said
To drink and spew:—the husband turns his head,
Sick to the soul, from this disgusting scene,
And struggles to suppress his rising spleen.
But she is more intolerable yet,
Who plays the critick, when at table set;
Calls Virgil charming, and attempts to prove,
Poor Dido right, in venturing all for love.
From Maro, and Maeonides, she quotes
The striking passages, and, while she notes
Their beauties and defects, adjusts her scales,
And accurately weighs, which bard prevails.
The astonish'd guests sit mute: grammarians yield,
Loud rhetoricians, baffled, quit the field;
Even auctioneers and lawyers stand aghast,
And not a woman speaks!—So thick, and fast,
The wordy shower descends, that you would swear,
A thousand bells were jangling in your ear,
A thousand basins clattering. Vex no more,
Your trumpets, and your timbrels, as of yore,
To ease the labouring moon; her single yell
Can drown their clangour, and dissolve the spell.
She lectures too in Ethicks, and declaims,
On the Chief Good!—but, surely, she who aims
To seem too learn'd, should take the male array;

Caedere Silvano porcum, quadrante lavari.
Non habeat matrona, tibi quae juncta recumbit,
Dicendi genus, aut curtum sermone rotato
Torqueat enthymema, nec historias sciat omnes:
Sed quaedam ex libris et non intelligat. Odi
Hanc ergo, quae repetit volvitque Palaemonis artem
Servata semper lege et ratione loquendi,
Ignotosque mihi tenet antiquaria versus,
Nec curanda viris opicae castigat amicae
Verba. Soloecismum liceat fecisse marito.
Nil non permittit mulier sibi, turpe putat nil,
Quum virides gemmas collo circumdedit et quum
Auribus extentis magnos commisit elenchos.
Intolerabilius nihil est, quam femina dives.
Interea foeda aspectu ridendaque multo
Pane tumet facies, aut pinguia Poppaeana
Spirat, et hinc miseri viscantur labra mariti.
Ad moechum veniet lota cute. Quando videri
Vult formosa domi? moechis foliata parantur;
His emitur, quidquid graciles huc mittitis Indi.
Tandem aperit vultum et tectoria prima reponit:

A hog, due offering, to Sylvanus slay,
And, with the Stoick's privilege, repair
To farthing baths, and strip in public there!
O, never may the partner of my bed,
With subtleties of logick stuff her head;
Nor whirl her rapid syllogisms around,
Nor with imperfect enthymemes confound!
Enough for me, if common things she know,
And boast the little learning schools bestow.
I hate the female pedagogue, who pores
O'er her Palaemon hourly; who explores
All modes of speech, regardless of the sense,
But tremblingly alive to mood and tense:
Who puzzles me with many an uncouth phrase,
From some old canticle of Numa's days;
Corrects her country friends, and cannot hear
Her husband solecise, without a sneer!
A woman stops at nothing, when she wears
Rich emeralds round her neck, and, in her ears,
Pearls of enormous size; these justify
Her faults, and make all lawful in her eye.
Sure, of all ills with which mankind are curst,
A wife who brings you money is the worst.
Behold! her face a spectacle appears,
Bloated, and foul, and plaister'd to the ear,
With viscous paste:—the husband looks askew,
And sticks his lips in this detested glue.
She meets the adulterer bath'd, perfumed, and drest,
But rots in filth at home, a very pest!
For him she breathes of nard; for him alone,
She makes the sweets of Araby her own;
For him, at length, she ventures to uncase,

Incipit agnosci, atque illo lacte fovetur,
Propter quod secum comites educit asellas,
Exsul Hyperboreum si dimittatur ad axem.
Sed quae mutatis inducitur atque fovetur
Tot medicaminibus coctaeque siliginis offas
Accipit et madidae, facies dicetur, an ulcus?
Est pretium curae penitus cognoscere, toto
Quid faciant agitentque die. Si nocte maritus
Aversus jacuit, periit libraria, ponunt
Cosmetae tunicas, tarde venisse Liburnus
Dicitur et poenas alieni pendere somni
Cogitur: hic frangit ferulas, rubet ille flagello,
Hic scutica: sunt quae tortoribus annua praestent.
Verberat atque obiter faciem linit; audit amicas
Aut latum pictae vestis considerat aurum,
Et caedit; longi relegit transversa diurni,
Et caedit, donec lassis caedentibus, Exi,
Intonet horrendum, jam cognitione peracta.
Praefectura domus Sicula non mitior aula.
Nam si constituit solitoque decentius optat
Ornari et properat jamque expectatur in hortis

Scales the first layer of roughcast from her face,
And, while the maids to know her now begin,
Clears, with that precious milk, her frowzy skin,
For which, though exiled to the frozen main,
She'd lead a drove of asses in her train!
But tell me yet; this thing, thus daub'd and oil'd,
Thus poulticed, plaister'd, baked by turns and boil'd,
Thus with pomatums, ointments, lacker'd o'er,
Is it a FACE, Ursidius, or a SORE?
'Tis worth a little labour, to survey
Our wives more near, and trace 'em through the day.
If, dreadful to relate! the night foregone,
The husband turn'd his back, or lay alone,
All, all is lost; the housekeeper is stripp'd,
The tiremaid chidden, and the chairman whipp'd:
Rods, cords, and thongs, avenge the master's sleep,
And force the guiltless house to wake, and weep.
There are, who hire a beadle by the year,
To lash their servants round; who, pleased to hear
The eternal thong, bid him lay on, while they,
At perfect ease, the silkman's stores survey,
Chat with their female gossips, or replace
The crack'd enamel on their treacherous face.
No respite yet:—they leisurely hum o'er
The countless *items* of the day before,
And bid him still lay on; till, faint with toil,
He drops the scourge; when, with a rancorous smile,
"Begone!" they thunder in a horrid tone,
"Now your accounts are settled, rogues, begone!"
But should she wish with nicer care to dress,
And now the hour of assignation press,
(Whether the adulterer, for her coming, wait

Aut apud Isiacae potius sacraria lenae,
Disponit crinem laceratis ipsa capillis
Nuda humero Psecas infelix undisque mamillis.
Altior hic quare cincinnus? Taurea punit
Continuo flexi crimen facinusque capilli.
Quid Psecas admisit? quaenam est hic culpa puellae,
Si tibi displicuit nasus tuus? Altera laevum
Extendit pectitque comas et volvit in orbem.
Est in consilio materna admotaque lanis
Emerita quae cessat acu: sententia prima
Hujus erit; post hanc aetate atque arte minores
Censebunt, tanquam famae discrimen agatur
Aut animae: tanta est quaerendi cura decoris,
Tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus altum
Aedificat caput. Andromachen a fronte videbis:
Post minor est: credas aliam. Cedo, si breve parvi
Sortita est lateris spatium breviorque videtur
Virgine Pygmaea, nullis adjuta cothurnis,
Et levis erecta consurgit ad oscula planta?
Nulla viri cura interea, nec mentio fiet
Damnorum: vivit tanquam vicina marito,
Hoc solo propior, quod amicos conjugis odit
Et servos, gravis est rationibus. Ecce furentis

In Isis' fane, to bawdry consecrate,
Or in Lucullus' walks,) the house appears,
A true Sicilian court, all gloom and tears.
The wretched Psecas, for the whip prepared,
With locks dishevell'd, and with shoulders bared,
Attempts her hair: fire flashes from her eyes,
And, "Strumpet! why this curl so high?" she cries.
Instant the lash, without remorse, is plied,
And the blood stains her bosom, back, and side.
But why this fury?—Is the girl to blame,
If your air shocks you, or your features shame?
Another, trembling, on the left, prepares
To open, and arrange the straggling hairs
In ringlets trim: meanwhile, the council meet:
And first the nurse, a personage discreet,
Late from the toilet to the wheel removed,
(The effect of time,) yet still of taste approved,
Gives her opinion: then the rest, in course,
As age, or practice, lends their judgment force.
So warm they grow, and so much pains they take,
You'd think her honour, or her life at stake!
So high they build her head, such tiers on tiers,
With wary hands, they pile, that she appears,
Andromache, before:—and what, behind?
A dwarf, a creature of a different kind.—
Meanwhile, engross'd by these important cares,
She thinks not on her lord's distrest affairs,
Scarce on himself; but leads a separate life,
As if she were his neighbour, not his wife!
Or, but in this,—that all control she braves;
Hates where he loves, and squanders where he saves.
Room for Bellona's frantick votaries! room

Bellonae matrisque Deum chorus intrat et ingens
Semivir, obscoeno facies reverenda minori,
Mollia qui rupta secuit genitalia testa
Jampridem, cui rauca cohors, cui tympana cedunt
Plebeia et Phrygia vestitur bucca tiara.
Grande sonat metuique jubet Septembris et Austri
Adventum, nisi se centum lustraverit ovis
Et xerampelinas veteres donaverit ipsi,
Ut, quidquid subiti et magni discriminis instat,
In tunicas eat et totum semel expiet annum.
Hibernum fracta glacie descendet in amnem,
Ter matutino Tiberi mergetur, et ipsis
Vorticibus timidum caput abluet: inde superbi
Totum regis agrum nuda ac tremibunda cruentis
Erepet genibus; si candida jusserit Io,
Ibit ad Aegypti finem calidaque petitas
A Meroe portabit aquas, ut spargat in aedem
Isidis, antiquo quae proxima surgit Ovili.
Credit enim ipsius dominae se voce moneri.
(En animam et mentem, cum qua Di nocte loquantur!)
Ergo hic praecipuum summumque meretur honorem,
Qui, grege linigero circumdatus et grege calvo,
Plangentis populi currit derisor Anubis.
Ille petit veniam, quotiens non abstinet uxor

For Cybele's mad enthusiasts! lo, they come!
A lusty semivir, whose part obscene,
A broken shell has sever'd smooth and clean,
A raw-boned, mitred priest, whom the whole choir
Of curtail'd priestlings, reverence and admire,
Enters, with his wild rout; and bids the fair,
Of autumn, and its sultry blasts, beware,
Unless she lustrate, with an hundred eggs,
Her household straight:—then, impudently begs
Her cast-off clothes, that every plague they fear,
May enter them, and expiate all the year!
But lo! another tribe! at whose command,
See her, in winter, near the Tiber stand,
Break the thick ice, and, ere the sun appears,
Plunge in the crashing eddy to the ears;
Then, shivering from the keen and eager breeze,
Crawl round the banks, on bare and bleeding knees.
Should milkwhite Iö bid, from Meroë's isle,
She'd fetch the sunburnt waters of the Nile,
To sprinkle in her fane; for she, it seems,
Has heavenly visitations, in her dreams—
Mark the pure soul, with whom the gods delight,
To hold high converse, at the noon of night!
For this she cherishes above the rest,
Her Iö's favourite priest, a knave profest,
A holy hypocrite, who strolls abroad,
With his Anubis, his dog-headed god!
Girt by a linen-clad, a bald-pate crew,
Of howling vagrants, who their cries renew,
In every street, as up and down they run,
To find Osire, fit father to fit son!
He sues for pardon, when the liquorish dame

Concubitu sacris observandisque diebus,
Magnaque debetur violato poena cadurco,
Et movisse caput visa est argentea serpens.
Illius lacrimae meditataque murmura praestant,
Ut veniam culpae non abnuat ansere magno
Scilicet et tenui popano corruptus Osiris.
Quum dedit ille locum; cophino foenoque relicto,
Arcanam Judaea tremens mendicat in aurem,
Interpres legum Solymarum et magna sacerdos
Arboris ac summi fida internuntia coeli;
Implet et illa manum, sed parcius: aere minuto
Qualiacunque voles Judaei somnia vendunt.
Spondet amatorem tenerum vel divitis orbi
Testamentum ingens, calidae pulmone columbae
Tractato, Armenius vel Commagenus haruspex;
Pectora pullorum rimabitur, exta catelli,
Interdum et pueri: faciet, quod deferat ipse.
Chaldaeis sed major erit fiducia: quidquid
Dixerit Astrologus, credent a fonte relatum
Hammonis; quoniam Delphis oracula cessant
Et genus humanum damnat caligo futuri.
Praecipuus tamen est horum, qui saepius exsul,

Abstains not from the interdicted game,
On high and solemn days; for great the crime,
To stain the nuptial couch at such a time,
And great the atonement due;—the silver snake,
Abhorrent of the deed, was seen to quake!
Yet he prevails:—Osiris hears his prayers,
And, soften'd by a goose, the culprit spares.
Without her badge, a Jewess now draws near,
And, trembling, begs a trifle in her ear.
No common personage! she knows full well
The laws of Solyma, and she can tell
The dark decrees of heaven; a priestess she,
An hierarch of the consecrated tree!
Moved by these claims thus modestly set forth,
She gives her a few coins of little worth;
For Jews are moderate, and, for farthing fees,
Will sell what fortune, or what dreams you please.
The prophetess dismiss'd, a Syrian sage
Now enters, and explores the future page,
In a dove's entrails: there he sees exprest,
A youthful lover; there, a rich bequest,
From some kind dotard: then a chick he takes,
And in its breast, and in a puppy's, rakes,
And sometimes in—an infant's: he will teach
The art to others, and, when taught, impeach!
But chiefly in Chaldeans she believes:
Whate'er they say, with reverence she receives,
As if from Hammon's secret fount it came;
Since Delphi now, if we may credit fame,
Gives no responses, and a long dark night,
Conceals the future hour, from mortal sight.
Of these, the chief (such credit guilt obtains!)

Cujus amicitia conducendaque tabella
Magnus civis obit et formidatus Othoni.
Inde fides arti; sonuit si dextera ferro
Laevaque, si longo castrorum in carcere mansit.
Nemo mathematicus genium indemnatus habebit;
Sed qui paene perit, cui vix in Cyclada mitti
Contigit et parva tandem caruisse Seripho.
Consulit ictericae lento de funere matris,
Ante tamen de te, Tanaquil tua: quando sororem
Efferat et patruos; an sit victurus adulter
Post ipsam: quid enim majus dare numina possunt?
Haec tamen ignorat, quid sidus triste minetur
Saturni, quo laeta Venus se proferat astro,
Qui mensis damnis, quae dentur tempora lucro.
Illius occursus etiam vitare memento,
In cujus manibus, ceu pinguia succina, tritas
Cernis ephemeridas; quae nullum consulit et jam
Consulitur: quae castra viro patriamque petente
Non ibit pariter, numeris revocata Thrasylli.
Ad primum lapidem vectari quum placet, hora
Sumitur ex libro: si prurit frictus ocelli
Angulus, inspecta genesi collyria poscit.
Aegra licet jaceat, capiendo nulla videtur

Is he, who, banish'd oft, and oft in chains,
Stands forth the veriest knave; he who foretold
The death of Galba,—to his rival sold!
No juggler must for fame or profit hope,
Who has not narrowly escaped the rope;
Begg'd hard for exile, and, by special grace,
Obtain'd confinement in some desert place.—
To him your Tanaquil applies, in doubt
How long her jaundiced mother may hold out;
But first, how long her husband: next inquires,
When she shall follow, to their funeral pyres,
Her sisters, and her uncles; last, if fate
Will kindly lengthen out the adulterer's date,
Beyond her own;—content, if he but live,
And sure that heaven has nothing more to give!
Yet she may still be suffer'd; for, what woes
The louring aspect of old Saturn shows;
Or in what sign bright Venus ought to rise,
To shed her mildest influence from the skies;
Or what fore-fated month to gain is given,
And what to loss, (the mysteries of heaven,)
She knows not, nor pretends to know: but flee
The dame, whose Manual of Astrology
Still dangles at her side, smooth as chafed gum,
And fretted by her everlasting thumb!—
Deep in the Science now, she leaves her mate
To go, or stay; but will not share his fate,
Withheld by trines and sextiles; she will look,
Before her chair be order'd, in the book,
For the fit hour; an itching eye endure,
Nor, till her scheme be raised, attempt the cure;
Nay, languishing in bed, receive no meat,

Aptior hora cibo, nisi quam dederit Petosiris.

Si mediocris erit; spatium lustrabit utrimque
Metarum et sortes ducet frontemque manumque
Praebebit vati crebrum poppysma roganti.
Divitibus responsa dabunt Phryx augur et Indus
Conductus, dabit astrorum mundique peritus,
Atque aliquis senior, qui publica fulgura condit:
Plebeium in circo positum est et in aggere fatum.
Quae nudis longum ostendit cervicibus aurum,
Consulit ante phalas delphinorumque columnas, 590
An saga vendenti nubat, caupone relicto.

Transeo suppositos et gaudia votaque saepe 602
Ad spurcos decepta lacus atque inde petitos
Pontifices, Salios, Scaurorum nomina falso
Corpore laturos. Stat Fortuna improba noctu
Arridens nudis infantibus. Hos fovet omni
Involvitque sinu: domibus tunc porrigit altis
Secretumque sibi mimum parat. Hos amat, his se
Ingerit utque suos ridens producit alumnos.

Till Petosyris bid her rise and eat.
The curse is universal: high and low,
Are mad alike the future hour to know.
The rich consult a Babylonian seer,
Skill'd in the mysteries of either sphere;
Or a gray-headed priest, hired by the state,
To watch the lightning, and to expiate.
The middle sort, a quack, at whose command
They lift the forehead, and make bare the hand;
While the sly letcher in the table pries,
And claps it wantonly, with gloating eyes.
The poor apply to humbler cheats, still found
Beside the Circus wall, or city mound;
While she, whose neck no golden trinket bears,
To the dry ditch, or dolphin's tower, repairs,
And anxiously inquires, which she shall choose,
The tapster, or old-clothes man? which refuse?
Supposititious breeds, the hope, and joy
Of fond, believing, husbands, I pass by;
The beggars' bantlings, spawn'd in open air,
And left by some pond side, to perish there.—
From hence your Flamens, hence your Salians come;
Your Scauri, chiefs and magistrates of Rome!
Fortune stands tittering by, in playful mood,
And smiles, complacent, on the sprawling brood;
Takes them all naked to her fostering arms,
Feeds from her mouth, and in her bosom warms:
Then, to the mansions of the great, she bears
The precious brats, and, for herself, prepares
A secret farce; adopts them for her own:
And when her nurslings are to manhood grown,
She brings them forth, rejoiced to see them sped,

Hic magicos adfert cantus, hic Thessala vendit
Philtra, quibus valeat mentem vexare mariti
Et solea pulsare nates. Quod desipis, inde est;
Inde animi caligo et magna oblivio rerum,
Quas modo gessisti. Tamen hoc tolerabile, si non
Et furere incipias, ut avunculus ille Neronis,
Cui totam tremuli frontem Caesonia pulli
Infudit. Quae non faciet quod Principis uxor?
Ardebant cuncta et fracta compage ruebant,
Non aliter, quam si fecisset Juno maritum
Insanum. Minus ergo nocens erit Agrippinae
Boletus: siquidem unius praecordia pressit
Ille senis tremulumque caput descendere jussit
In coelum et longa manantia labra saliva.
Haec poscit ferrum atque ignes, haec potio torquet,
Haec lacerat mixtos Equitum cum sanguine Patres.
Tanti partus equae, tanti una venefica constat!
Oderunt natos de pellice; nemo repugnet,
Nemo vetet; jam jam privignum occidere fas est.
Vos ego, pupilli, moneo, quibus amplior est res,

And wealth and honours dropping on their head!
Some purchase charms, some, more pernicious still,
Thessalian filters, to subdue the will
Of an uxorious spouse, and make him bear,
Blows, insults, all a saucy wife can dare.
Hence that swift lapse to second childhood; hence,
Those vapours which envelop every sense;
This strange forgetfulness from hour to hour:
And well, if this be all:—more fatal power,
More terrible effects, the dose may have,
And force you, like Caligula, to rave,
When his Caesonia squeezed into the bowl,
The dire excrescence of a new-dropt foal.—
Then Uproar rose; the universal chain
Of Order snapp'd, and Anarchy's wild reign
Came on apace, as if the queen of heaven
Had fired the Thunderer, and to madness driven.
Thy mushroom, Agrippine! was innocent,
To this accursed draught; that only sent
One palsied, bedrid sot, with gummy eyes,
And slavering lips, heels foremost to the skies:
This, to wild fury roused a bloody mind,
And call'd for fire and sword; this potion join'd,
In one promiscuous slaughter, high and low,
And levell'd half the nation at a blow.
Such is the power of philters! such the ill,
One sorceress can effect by wicked skill!
They hate their husband's spurious issue:—this,
If this were all, were not, perhaps, amiss:
But they go further; and 'tis now some time,
Since poisoning sons-in-law scarce seem'd a crime.
Mark then, ye fatherless! what I advise,

Custodite animas et nulli credite mensae :
Livida materno fervent adipata veneno.
Mordeat ante aliquis quidquid porrexerit illa,
Quae peperit : timidus praegustet pocula pappas.
Fingimus haec, altum Satira sumente cothurnum,
Scilicet, et finem egressi legemque priorum
Grande Sophocleo carmen bacchamur hiatu,
Montibus ignotum Rutulis coeloque Latino !
Nos utinam vani ! sed clamat Pontia, Feci,
Confiteor, puerisque meis aconita paravi,
Quae deprensa patent ; facinus tamen ipsa peregi.
Tune duos una, saevissima vipera, coena ?
Tune duos ? Septem, si septem forte fuissent.
Credamus tragicis, quidquid de Colchide torva
Dicitur et Procne : nil contra conor : et illae
Grandia monstra suis audebant temporibus ; sed
Non propter nummos. Minor admiratio summis
Debetur monstris, quotiens facit ira nocentem
Hunc sexum ; rabie jecur incendente feruntur
Praecipites ; ut saxa jugis abrupta, quibus mons
Subtrahitur clivoque latus pendente recedit.

And trust, O, trust no dainties, if you're wise:
Ye heirs to large estates! touch not that fare,
Your mother's fingers have been busy there;
See! it looks livid, swoll'n:—O check your haste,
And let your wary fosterfather taste,
Whate'er she sets before you: fear her meat,
And be the first to look, the last to eat.
But this is fiction all! I pass the bound
Of Satire, and encroach on Tragick ground!
Deserting truth, I choose a fabled theme,
And, like the buskin'd bards of Greece, declaim,
In deep-mouth'd tones, in swelling strains, on crimes
As yet unknown to our Rutulian climes!
Would it were so! but Pontia cries aloud,
"No, I perform'd it." See! the fact's avow'd—
"I mingled poison for my children, I;
'Twas found upon me, wherefore then deny?"
What, two at once, most barbarous viper! two!
"Nay, sev'n, had sev'n been mine: believe it true!"
Now let us credit what the tragick stage,
Displays of Progne, and Medea's rage;
Crimes of dire name, which, disbelieved of yore,
Become familiar, and revolt no more.
Those ancient dames, in scenes of blood were bold,
And wrought fell deeds, but not, as ours, for gold:—
In every age, we view, with less surprise,
Such horrours as from bursts of fury rise,
When stormy passions, scorning all control,
Rend the mad bosom, and unseat the soul.
As when impetuous winds, and driving rain,
Mine some huge rock that overhangs the plain,
The cumbrous mass descends with thundering force

Illam ego non tulerim, quae computat et scelus ingens
Sana facit. Spectant subeuntem fata mariti
Alcestim et, similis si permutatio detur,
Morte viri cupiant animam servare catellae.
Occurrent multae tibi Belides atque Eriphylae
Mane: Clytaemnestram nullus non vicus habebit.
Hoc tantum refert, quod Tyndaris illa bipennem
Insulsam et fatuam dextra laevaque tenebat:
At nunc res agitur tenui pulmone rubetae:
Sed tamen et ferro, si praegustabit Atrides
Pontica ter victi cautus medicamina regis.

And spreads resistless ruin in its course.
Curse on the woman, who reflects by fits,
And in cold blood her cruelties commits!—
They see, upon the stage, the Grecian wife
Redeeming, with her own, her husband's life;
Yet, in her place, would willingly deprive
Their lords of breath, to keep their dogs alive!
Abroad, at home, the Belides you meet,
And Clytemnestras swarm in every street;
But here the difference lies:—those bungling wives,
With a blunt axe, hack'd out their husbands' lives;
While now, the deed is done with dextrous art,
And a drugg'd bowl performs the axe's part.
Yet, if the husband, prescient of his fate,
Have fortified his breast with mithridate,
She baffles him e'en there, and has recourse
To the old weapon, for a last resource.

ARGUMENT OF THE SEVENTH SATIRE

This satire is an account of the position at Rome of the literary and the learned professions. Nowhere, says Juvenal, can any hope for them be found except in the Emperor; for the mean and illiberal spirit of those who should be the patrons of literature reduces poets to poverty and despair; no one can write good verses who is starving; historians are in no better state; success in legal oratory depends solely upon ostentation; for merit may win applause, but high fees go to great houses and fine clothes; while the professors of rhetoric and the schoolmasters are insulted by their pupils and defrauded even of the small sum they can demand; they are expected to know everything, and are paid almost nothing. In fact, Rome is no place for learning or genius unsupported by wealth.

Et spes et ratio studiorum in Caesare tantum:
Solus enim tristes hac tempestate Camenas
Respexit, quum jam celebres notique poetae
Balneolum Gabiis, Romae conducere furnos
Tentarent, nec foedum alii, nec turpe putarent
Praecones fieri; quum desertis Aganippes
Vallibus, esuriens migraret in atria Clio.
Nam si Pieria quadrans tibi nullus in umbra
Ostendatur, ames nomen victumque Machaerae
Et vendas potius, commissa quod auctio vendit
Stantibus, oenophorum, tripodes, armaria, cistas,
Alcithoen Pacci, Thebas et Terea Fausti.
Hoc satius, quam si dicas sub judice, Vidi,
Quod non vidisti. Faciant equites Asiani,
Quanquam et Cappadoces faciant equitesque Bithyni,
Altera quos nudo traducit Gallia talo.
Nemo tamen studiis indignum ferre laborem
Cogetur posthac, nectit quicunque canoris
Eloquium vocale modis laurumque momordit.
Hoc agite, o juvenes: circumspicit et stimulat vos
Materiamque sibi Ducis indulgentia quaerit.

Yes, all the hopes of learning, 'tis confest,
And all the patronage, on Caesar rest:
For he alone the drooping Nine regards—
When, now, our best, and most illustrious bards,
Quit their ungrateful studies, and retire,
Bagnios and bakehouses, for bread, to hire;
With humbled views, a life of toil embrace,
And deem a crier's business no disgrace;
Since Clio, driven by hunger from the shade,
Mixes in crowds, and bustles for a trade.
And truly, if (the bard's too frequent curse)
No coin be found in your Pierian purse,
'Twere not ill done to copy, for the nonce,
Machaera, and turn auctioneer at once.
Hie, my poetick friend; in accents loud,
Commend your precious lumber to the crowd,
Old tubs, stools, presses, wrecks of many a chest,
Paccius' damn'd plays, Thebes, Tereus, and the rest.—
And better so—than haunt the courts of law,
And swear, for hire, to what you never saw:
Leave this resource to Cappadocian knights,
To Gallogreeks, and such newfangled wights,
As want, or infamy, has chased from home,
And driven, in barefoot multitudes, to Rome.
Come, my brave youths!—the genuine sons of rhyme,
Who, in sweet numbers, couch the true sublime,
Shall, from this hour, no more their fate accuse,
Or stoop to pains unworthy of the Muse.
Come, my brave youths! your tuneful labours ply,
Secure of favour; lo! the imperial eye
Looks round, attentive, on each rising bard,
For worth to praise, for genius to reward!

Si qua aliunde putas rerum expectanda tuarum
Praesidia, atque ideo croceae membrana tabellae
Impletur; lignorum aliquid posce ocius et, quae
Componis, dona Veneris, Telesine, marito,
Aut claude et positos tinea pertunde libellos.
Frange miser calamos vigilataque proelia dele,
Qui facis in parva sublimia carmina cella,
Ut dignus venias hederis et imagine macra.
Spes nulla ulterior: didicit jam dives avarus
Tantum admirari, tantum laudare disertos,
Ut pueri Junonis avem. Sed defluit aetas
Et pelagi patiens et cassidis atque ligonis.
Taedia tunc subeunt animos, tunc seque suamque
Terpsichoren odit facunda et nuda senectus.
Accipe nunc artes, ne quid tibi conferat iste,
Quem colis; et Musarum et Apollinis aede relicta,
Ipse facit versus atque uni cedit Homero
Propter mille annos; et, si dulcedine famae
Succensus recites, Maculonus commodat aedes;

But if for other patronage you look,
And therefore write, and therefore swell your book,
Quick, call for wood, and let the flames devour
The hapless produce of the studious hour;
Or lock it up, to moths and worms a prey,
And break your pens, and fling your ink away:—
Or pour it rather o'er your epick flights,
Your battles, sieges, (fruit of sleepless nights,)
Pour it, mistaken men, who rack your brains,
In dungeons, cocklofts, for heroick strains;
Who toil and sweat to purchase mere renown,
A meagre statue, and an ivy crown!
Here bound your expectations: for the great,
Grown, wisely, covetous, have learn'd, of late,
To praise, and ONLY praise, the high-wrought strain,
As boys, the birds of Juno's glittering train.
Meanwhile those vigorous years, so fit to bear
The toils of agriculture, commerce, war,
Spent in this idle trade, decline apace,
And age, unthought of, stares you in the face:—
O then, appall'd to find your better days
Have earn'd you nought but poverty and praise,
At all your barren glories you repine,
And curse, too late, the unavailing Nine!
Hear now, what sneaking ways your patrons find,
To save their darling gold:—they pay in kind!
Verses, composed in every Muse's spite,
To the starv'd bard they, in their turn, recite;
And, if they yield to Homer, let him know,
'Tis—that He lived a thousand years ago!
But if, inspired with genuine love of fame,
A dry rehearsal only, be your aim,

Haec longe ferrata domus servire jubetur,
In qua sollicitas imitatur janua portas.
Scit dare libertos extrema in parte sedentes
Ordinis et magnas comitum disponere voces.
Nemo dabit regum, quanti subsellia constent
Et quae conducto pendent anabathra tigillo
Quaeque reportandis posita est orchestra cathedris.
Nos tamen hoc agimus tenuique in pulvere sulcos
Ducimus et litus sterili versamus aratro.
Nam si discedas, laqueo tenet ambitiosi
Consuetudo mali; tenet insanabile multos
Scribendi cacoethes et aegro in corde senescit.
Sed vatem egregium, cui non sit publica vena,
Qui nihil expositum soleat deducere, nec qui
Communi feriat carmen triviale moneta,
Hunc, qualem nequeo monstrare et sentio tantum,
Anxietate carens animus facit, omnis acerbi
Impatiens, cupidus silvarum aptusque bibendis
Fontibus Aonidum. Neque enim cantare sub antro
Pierio thyrsumve potest contingere sana
Paupertas atque aeris inops, quo nocte dieque

The miser's breast with sudden warmth dilates,
And lo! he opes his triple-bolted gates;
Nay, sends his clients to support your cause,
And rouse the tardy audience to applause:
But will not spare one farthing, to defray
The numerous charges of this glorious day,
The desk, where throned in conscious pride, you sit,
The joists and beams, th' orchestra and the pit.
Still we persist; plough the light sand, and sow
Seed after seed, where none can ever grow:
Nay, should we, conscious of our fruitless pain,
Strive to escape, we strive, alas! in vain;
Long habit, and the thirst of praise beset,
And close us in the inextricable net.
The insatiate itch of scribbling, hateful pest
Creeps, like a tetter, through the human breast,
Nor knows, nor hopes a cure; since years, which chill
All other passions, but inflame the ill!
But HE, the bard of every age and clime,
Of genius fruitful, ardent and sublime,
Who, from the glowing mint of fancy, pours
No spurious metal, fused from common ores,
But gold, to matchless purity refined,
And stamp'd with all the godhead in his mind;
He whom I feel, but want the power to paint,
Springs from a soul impatient of restraint,
And free from every care; a soul that loves
The Muse's haunts, clear founts, and shady groves.
Never, no never, did He wildly rave,
And shake his thyrsus in the Aonian cave,
Whom poverty kept sober, and the cries
Of a lean stomach, clamorous for supplies:

Corpus eget: satur est, quum dicit Horatius, Euoe!
Quis locus ingenio, nisi quum se carmine solo
Vexant et dominis Cirrhae Nysaeque feruntur
Pectora nostra, duas non admittentia curas?
Magnae mentis opus nec de lodice paranda
Attonitae, currus et equos faciesque Deorum
Aspicere, et qualis Rutulum confundat Erinnys.
Nam si Virgilio puer et tolerabile deesset
Hospitium, caderent omnes a crinibus hydri:
Surda nihil gemeret grave buccina. Poscimus, ut sit
Non minor antiquo Rubrenus Lappa cothurno,
Cujus et alveolos et laenam pignerat Atreus.
Non habet infelix Numitor, quod mittat amico:
Quintillae quod donet, habet; nec defuit illi,
Unde emeret multa pascendum carne leonem
Jam domitum: constat leviori belua sumptu
Nimirum, et capiunt plus intestina poetae.
Contentus fama jaceat Lucanus in hortis
Marmoreis: at Serrano tenuique Saleio
Gloria quantalibet quid erit, si gloria tantum est?
Curritur ad vocem jucundam et carmen amicae
Thebaidos, laetam fecit quum Statius Urbem
Promisitque diem. Tanta dulcedine captos

No; the wine circled briskly through the veins,
When Horace pour'd his dithyrambick strains!—
What room for fancy, say, unless the mind,
And all its thoughts, to poesy resign'd,
Be hurried with resistless force along,
By the two kindred Powers of Wine and Song!
O! 'tis the exclusive business of a breast
Impetuous, uncontroll'd,—not one distrest
With household cares, to view the bright abodes,
The steeds, the chariots, and the forms of gods:
And the fierce Fury, as her snakes she shook,
And wither'd the Rutulian with a look!
Those snakes, had Virgil no Maecenas found,
Had dropt, in listless length, upon the ground;
And the still slumbering trump, groan'd with no mortal sound.

Yet we expect, from Lappa's tragick rage,
Such scenes as graced, of old, the Athenian stage:
Though he, poor man, from hand to mouth be fed,
And driven to pawn his furniture for bread!

When Numitor is ask'd to serve a friend,
"He cannot; he is poor." Yet he can send
Rich presents to his mistress! he can buy
Tame lions, and find means to keep them high!
What then? the beasts are still the lightest charge;
For your starv'd bards have maws so devilish large!

Stretch'd in his marble palace, at his ease,
Lucan may write, and only ask to please;
But what is this, if this be all you give,
To Bassus and Serranus? They must live!

When Statius fix'd a morning, to recite
His Thebaid to the town, with what delight
They flock'd to hear! with what fond rapture hung

Afficit ille animos, tantaque libidine vulgi
Auditur; sed, quum fregit subsellia versu,
Esurit, intactam Paridi nisi vendat Agaven.
Ille et militiae multis largitur honorem,
Semestri vatum digitos circumligat auro.
Quod non dant proceres, dabit histrio: tu Camerinos
Et Bareas, tu nobilium magna atria curas?
Praefectos Pelopea facit, Philomela tribunos.
Haud tamen invideas vati, quem pulpita pascunt.
Quis tibi Maecenas? quis nunc erit aut Proculeius,
Aut Fabius? quis Cotta iterum? quis Lentulus alter?
Tunc par ingenio pretium; tunc utile multis,
Pallere et vinum toto nescire Decembri.
  Vester porro labor fecundior, historiarum
Scriptores? petit hic plus temporis atque olei plus;
Namque oblita modi millesima pagina surgit
Omnibus et multa crescit damnosa papyro;
Sic ingens rerum numerus jubet atque operum lex.
Quae tamen inde seges? terrae quis fructus apertae?
Quis dabit historico, quantum daret acta legenti?
Sed genus ignavum, quod lecto gaudet et umbra!

On the sweet strains, made sweeter by his tongue!
Yet, while the seats rung with a general peal
Of boisterous praise, the bard had lack'd a meal,
Unless with Paris he had better sped,
And truck'd a virgin tragedy for bread.
Mirror of men! he showers, with liberal hands,
On needy poets, honours and commands:—
An actor's patronage a peer's outgoes,
And what the last withholds, the first bestows!
—And will you still on Camerinus wait,
And Bareas? will you still frequent the great?
Ah, rather to the Player your labours take,
And, at one lucky stroke, your fortune make!
Yet envy not the man who earns hard bread,
By tragedy: the Muses' friends are fled!—
Maecenas, Proculeius, Fabius, gone,
And Lentulus, and Cotta,—every one!
THEN worth was cherish'd, then the bard might toil,
Secure of favour, o'er the midnight oil;
Then all December's revelries refuse,
And give the festive moments to the Muse.
So fare the tuneful race: but ampler gains
Await, no doubt, the grave HISTORIANS' pains!
More time, more study they require, and pile
Page upon page, heedless of bulk the while,
Till, fact conjoin'd to fact with thought intense,
The work is closed, at many a ream's expense!
Say now, what harvest was there ever found,
What golden crop, from this long-labour'd ground?
'Tis barren all: and one poor plodding scribe,
Gets more, by framing pleas, than all the tribe.
True:—'tis a slothful breed, that, nurst in ease,

Dic igitur, quid causidicis civilia praestent
Officia et magno comites in fasce libelli?
Ipsi magna sonant, sed tunc, quum creditor audit,
Praecipue, vel si tetigit latus acrior illo,
Qui venit ad dubium grandi cum codice nomen.
Tunc immensa cavi spirant mendacia folles
Conspuiturque sinus. Veram deprendere messem
Si libet; hinc centum patrimonia causidicorum,
Parte alia solum russati pone Lacertae.
Consedere Duces: surgis tu pallidus Ajax
Dicturus dubia pro libertate, bubulco
Judice. Rumpe miser tensum jecur, ut tibi lasso
Figantur virides, scalarum gloria, palmae.
Quod vocis pretium? siccus petasunculus et vas
Pelamydum, aut veteres, Afrorum epimenia, bulbi,
Aut vinum Tiberi devectum, quinque lagenae,
Si quater egisti. Si contigit aureus unus,
Inde cadunt partes, ex foedere, pragmaticorum.
Aemilio dabitur, quantum petet, et melius nos

Soft beds, and whispering shades, alone can please.
Say then, what gain the LAWYER's toil affords,
His sacks of papers, and his war of words?
Heavens! how he bellows in our tortured ears;
But then, then chiefly, when the client hears,
Or one prepared, with vouchers, to attest
Some desperate debt, more anxious than the rest,
Twitches his elbow: then, his passions rise!
Then, forth he puffs the immeasurable lies
From his swoll'n lungs! then, the white foam appears,
And, drivelling down his beard, his vest besmears!
Ask you the profit of this painful race?
'Tis quickly summ'd: Here, the joint fortunes place,
Of five-score lawyers; there, Lacerta's sole—
And that one charioteer's, shall poise the whole!
The Generals take their seats in regal wise.
You, my pale Ajax, watch the hour, and rise,
In act to plead a trembling client's cause,
Before Judge Jolthead—learned in the laws.
Now stretch your throat, unhappy man! now raise
Your clamours, that, when hoarse, a bunch of bays,
Stuck in your garret window, may declare,
That some victorious pleader nestles there!
O glorious hour! but what your fee, the while?
A rope of shrivell'd onions from the Nile,
A rusty ham, a jar of broken sprats,
And wine, the refuse of our country vats;
Five flaggons for four causes! if you hold,
Though this indeed be rare, a piece of gold;
The brethren, *as per contract*, on you fall,
And share the prize, solicitors and all!
Whate'er he asks, Aemilius may command,

Egimus: hujus enim stat currus aeneus, alti
Quadrijuges in vestibulis, atque ipse feroci
Bellatore sedens curvatum hastile minatur
Eminus et statua meditatur proelia lusca.
Sic Pedo conturbat, Matho deficit: exitus hic est
Tongilli, magno cum rhinocerote lavari
Qui solet et vexat lutulenta balnea turba,
Perque forum juvenes longo premit assere Medos,
Empturus pueros, argentum, murrhina, villas:
Spondet enim Tyrio stlataria purpura filo.
Et tamen est illis hoc utile: purpura vendit
Causidicum, vendunt amethystina: convenit illis
Et strepitu et facie majoris vivere census.
Sed finem impensae non servat prodiga Roma.
Fidimus eloquio? Ciceroni nemo ducentos
Nunc dederit nummos, nisi fulserit annulus ingens.
Respicit haec primum, qui litigat, an tibi servi
Octo, decem comites, an post te sella, togati
Ante pedes. Ideo conducta Paulus agebat
Sardonyche, atque ideo pluris, quam Cossus agebat,

Though more of law be ours: but lo! there stand,
Before his gate, conspicuous from afar,
Four stately steeds, yoked to a brazen car:
And the great pleader, looking wary round,
On a fierce charger that disdains the ground,
Levels his threatening spear, in act to throw,
And seems to meditate no common blow.
Such arts as these, to beggary Matho brought,
And such, the ruin of Tongillus wrought,
Who, with his troop of slaves, a draggled train,
Annoy'd the baths, of his huge oil-horn vain;
Swept through the Forum, in a chair of state,
To every auction,—villas, slaves, or plate;
And, trading on the credit of his dress,
Cheapen'd whate'er he saw, though penniless!
And some, indeed, have thriven by tricks like these:
Purple and violet swell a lawyer's fees;
Bustle and show above his means, conduce
To business, and profusion proves of use.
The vice is universal: Rome confounds
The wealthiest;—prodigal beyond all bounds!
Could our old pleaders visit earth again,
Tully himself would scarce a brief obtain,
Unless his robe were purple, and a stone,
Diamond or ruby, on his finger shone.
The wary plaintiff, ere a fee he gives,
Inquires at what expense his counsel lives;
Has he eight slaves, ten followers? chairs to wait,
And clients to precede his march in state?
This Paulus knows full well, and, therefore, hires
A ring to plead in; therefore, too, acquires
More briefs than Cossus:—preference not unsound,

Quam Basilus. Rara in tenui facundia panno.
Quando licet Basilo flentem producere matrem?
Quis bene dicentem Basilum ferat? Accipiat te
Gallia vel potius nutricula causidicorum
Africa, si placuit mercedem ponere linguae.
Declamare doces? O ferrea pectora Vetti,
Quum perimit saevos classis numerosa tyrannos!
Nam quaecunque sedens modo legerat, haec eadem stans
Perferet atque eadem cantabit versibus isdem.
Occidit miseros crambe repetita magistros.
Quis color et quod sit causae genus atque ubi summa
Quaestio, quae veniant diversa parte sagittae,
Nosse volunt omnes, mercedem solvere nemo.
Mercedem appellas? quid enim scio? Culpa docentis
Scilicet arguitur, quod laeva in parte mamillae
Nil salit Arcadio juveni, cujus mihi sexta
Quaque die miserum dirus caput Hannibal implet;
Quidquid id est, de quo deliberat, an petat Urbem
A Cannis, an post nimbos et fulmina cautus
Circumagat madidas a tempestate cohortes.

For how should eloquence in rags be found?
Who gives poor Basilus a cause of state?
When, to avert a trembling culprit's fate,
Shews he a weeping mother? or who heeds,
How close he argues, and how well he pleads
Unhappy Basilus!—but he is wrong:
Would he procure subsistence by his tongue,
Let him renounce the forum, and withdraw,
To Gaul, or Africk, the dry-nurse of law.
But Vectius, yet more desperate than the rest,
Has open'd (O that adamantine breast!)
A RHETORICK school; where striplings rave and storm
At tyranny, through many a crowded form.—
The exercises lately, sitting, read,
Standing, distract his miserable head,
And every day, and every hour affords,
The selfsame subjects, in the self-same words;
Till, like hash'd cabbage serv'd for each repast,
The repetition—kills the wretch at last!
Where the main jet of every question lies,
And whence, the chief objections may arise,
All wish to know; but none the price will pay.
"The price," retorts the scholar, "do you say!
What have I learn'd?" There go the master's pains,
Because, forsooth, the Arcadian brute lacks brains!
And yet this oaf, every sixth morn, prepares
To split my head with Hannibal's affairs,
While he debates at large, "Whether 'twere right,
To take advantage of the general fright,
And march to Rome; or, by the storm alarm'd,
And all the elements against him arm'd,
The dangerous expedition to delay,

Quantum vis stipulare, et protenus accipe, quod do;
Ut totiens illum pater audiat. Haec alii sex
Vel plures uno conclamant ore Sophistae,
Et veras agitant lites, raptore relicto;
Fusa venena silent, malus ingratusque maritus,
Et quae jam veteres sanant mortaria caecos.
Ergo sibi dabit ipse rudem, si nostra movebunt
Consilia, et vitae diversum iter ingredietur,
Ad pugnam qui rhetorica descendit ab umbra,
Summula ne pereat, qua vilis tessera venit
Frumenti: quippe haec merces lautissima. Tenta,
Chrysogonus quanti doceat, vel Pollio quanti
Lautorum pueros; artem scindes Theodori.
Balnea sexcentis et pluris porticus, in qua
Gestetur dominus, quotiens pluit. Anne serenum
Expectet spargatque luto jumenta recenti?
Hic potius: namque hic mundae nitet ungula mulae.
Parte alia longis Numidarum fulta columnis
Surgat et algentem rapiat coenatio solem.

And lead his harass'd troops some other way."
—Sick of the theme, which still returns, and still,
The exhausted wretch exclaims, Ask what you will,
I'll give it, so you on his sire prevail,
To hear, thus oft, the booby's endless tale!
So Vectius speeds: his brethren, wiser far,
Have shut up school, and hurried to the bar.
Adieu the idle fooleries of Greece,
The soporifick drug, the golden fleece,
The faithless husband, and the abandon'd wife,
And Aeson, coddled to new light and life,
A long adieu! on more productive themes,
On actual crimes, the sophist now declaims:
Thou too, my friend, wouldst thou my counsel hear,
Shouldst free thyself from this ungrateful care;
Lest all be lost, and thou reduced, poor sage,
To want a tally in thy helpless age!
Bread still the lawyer earns; but tell me yet,
What your Chrysogonus and Pollio get,
(The chief of rhetoricians,) though they teach
Our youth of quality, THE ART OF SPEECH?
Oh, no! the great pursue a nobler end:—
Five thousand on a bath, they freely spend;
More on a portico, where, while it lours,
They ride, and bid defiance to the showers.
Shall they, for brighter skies, at home remain,
Or dash their pamper'd mules through mud and rain?
No: let them pace beneath the stately roof,
For there no mire can soil the shining hoof.
See next, on proud Numidian columns rise
An eating-room, that fronts the eastern skies,
And drinks the cooler sun. Expensive these!

Quanticunque domus, veniet qui fercula docte
Componat; veniet qui pulmentaria condat.
Hos inter sumptus sestertia Quintiliano,
Ut multum, duo sufficient. Res nulla minoris
Constabit patri, quam filius. Unde igitur tot
Quintilianus habet saltus? Exempla novorum
Fatorum transi. Felix et pulcer et acer;
Felix et sapiens et nobilis et generosus,
Appositam nigrae lunam subtexit alutae;
Felix orator quoque maximus et jaculator:
Et si perfrixit, cantat bene. Distat enim, quae
Sidera te excipiant modo primos incipientem
Edere vagitus et adhuc a matre rubentem.
Si Fortuna volet, fies de rhetore Consul:
Si volet haec eadem, fies de Consule rhetor.
Ventidius quid enim? quid Tullius? anne aliud, quam
Sidus et occulti miranda potentia fati?
Servis regna dabunt, captivis Fata triumphos.
Felix ille tamen corvo quoque rarior albo.
Poenituit multos vanae sterilisque cathedrae,
Sicut Thrasymachi probat exitus atque Secundi
Carrinatis: et hunc inopem vidistis, Athenae,
Nil praeter gelidas ausae conferre cicutas.
Di, majorum umbris tenuem et sine pondere terram

But, (cost whate'er they may,) the times to please,
Sew'rs for arrangement of the board admired,
And cooks of taste and skill, must yet be hired.
Mid this extravagance, which knows no bounds,
Quintilian gets, and hardly gets, ten pounds :—
On education, all is grudged as lost,
And sons are still a father's lightest cost.
Whence has Quintilian, then, his vast estate ?
Urge not an instance of peculiar fate :
Perhaps, by luck. The lucky, I admit,
Have all advantages ; have beauty, wit,
And wisdom, and high blood : the lucky, too,
May take, at will, the senatorial shoe ;
Be first-rate speakers, pleaders, every thing ;
And, though they croak like frogs, be thought to sing.
O, there's a difference, friend, beneath what sign
We spring to light, or kindly or malign !
Fortune is all : She, as the fancy springs,
Makes kings of pedants, and of pedants kings.
For, what were Tullius, and Ventidius, say,
But great examples of the wondrous sway
Of stars, whose mystick influence alone,
Bestows, on captives triumphs, slaves, a throne ?
He, then, is lucky ; and, amidst the clan,
Ranks with the milk-white crow, or sable swan :
While all his hapless brethren count their gains,
And execrate, too late, their fruitless pains.
Witness thy end, Thrasymachus ! and thine,
Unblest Charinas !—Thou beheld'st him pine,
Thou, Athens ! and would'st nought but bane bestow ;
The only charity—thou seem'st to know !
Shades of our sires ! O sacred be your rest,

Spirantesque crocos et in urna perpetuum ver,
Qui praeceptorem sancti voluere parentis
Esse loco! Metuens virgae jam grandis Achilles
Cantabat patriis in montibus: et cui non tunc
Eliceret risum citharoedi cauda magistri?
Sed Rufum atque alios caedit sua quemque juventus,
Rufum, qui totiens Ciceronem Allobroga dixit.
Quis gremio Enceladi doctique Palaemonis adfert
Quantum grammaticus meruit labor? et tamen ex hoc
Quodcunque est (minus est autem, quam rhetoris aera)
Discipuli custos praemordet acoenonoetus
Et, qui dispensat, frangit sibi. Cede, Palaemon,
Et patere inde aliquid decrescere, non aliter, quam
Institor hibernae tegetis niveique cadurci:
Dummodo non pereat, mediae quod noctis ab hora
Sedisti, qua nemo faber, qua nemo sederet,
Qui docet obliquo lanam deducere ferro;
Dummodo non pereat totidem olfecisse lucernas,
Quot stabant pueri, quum totus decolor esset
Flaccus et haereret nigro fuligo Maroni.

And lightly lie the turf upon your breast!
Flowers round your urns breathe sweets beyond compare,
And spring eternal shed its influence there!
You honour'd tutors, now a slighted race,
And gave them all a parent's power and place.
Achilles, grown a man, the lyre essay'd
On his paternal hills, and, while he play'd,
With trembling eyed the rod;—and yet, the tail
Of the good Centaur, scarcely, then, could fail,
To force a smile: such reverence now is rare,
And boys with bibs strike Rufus on his chair,
Fastidious Rufus, who, with critick rage,
Arraign'd the purity of Tully's page!
Enough of these. Let the last wretched band,
The poor GRAMMARIANS, say, what liberal hand
Rewards their toil: let learn'd Palaemon tell,
Who proffers what his skill deserves so well.
Yet from this pittance, whatsoe'er it be,
(Less, surely, than the rhetorician's fee,)
The usher snips off something for his pains,
And the purveyor nibbles what remains.
Courage, Palaemon! be not over nice,
But suffer some abatement in your price;
As those who deal in rugs, will ask you high,
And sink by pence, and half-pence, till you buy.
Yes, suffer this; while something's left to pay
Your rising, hours before the dawn of day,
When e'en the labouring poor their slumbers take,
And not a weaver, not a smith's awake:
While something's left, to pay you for the stench
Of smouldering lamps, thick spread o'er every bench,
Where ropy vapours Virgil's pages soil,

Rara tamen merces, quae cognitione tribuni
Non egeat. Sed vos saevas imponite leges,
Ut praeceptori verborum regula constet,
Ut legat historias, auctores noverit omnes,
Tanquam ungues digitosque suos; ut forte rogatus,
Dum petit aut thermas aut Phoebi balnea, dicat
Nutricem Anchisae, nomen patriamque novercae
Archemori; dicat, quot Acestes vixerit annos,
Quot Siculi Phrygibus vini donaverit urnas.
Exigite, ut mores teneros ceu pollice ducat,
Ut si quis cera vultum facit: exigite, ut sit
Et pater ipsius coetus, ne turpia ludant,
Ne faciant vicibus. Non est leve tot puerorum
Observare manus oculosque in fine trementes.
Haec, inquit, cures, et, quum se veterit annus,
Accipe, victori populus quod postulat, aurum.

And Horace looks one blot, all soot and oil!
Even then, the stipend thus reduced, thus small,
Without a lawsuit, rarely comes at all.
Add yet, ye parents, add to the disgrace,
And heap new hardships on this wretched race.
Make it a point that all, and every part,
Of their own science, be possess'd by heart;
That general history with our own they blend,
And have all authors at their finger's end:
Still ready to inform you, should you meet,
And ask them at the bath, or in the street,
Who nurs'd Anchises; from what country came
The step-dame of Archemorus, what her name;
How long Acestes flourish'd, and what store
Of generous wine, the Phrygians from him bore—
Make it a point too, that, like ductile clay,
They mould the tender mind, and, day by day,
Bring out the form of Virtue; that they prove,
A father to the youths, in care and love;
And watch that no obscenities prevail—
And trust me, friend, even Argus' self might fail,
The busy hands of schoolboys to espy,
And the lewd fires which twinkle in their eye.
All this, and more, exact; and, having found
The man you seek, say—When the year comes round,
We'll give thee for thy twelvemonth's anxious pains,
As much—as, IN AN HOUR, A FENCER GAINS!

ARGUMENT OF THE EIGHTH SATIRE

The object of this satire is to show that true nobility and distinction are conferred, not by long descent or high birth, but by personal qualities alone. Accordingly, the greater part of it is devoted to exposing the degeneracy and corruption of the aristocracy of Rome; they are extortionate and unjust in the provinces, wanton and profligate at home; instead of supporting the dignity of the names they bear, they condescend to the lowest company and the most degrading pursuits; and yet they imagine that their lineage gives them a position above all other men. To complete his proof of the vanity of birth, Juvenal, in conclusion, gives instances—Cicero being the most striking—of men of obscure or plebeian descent, whose deeds witnessed to their real nobility of spirit.

Stemmata quid faciunt? quid prodest, Pontice, longo
Sanguine censeri pictosque ostendere vultus
Majorum et stantes in curribus Aemilianos
Et Curios jam dimidios humerosque minorem
Corvinum et Galbam auriculis nasoque carentem?
Quis fructus, generis tabula jactare capaci
Corvinum, posthac multa contingere virga
Fumosos Equitum cum Dicatore magistros,
Si coram Lepidis male vivitur? Effigies quo
Tot bellatorum, si luditur alea pernox
Ante Numantinos? si dormire incipis ortu
Luciferi, quo signa duces et castra movebant?
Cur Allobrogicis et magna gaudeat ara
Natus in Herculeo Fabius lare, si cupidus, si
Vanus et Euganea quantumvis mollior agna;
Si tenerum attritus Catinensi pumice lumbum
Squalentes traducit avos emptorque veneni
Frangenda miseram funestat imagine gentem?
Tota licet veteres exornent undique cerae
Atria, nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus.

"Your ancient house!" No more.—I cannot see
The wondrous merits of a pedigree:
No, Ponticus;—nor of a proud display
Of smoaky ancestors, in wax or clay;
Aemilius, mounted on his car sublime,
Curius, half wasted by the teeth of time,
Corvinus, dwindled to a shapeless bust,
And high-born Galba, crumbling into dust,
What boots it, on the LINEAL TREE to trace,
Through many a branch, the founders of our race,
Time-honour'd chiefs; if, in their sight, we give
A loose to vice, and like low villains live?
Say, what avails it, that, on either hand,
The stern Numantii, an illustrious band,
Frown from the walls, if their degenerate race
Waste the long night at dice, before their face?
If, staggering, to a drowsy bed they creep,
At that prime hour when, starting from their sleep,
Their sires the signal of the fight unfurl'd,
And drew their legions forth, and won the world?
Say, why should Fabius, of the Herculean name,
To the GREAT ALTAR, vaunt his lineal claim,
If, softer than Euganean lambs, the youth,
His wanton limbs, with Aetna's pumice, smooth,
And shame his rough-hewn sires? if greedy, vain,
If, a vile trafficker in secret bane,
He blast his wretched kindred with a bust,
For publick vengeance to—reduce to dust!
Fond man! though all the heroes of your line
Bedeck your halls, and round your galleries shine,
In proud display; yet, take this truth from me,
VIRTUE ALONE IS TRUE NOBILITY.

Paulus vel Cossus vel Drusus moribus esto;
Hos ante effigies majorum pone tuorum;
Praecedant ipsas illi te Consule virgas.
Prima mihi debes animi bona. Sanctus haberi
Justitiaeque tenax factis dictisque mereris,
Agnosco procerem. Salve, Gaetulice, seu tu
Silanus, quocunque alio de sanguine, rarus
Civis et egregius patriae contingis ovanti.
Exclamare libet, populus quod clamat, Osiri
Invento. Quis enim generosum dixerit hunc, qui
Indignus genere et praeclaro nomine tantum
Insignis? Nanum cujusdam Atlanta vocamus,
Aethiopem cycnum, pravam extortamque puellam
Europen: canibus pigris scabieque vetusta
Levibus et siccae lambentibus ora lucernae
Nomen erit pardus, tigris, leo, si quid adhuc est,
Quod fremat in terris violentius. Ergo cavebis
Et metues, ne tu sic Creticus aut Camerinus.
His ego quem monui? tecum est mihi sermo, Rubelli
Plaute. Tumes alto Drusorum stemmate, tanquam
Feceris ipse aliquid, propter quod nobilis esses,

Set Cossus, Drusus, Paulus, then, in view,
The bright example of their lives pursue;
Let these precede the statues of your race,
And these, when Consul, of your rods take place.
O give me inborn worth! Dare to be just,
Firm to your word, and faithful to your trust:
These praises hear, at least deserve to hear,
I grant your claim, and recognise the peer.
Hail! from whatever stock you draw your birth,
The son of Cossus, or the son of Earth,
All hail! in you, exulting Rome espies
Her guardian Power, her great Palladium rise;
And shouts like Aegypt, when her priests have found,
A new Osiris, for the old one drown'd!
But shall we call those noble, who disgrace
Their lineage, proud of an illustrious race?
Vain thought!—but thus, with many a taunting smile,
The dwarf an Atlas, Moor a swan, we style;
The crookback'd wench, Europa: and the hound,
With age enfeebled, toothless, and unsound,
That listless lies, and licks the lamps for food,
Lord of the chase, and tyrant of the wood!
You, too, beware, lest Satire's piercing eye
The slave of guilt through grandeur's blaze espy,
And, drawing from your crime some sounding name,
Declare at once your greatness, and your shame.
Ask you for whom this picture I design?
Plautus, thy birth and folly make it thine.
Thou vaunt'st thy pedigree, on every side
To noble, and imperial blood, allied;
As if thy honours by thyself were won,
And thou hadst some illustrious action done,

Ut te conciperet quae sanguine fulget Iuli,
Non quae ventoso conducta sub aggere texit.
Vos humiles, inquis, vulgi pars ultima nostri,
Quorum nemo queat patriam monstrare parentis;
Ast ego Cecropides! Vivas et originis hujus
Gaudia longa feras: tamen ima plebe Quiritem
Facundum invenies; solet hic defendere causas
Nobilis indocti; veniet de plebe togata,
Qui juris nodos et legum aenigmata solvat.
Hic petit Euphraten juvenis domitique Batavi
Custodes aquilas, armis industrius; at tu
Nil nisi Cecropides truncoque simillimus Hermae.
Nullo quippe alio vincis discrimine, quam quod
Illi marmoreum caput est, tua vivit imago.
Dic mihi, Teucrorum proles, animalia muta
Quis generosa putet, nisi fortia? nempe volucrem
Sic laudamus equum, facili cui plurima palma
Fervet et exsultat rauco victoria Circo.
Nobilis hic, quocunque venit de gramine, cujus
Clara fuga ante alios et primus in aequore pulvis:
Sed venale pecus Corythae posteritas et
Hirpini, si rara jugo Victoria sedit

To make the world believe thee Julia's heir,
And not the offspring of some easy fair,
Who, shivering in the wind, near yon dead wall,
Plies her vile labour, and is all to all.
"Away, away! ye slaves of humblest birth,
Ye dregs of Rome, ye nothings of the earth,
Whose fathers who shall tell! my ancient line
Descends from Cecrops." Man of blood divine!
Live, and enjoy the secret sweets which spring
In breasts, affined to so remote a king!—
Yet know, amid these "dregs," low grandeur's scorn,
Will those be found whom arts and arms adorn:
Some, skill'd to plead a noble blockhead's cause,
And solve the dark enigmas of the laws;
Some, who the Tigris' hostile banks explore,
And plant our eagles on Batavia's shore:
While thou, in mean, inglorious pleasure lost,
With "Cecrops! Cecrops!" all thou hast to boast,
Art a full brother to the crossway stone,
Which clowns have chipp'd the head of Hermes on:
For 'tis no bar to kindred, that thy block,
Is form'd of flesh and blood, and their's of rock.
Of beasts, great son of Troy, who vaunts the breed,
Unless renown'd for courage, strength, or speed?
'Tis thus we praise the horse, who mocks our eyes,
While, to the goal, with lightning's speed, he flies!
Whom many a well-earn'd palm and trophy grace,
And the Cirque hails, unrivall'd in the race!
—Yes, he is noble, spring from whom he will,
Whose footsteps, in the dust, are foremost still;
While Hirpine's stock are to the market led,
If Victory perch but rarely on their head:

Nil ibi majorum respectus, gratia nulla
Umbrarum: dominos pretiis mutare jubentur
Exiguis tritoque trahunt epiredia collo
Segnipedes dignique molam versare Nepotis.
Ergo ut miremur te, non tua, primum aliquid da,
Quod possim titulis incidere, praeter honorès,
Quos illis damus et dedimus, quibus omnia debes.
Haec satis ad juvenem, quem nobis fama superbum
Tradit et inflatum plenumque Nerone propinquo:
Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illa
Fortuna. Sed te censeri laude tuorum,
Pontice, noluerim sic, ut nihil ipse futurae
Laudis agas. Miserum est aliorum incumbere famae,
Ne collapsa ruant subductis tecta columnis.
Stratus humi palmes viduas desiderat ulmos.
Esto bonus miles, tutor bonus, arbiter idem
Integer: ambiguae si quando citabere testis
Incertaeque rei, Phalaris licet imperet, ut sis
Falsus, et admoto dictet perjuria tauro:
Summum crede nefas animam praeferre pudori
Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.
Dignus morte perit, coenet licet ostrea centum

For no respect to pedigree is paid,
No honour to a sire's illustrious shade.
Flung cheaply off, they drag the cumbrous wain,
With shoulders bare and bleeding from the chain;
Or take, with some blind ass in concert found,
At Nepo's mill, their everlasting round.
That Rome may, therefore, YOU, not YOURS, admire,
By virtuous actions, first, to praise aspire;
Seek not to shine by borrow'd light alone,
But, with your father's glories, blend your own.
THIS to the youth, whom Rumour brands as vain,
And swelling—full of his Neronian strain;
Perhaps, with truth:—for rarely shall we find,
A sense of modesty, in that proud kind.
But were my Ponticus content to raise
His honours thus, on a forefather's praise,
Worthless the while,—'twould tinge my cheeks with shame—
'Tis dangerous building on another's fame,
Lest the substructure fail, and, on the ground,
Your baseless pile be hurl'd, in fragments, round.—
Stretch'd on the plain, the vine's weak tendrils try,
To clasp the elm they drop from; fail—and die!
Be brave, be just; and, when your country's laws
Call you to witness in a dubious cause,
Though Phalaris plant his bull before your eye,
And, frowning, dictate to your lips the lie,
Think it a crime no tears can e'er efface,
To purchase safety, with compliance base,
At honour's cost, a feverish span extend,
AND SACRIFICE FOR LIFE, LIFE'S ONLY END!
LIFE! 'tis not life—who merits death is dead;
Though Gauran oysters for his feasts be spread,

Gaurana et Cosmi toto mergatur aeno.
Expectata diu tandem provincia quum te
Rectorem accipiet, pone irae frena modumque,
Pone et avaritiae; miserere inopum sociorum;
Ossa vides rerum vacuis exsucta medullis.
Respice, quid moneant leges, quid curia mandet,
Praemia quanta bonos maneant, quam fulmine justo
Et Capito et Numitor ruerint, damnante Senatu,
Piratae Cilicum. Sed quid damnatio confert,
Quum Pansa eripiat, quidquid tibi Natta reliquit?
Praeconem, Chaerippe, tuis circumspice pannis,
Jamque tace. Furor est post omnia perdere naulum.
Non idem gemitus olim, neque vulnus erat par
Damnorum, sociis florentibus et modo victis.
Plena domus tunc omnis, et ingens stabat acervus
Nummorum, Spartana chlamys, conchylia Coa,
Et cum Parrhasii tabulis signisque Myronis
Phidiacum vivebat ebur; nec non Polycliti
Multus ubique labor; rarae sine Mentore mensae.
Inde Dolabella est atque hinc Antonius, inde
Sacrilegus Verres: referebant navibus altis

Though his limbs drip with exquisite perfume,
And the late rose around his temples bloom!
O, when the Province, long desired, you gain,
Your boiling rage, your lust of wealth restrain,
And pity our allies: all Asia grieves—
Her blood, her marrow, drain'd by legal thieves.
Revere the laws, obey the parent state;
Observe what rich rewards the good await,
What punishments, the bad: how Tutor sped,
While Rome's whole thunder rattled round his head?
And yet what boots it, that one spoiler bleed,
If still a worse, and still a worse succeed;
If neither fear nor shame control their theft,
And Pansa seize the little Natta left?
Haste then, Chaerippus, ere thy rags be known,
And sell the few thou yet canst call thine own,
And O, conceal the price! 'tis honest craft;
Thou couldst not keep the hatchet:—save the haft.
Not such the cries of old, nor such the stroke,
When first the nations bow'd beneath our yoke.
Wealth, then, was theirs, wealth without fear possest.
Full every house, and bursting every chest—
Crimson, in looms of Sparta taught to glow,
And purple, deeply dyed in grain of Co;
Busts, to which Myro's touch did motion give,
And ivory, taught by Phidias' skill to live:
On every side a Polyclete you view'd,
And scarce a board without a Mentor stood.
These, these, the lust of rapine first inspired,
These, Antony and Dolabella fired,
And sacrilegious Verres:—so, for Rome
They shipp'd their secret plunder; and brought home,

Occulta spolia et plures de pace triumphos.
Nunc sociis juga pauca boum, grex parvus equarum
Et pater armenti capto eripiuntur agello;
Ipsi deinde Lares, si quod spectabile signum,
Si quis in aedicula Deus unicus. Haec etenim sunt
Pro summis: nam sunt haec maxima. Despicias tu
Forsitan imbelles Rhodios unctamque Corinthon:
Despicias merito. Quid resinata juventus
Cruraque totius facient tibi levia gentis?
Horrida vitanda est Hispania, Gallicus axis
Illyricumque latus: parce et messoribus illis,
Qui saturant Urbem Circo scenaeque vacantem.
Quanta autem inde feres tam dirae praemia culpae,
Quum tenues nuper Marius discinxerit Afros?
Curandum in primis, ne magna injuria fiat
Fortibus et miseris: tollas licet omne, quod usquam est
Auri atque argenti; scutum gladiumque relinques
Et jacula et galeam: spoliatis arma supersunt.
Quod modo proposui, non est sententia: verum
Credite me vobis folium recitare Sibyllae.
Si tibi sancta cohors comitum, si nemo tribunal
Vendit Acersecomes, si nullum in conjuge crimen,
Nec per conventus et cuncta per oppida curvis

More treasures from our friends, in peace obtain'd!
Than from our foes, in war, were ever gain'd!
Now all is gone! the stallion made a prey,
The few brood-mares and oxen swept away,
The Lares,—if the sacred hearth possest
One little god, that pleased above the rest—
Mean spoils, indeed! but such were now their best.
Perhaps, you scorn (and may securely scorn)
The essenced Greek, whom arts, not arms, adorn:
Soft limbs, and spirits by refinement broke,
Would feebly struggle with the oppressive yoke.
But spare the Gaul, the fierce Illyrian spare,
And the rough Spaniard, terrible in war;
Spare too the Africk hind, whose ceaseless pain
Fills our wide granaries with autumnal grain,
And pampers Rome, while weightier cares engage
Her precious hours—the Circus and the Stage!
For, should you rifle them, O think in time,
What spoil would pay the execrable crime,
When greedy Marius fleeced them all so late,
And bare and bleeding left the hapless state!
But chief the brave, and wretched—tremble there
Nor tempt too far the madness of despair:
For, should you all their little treasures drain,
Helmets, and spears, and swords, would still remain;
THE PLUNDER'D NE'ER WANT ARMS. What I foretel,
Is no trite apophthegm, but—mark me well—
True as a Sibyl's leaf! fix'd as an oracle!
If men of worth the posts beneath you hold,
And no spruce favourite barter law for gold;
If no inherent stain your wife disgrace,
Nor, harpy-like, she flit from place to place,

Unguibus ire parat nummos raptura Celaeno:
Tu licet a Pico numeres genus, altaque si te
Nomina delectant, omnem Titanida pugnam
Inter majores ipsumque Promethea ponas:
De quocunque voles proavum tibi sumito libro.
Quod si praecipitem rapit ambitio atque libido,
Si frangis virgas sociorum in sanguine, si te
Delectant hebetes lasso lictore secures;
Incipit ipsorum contra te stare parentum
Nobilitas claramque facem praeferre pudendis.
Omne animi vitium tanto conspectius in se
Crimen habet, quanto major qui peccat habetur.
Quo mihi, te solitum falsas signare tabellas
In templis, quae fecit avus, statuamque parentis
Ante triumphalem? quo, si nocturnus adulter
Tempora Santonico velas adoperta cucullo?
Praeter majorum cineres atque ossa volucri
Carpento rapitur pinguis Damasippus, et ipse,
Ipse rotam adstringit sufflamine mulio Consul;
Nocte quidem; sed luna videt, sed sidera testes
Intendunt oculos. Finitum tempus honoris

A fell Celaeno, ever on the watch,
And ever furious, all she sees to snatch;
Then choose what race you will: derive your birth
From Picus, or those elder sons of earth,
Who shook the throne of heaven; call him your sire,
Who first inform'd our clay with living fire;
Or single from the songs of ancient days,
What tale may suit you, and what parent raise.
But—if rash pride, and lust, your bosom sway,
If, with stern joy, you ply, from day to day,
The ensanguined rods, and head on head demand,
Till the tired axe drop from the lictor's hand;
Then, every honour, by your father won,
Indignant to be borne by such a son,
Will, to his blood, oppose your daring claim,
And fire a touch, to blaze upon your shame!—
Vice glares more strongly in the publick eye,
As he who sins, in power or place is high.
Say, what's your birth to me,—if you incline
Your daring lips to perjury in the shrine
Your pious fathers rear'd, and in the sight
Of their triumphal statues? If, by night,
You steal abroad disguised, that none may see
Your lewd amours; say, what's your birth to me?
See! by his great progenitors' remains
Fat Damasippus sweeps, with loosen'd reins.
Good Consul! he no pride of office feels,
But stoops, himself, to clog his headlong wheels.
"But this is all by night," the hero cries.
Yet the moon sees! yet the stars stretch their eyes,
Full on your shame!—A few short moments wait,
And Damasippus quits the pomp of state:

Quum fuerit, clara Damasippus luce flagellum
Sumet et occursum nunquam trepidabit amici
Jam senis, ac virga prior annuet atque maniplos
Solvet et infundet jumentis hordea lassis.
Interea, dum lanatas torvumque juvencum
More Numae caedit Jovis ante altaria, jurat
Solam Eponam et facies olida ad praesepia pictas.
Sed quum pervigiles placet instaurare popinas,
Obvius adsiduo Syrophoenix udus amomo
Currit, Idumaeae Syrophoenix incola portae,
Hospitis affectu Dominum Regemque salutat,
Et cum venali Cyane succincta lagena.
Defensor culpae dicet mihi, fecimus et nos
Haec juvenes. Esto. Desisti nempe, nec ultra
Fovisti errorem. Breve sit, quod turpiter audes;
Quaedam cum prima resecentur crimina barba;
Indulge veniam pueris. Damasippus ad illos
Thermarum calices inscriptaque lintea vadit,
Maturus bello, Armeniae Syriaeque tuendis
Amnibus et Rheno atque Istro. Praestare Neronem
Securum valet haec aetas. Mitte Ostia, Caesar,

Then, proud the experienced driver to display,
He mounts his chariot in the face of day,
Whirls, with bold front, his grave associate by,
And jerks his whip, to catch the senior's eye:
Unyokes his weary steeds, and, to requite
Their service, feeds and litters them, at night.
Meanwhile, 'tis all he can, what time he stands
At Jove's high altar, as the law commands,
And offers sheep and oxen, he forswears
The Eternal King, and gives his silent prayers
To thee, Hippona, goddess of the stalls,
And gods more vile, dawb'd on the reeking walls!
At night, to his old haunts he scours, elate,
(The tavern by the Idumean gate)
Where, while the host, bedrench'd with liquid sweets,
With many a courteous phrase, his entrance greets,
And many a smile; the hostess nimbly moves,
And gets the flagon ready, which he loves.
Here some, perhaps, my growing warmth may blame:
"In youth's wild hours," they urge, "we did the same."
'Tis granted, friends; but then we stopp'd in time,
Nor hugg'd our darling faults, beyond our prime.
Brief let our follies be! and youthful sin
Fall, with the firstlings of the manly chin!—
Boys we may pity, nay, perhaps, excuse:
But Damasippus STILL frequents the stews,
Though now mature in vigour, ripe in age,
Of Caesar's foes to check the headlong rage,
On Tigris' banks, in burnish'd arms, to shine,
And sternly guard the Danube, or the Rhine.
"The East revolts." Ho! let the troops repair
To Ostium, quick! "But where's the General?" Where!

Mitte; sed in magna legatum quaere popina;
Invenies aliquo cum percussore jacentem,
Permixtum nautis et furibus ac fugitivis,
Inter carnifices et fabros sandapilarum
Et resupinati cessantia tympana Galli.
Aequa ibi libertas, communia pocula, lectus
Non alius cuiquam, nec mensa remotior ulli.
Quid facias talem sortitus, Pontice, servum?
Nempe in Lucanos aut Tusca ergastula mittas.
At vos, Trojugenae, vobis ignoscitis, et quae
Turpia cerdoni, Volesos Brutumque decebunt.
Quid, si nunquam adeo foedis adeoque pudendis
Utimur exemplis, ut non pejora supersint?
Consumptis opibus vocem, Damasippe, locasti
Sipario, clamosum ageres ut Phasma Catulli.
Laureolum velox etiam bene Lentulus egit,
Judice me dignus vera cruce. Nec tamen ipsi
Ignoscas populo; populi frons durior hujus,
Qui sedet et spectat triscurria patriciorum,
Planipedes audit Fabios, ridere potest qui
Mamercorum alapas. Quanti sua funera vendant,
Quid refert? Vendunt nullo cogente Nerone,

Go, search the taverns; there the chief you'll find,
With cut-throats, plund'rers, rogues of every kind,
Bier-jobbers, bargemen, drench'd in fumes of wine,
And Cybele's priests, mid their loose drums, supine!
There none are less, none greater than the rest,
There my lord gives, and takes the scurvy jest;
There all who can, round the same table sprawl,
And there one greasy tankard serves for all.
Blessings of birth!—but, Ponticus, a word:
Own'd you a slave like this degenerate lord,
What were his fate? your Lucan farm to till,
Or aid the mules, to turn your Tuscan mill.
But Troy's great sons dispense with being good,
And boldly sin, by courtesy of blood;
Wink at each other's crimes, and look for fame,
In what would tinge a cobbler's cheek with shame.
And have I wreak'd on such foul deeds my rage,
That worse should yet remain to blot my page!—
See Damasippus, all his fortune lost,
Compell'd, for hire, to play a squealing ghost!
While Lentulus, his brother in renown,
Performs, with so much art, the perjured clown,
And suffers with such grace, that, for his pains,
I hold him worthy of—the CROSS he feigns.
Nor deem the heedless rabble void of blame:—
Strangers alike to decency and shame,
They sit with brazen front, and calmly see
The hired patrician's low buffoonery;
Laugh at the Fabii's tricks, and grin to hear
The cuffs resound from the Mamerci's ear!
Who cares how low their blood is sold, how high?—
No Nero drives them, now, their fate to try:

Nec dubitant cæsi praetoris vendere ludis.
Finge tamen gladios inde, atque hinc pulpita pone:
Quid satius? Mortem sic quisquam exhorruit, ut sit
Zelotypus Thymeles, stupidi collega Corinthi?
Res haud mira tamen, citharoedo Principe, mimus
Nobilis. Haec ultra quid erit, nisi ludus? Et illud
Dedecus Urbis habes: nec mirmillonis in armis,
Nec clypeo Gracchum pugnantem aut falce supina;
(Damnat enim tales habitus; sed damnat et odit)
Nec galea faciem abscondit: movet ecce tridentem,
Postquam vibrata pendentia retia dextra
Nequidquam effudit, nudum ad spectacula vultum
Erigit et tota fugit agnoscendus arena.
Credamus tunicae, de faucibus aurea quum se
Porrigat et longo jactetur spira galero.
Ergo ignominiam graviorem pertulit omni
Vulnere cum Graccho jussus pugnare secutor.
Libera si dentur populo suffragia, quis tam
Perditus, ut dubitet Senecam praeferre Neroni;
Cujus supplicio non debuit una parari
Simia, nec serpens unus, nec culeus unus?

Freely they come, and freely they expose,
Their lives for hire, to grace the publick shows!
But grant the worst: suppose the arena here,
And there the stage; on which would you appear?
The first: for who of death so much in dread,
As not to trouble more, the stage to tread,
Squat on his hams, in some blind nook to sit,
And watch his mistress, in a jealous fit!—
But 'tis not strange, that, when the Emperour tunes
A scurvy harp, the lords should turn buffoons;
The wonder is, they turn not fencers too,
Secutors, Retiarians.—AND THEY DO!
Gracchus steps forth: No sword his thigh invests—
No helmet, shield—such armour he detests,
Detests and spurns; and impudently stands,
With the poised net and trident in his hands.
The foe advances—lo! a cast he tries,
But misses, and, in frantick terrour, flies
Round the throng'd Cirque; and, anxious to be known,
Lifts his bare face, with many a piteous moan.
"'Tis he! 'tis he!—I know the Salian vest,
With golden fringes, pendent from the breast;
The Salian bonnet, from whose pointed crown,
The glittering ribands float redundant down.
O spare him, spare!"—The brave Secutor heard,
And, blushing, stopp'd the chase; for he preferr'd,
Wounds, death itself, to the contemptuous smile,
Of conquering one so noble, and—so vile!
Who, Nero, so depraved, if choice were free,
To hesitate 'twixt Seneca and thee?
Whose crimes, so much have they all crimes outgone,
Deserve more serpents, apes, and sacks, than one.

Par Agamemnonidae crimen; sed causa facit rem
Dissimilem. Quippe ille Deis auctoribus ultor
Patris erat caesi media inter pocula; sed nec
Electrae jugulo se polluit aut Spartani
Sanguine conjugii; nullis aconita propinquis
Miscuit, in scena nunquam cantavit Orestes,
Troica non scripsit. Quid enim Verginius armis
Debuit ulcisci magis, aut cum Vindice Galba?
Quid Nero tam saeva crudaque tyrannide fecit?
Haec opera atque hae sunt generosi Principis artes,
Gaudentis foedo peregrina ad pulpita cantu
Prostitui Graiaeque apium meruisse coronae.
Majorum effigies habeant insignia vocis:
Ante pedes Domiti longum tu pone Thyestae
Syrma vel Antigones personam vel Melanippes;
Et de marmoreo citharam suspende colosso.
Quid, Catilina, tuis natalibus atque Cethegi
Inveniet quisquam sublimius? Arma tamen vos
Nocturna et flammas domibus templisque parastis,
Ut Bracatorum pueri Senonumque minores,

Not so, thou say'st; there are, whom I could name,
As deep in guilt, and as accurs'd in fame;
Orestes slew HIS mother. True; but know,
The same effects from different causes flow:
A father murder'd at the social board,
And heaven's command, unsheath'd his righteous sword.
Besides, Orestes, in his wildest mood,
Poisn'd no cousin, shed no consort's blood,
Buried no poniard in a sister's throat,
Sung on no publick stage, NO TROICKS WROTE.—
THIS topp'd his frantick crimes! THIS roused mankind!
For what could Galba, what Virginius, find,
In the dire annals of that bloody reign,
Which call'd for vengeance in a louder strain?
Lo here, the arts, the studies that engage
The world's great master! on a foreign stage,
To prostitute his voice for base renown,
And ravish, from the Greeks, a parsley crown!
Come then, great prince, great poet! while we throng
To greet thee, recent from triumphant song,
Come, place the unfading wreath, with reverence meet,
On the Domitii's brows! before their feet,
The mask and pall of old Thyestes lay,
And Melanippé; while, in proud display,
From the colossal marble of thy sire,
Depends, the boast of Rome, thy conquering lyre!
Cethegus! Catiline! whose ancestors,
Were nobler born, were higher rank'd, than yours?
Yet ye conspired, with more than Gallick hate,
To wrap in midnight flames this hapless state;
On men and gods your barbarous rage to pour,
And deluge Rome with her own children's gore:

Ausi quod liceat tunica punire molesta.
Sed vigilat Consul vexillaque vestra coercet:
Hic novus Arpinas, ignobilis et modo Romae
Municipalis Eques, galeatum ponit ubique
Praesidium attonitis et in omni monte laborat.
Tantum igitur muros intra toga contulit illi
Nominis et tituli, quantum non Leucade, quantum
Thessaliae campis Octavius abstulit udo
Caedibus adsiduis gladio. Sed Roma parentem,
Roma Patrem patriae Ciceronem libera dixit.
Arpinas alius Volscorum in monte solebat
Poscere mercedes, alieno lassus aratro;
Nodosam post haec frangebat vertice vitem,
Si lentus pigra muniret castra dolabra:
Hic tamen et Cimbros et summa pericula rerum
Excipit, et solus trepidantem protegit Urbem;
Atque ideo, postquam ad Cimbros stragemque volabant
Qui nunquam attigerant majora cadavera corvi,
Nobilis ornatur lauro collega secunda.
Plebeiae Deciorum animae, plebeia fuerunt
Nomina: pro totis legionibus hi tamen et pro
Omnibus auxiliis atque omni pube Latina
Sufficiunt Dis infernis Terraeque parenti:

Horrours, which call'd, indeed, for vengeance dire,
For the pitch'd coat and stake, and smouldering fire!
But Tully watch'd—your league in silence broke,
And crush'd your impious arms, without a stroke.
Yes he, poor Arpine, of no name at home,
And scarcely rank'd among the knights, at Rome,
Secured the trembling town, placed a firm guard
In every street, and toil'd in every ward:—
And thus, within the walls, the GOWN obtain'd,
More fame, for Tully, than Octavius gain'd,
At Actium and Philippi, from a SWORD,
Drench'd in the eternal stream by patriots pour'd!
For Rome, free Rome, hail'd him, with loud acclaim,
THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY—glorious name!
Another Arpine, train'd the ground to till,
Tired of the plough, forsook his native hill,
And join'd the camp; where, if his adze was slow,
The vine-twig whelk'd his back with many a blow:
And yet, when the fierce Cimbri threaten'd Rome
With swift, and scarcely evitable doom,
This man, in the dread hour, to save her rose,
And turn'd the impending ruin on her foes!
For which, while ravening birds devour'd the slain,
And their huge bones lay whitening on the plain,
His high-born colleague to his worth gave way,
And took, well pleased, the secondary bay.
The Decii were plebeians! mean their name,
And mean the parent stock from which they came:
Yet they devoted, in the trying hour,
Their heads to Earth, and each infernal Power;
And by that solemn act, redeem'd from fate,
Auxiliars, legions, all the Latian state;

Pluris enim Decii, quam quae servantur ab illis.
Ancilla natus trabeam et diadema Quirini
Et fasces meruit, regum ultimus ille bonorum.
Prodita laxabant portarum claustra tyrannis
Exsulibus juvenes ipsius Consulis et quos
Magnum aliquid dubia pro libertate deceret,
Quod miraretur cum Coclite Mucius et quae
Imperii fines, Tiberinum, virgo natavit.
Occulta ad Patres produxit crimina servus,
Matronis lugendus: at illos verbera justis
Afficiunt poenis et legum prima securis.
Malo pater tibi sit Thersites, dummodo tu sis
Aeacidae similis Vulcaniaque arma capessas,
Quam te Thersitae similem producat Achilles.
Et tamen, ut longe repetas longeque revolvas
Nomen, ab infami gentem deducis asylo.
Majorum primus quisquis fuit ille tuorum,
Aut pastor fuit aut illud, quod dicere nolo.

More prized than those they saved, in heaven's just estimate!
And him, who graced the purple which he wore,
(The last good king of Rome,) a bondmaid bore.
The Consul's sons, (while storms yet shook the state,
And Tarquin thunder'd vengeance at the gate,)
Who should, to crown the labours of their sire,
Have dared what Cocles, Mutius, might admire,
And she, who mock'd the javelins whistling round,
And swam the Tiber, then the empire's bound;
Had, to the tyrant's rage, the town exposed,
But that a slave their dark designs disclosed.—
For Him, when stretch'd upon his honour'd bier,
The grateful matrons shed the pious tear,
While, with stern eye, the patriot and the sire,
Saw, by the axe, the high-born pair expire:
They fell—just victims to the offended laws,
And the first sacrifice to FREEDOM's cause!
For me, who nought but innate worth admire,
I'd rather vile Thersites were thy sire,
So thou wert like Achilles, and couldst wield
Vulcanian arms, the terrour of the field,
Than that Achilles should thy father be,
And, in his offspring, vile Thersites see.
And yet, how high soe'er thy pride may trace
The long-forgotten founders of thy race,
Still must the search with that Asylum end,
From whose polluted source we all descend.
Haste then, the inquiry haste; secure to find
Thy sire some vagrant slave, some bankrupt hind,
Some—but I mark the kindling glow of shame,
And will not shock thee with a baser name.

ARGUMENT OF THE TENTH SATIRE

The common title "The Vanity of Human Wishes" sufficiently represents the subject of the tenth satire. Taking an external and calmly reasonable view of life, Juvenal weighs successively the several desires and ambitions of man, and adduces instances from history and legend to show how hollow and unsatisfactory, even when attained, are the objects of his pursuit. Wealth, power, eloquence, military glory, length of life, and beauty of person, are each in turn reviewed, and appear at least oppressive, at most fatal, blessings; yet for all these is Heaven ceaselessly importuned; for these "man disquieteth himself—in vain." Juvenal concludes with the prayer of a rational being—for health in mind and body; for freedom from fear and superstition; for steadfast calm of soul; for trust in the sure mercies of Heaven.

Omnibus in terris, quae sunt a Gadibus usque
Auroram et Gangen, pauci dignoscere possunt
Vera bona atque illis multum diversa, remota
Erroris nebula. Quid enim ratione timemus
Aut cupimus? quid tam dextro pede concipis, ut te
Conatus non poeniteat votique peracti?
Evertere domos totas optantibus ipsis
Di faciles; nocitura toga, nocitura petuntur
Militia; torrens dicendi copia multis
Et sua mortifera est facundia; viribus ille
Confisus periit admirandisque lacertis.
Sed plures nimia congesta pecunia cura
Strangulat et cuncta exsuperans patrimonia census,
Quanto delphinis balaena Britannica major.
Temporibus diris igitur jussuque Neronis
Longinum et magnos Senecae praedivitis hortos
Clausit, et egregias Lateranorum obsidet aedes
Tota cohors: rarus venit in coenacula miles.
Pauca licet portes argenti vascula puri,
Nocte iter ingressus gladium contumque timebis,
Et motae ad lunam trepidabis arundinis umbram:

In every clime, from Ganges' distant stream
To Gades, gilded by the western beam,
Few, from the clouds of mental errour free,
In its true light or good or evil see.
For what, with reason, do we seek or shun?
What plan, how happily soe'er begun,
But, finish'd, we our own success lament,
And rue the pains, so fatally misspent?—
To headlong ruin see whole houses driven,
Curs'd with their prayers, by too indulgent heaven!
Bewilder'd thus by folly or by fate,
We beg pernicious gifts in every state,
In peace, in war. A full and rapid flow
Of eloquence, lays many a speaker low:
Even strength itself is fatal; Milo tries
His wondrous arms, and—in the trial dies!
But avarice wider spreads her deadly snare,
And hoards amass'd with too-successful care,
Hoards, which o'er all paternal fortunes rise,
As o'er the dolphin towers the whale in size.
For this, in other times, at Nero's word,
The ruffian bands unsheath'd the murderous sword,
Rush'd to the swelling coffers of the great,
Chaced Lateranus from his lordly seat,
Besieged too-wealthy Seneca's wide walls,
And closed, terrifick, round Longinus' halls:
While sweetly in their cocklofts slept the poor,
And heard no soldier thundering at their door.
The traveller, freighted with a little wealth,
Sets forth at night, and wins his way by stealth:
Even then, he fears the bludgeon and the blade,
And starts and trembles at a rush's shade;

Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.
Prima fere vota et cunctis notissima templis
Divitiae, crescant ut opes, ut maxima toto
Nostra sit arca foro. Sed nulla aconita bibuntur
Fictilibus. Tunc illa time, quum pocula sumes
Gemmata et lato Setinum ardebit in auro.
Jamne igitur laudas, quod de sapientibus alter
Ridebat, quotiens de limine moverat unum
Protuleratque pedem; flebat contrarius auctor?
Sed facilis cuivis rigidi censura cachinni:
Mirandum est, unde ille oculis suffecerit humor,
Perpetuo risu pulmonem agitare solebat
Democritus, quanquam non essent urbibus illis
Praetexta et trabeae, fasces, lectica, tribunal.
Quid, si vidisset Praetorem curribus altis
Exstantem et medio sublimem in pulvere Circi,
In tunica Jovis et pictae Sarrana ferentem
Ex humeris aulaea togae magnaeque coronae
Tantum orbem, quanto cervix non sufficit ulla?
Quippe tenet sudans hanc publicus et, sibi Consul
Ne placeat, curru servus portatur eodem.
Da nunc et volucrem, sceptro quae surgit eburno,
Illinc cornicines, hinc praecedentia longi

While, void of care, the beggar trips along,
And, in the spoiler's presence, trolls his song.
The first great wish that all with rapture own,
The general cry, to every temple known,
Is, gold, gold, gold!—"and let, all-gracious Powers,
The largest chest the Forum boasts, be ours!"
Yet none from earthen bowls destruction sip:
Dread then the draught, when, mantling, at your lip,
The goblet sparkles, radiant from the mine,
And the broad gold inflames the ruby wine.
And do we, now, admire the stories told,
Of the two Sages, so renown'd of old;
How this for ever laugh'd, whene'er he stept
Beyond the threshold; that, for ever wept?
But all can laugh:—the wonder yet appears,
What fount supplied the eternal stream of tears!
Democritus, at every step he took,
His sides with unextinguish'd laughter shook,
Though, in his days, Abdera's simple towns,
No fasces knew, chairs, litters, purple gowns.—
What! had he seen, in his triumphal car,
Amid the dusty Cirque, conspicuous far,
The Praetor perch'd aloft, superbly drest
In Jove's proud tunick, with a trailing vest
Of Tyrian tapestry, and o'er him spread
A crown, too bulky for a mortal head,
Borne by a sweating slave, maintain'd to ride
In the same car, and mortify his pride!
Add now the bird, that, with expanded wing,
From the raised sceptre, seems prepared to spring;
And trumpets here; and there the long parade
Of duteous friends, who head the cavalcade;

Agminis officia et niveos ad frena Quirites,
Defossa in loculis quos sportula fecit amicos.
Tunc quoque materiam risus invenit ad omnes
Occursus hominum, cujus prudentia monstrat
Summos posse viros et magna exempla daturos
Vervecum in patria crassoque sub aere nasci.
Ridebat curas, nec non et gaudia vulgi,
Interdum et lacrimas, quum Fortunae ipse minaci
Mandaret laqueum mediumque ostenderet unguem.
Ergo supervacua haec aut perniciosa petuntur,
Propter quae fas est genua incerare Deorum.
Quosdam praecipitat subjecta potentia magnae
Invidiae; mergit longa atque insignis honorum
Pagina; descendunt statuae restemque sequuntur.
Ipsas deinde rotas bigarum impacta securis
Caedit, et immeritis franguntur crura caballis.
Jam stridunt ignes, jam follibus atque caminis
Ardet adoratum populo caput et crepat ingens
Sejanus: deinde ex facie toto orbe secunda
Fiunt urceoli, pelves, sartago, patellae.
Pone domi lauros, duc in Capitolia magnum
Cretatumque bovem: Sejanus ducitur unco
Spectandus! gaudent omnes. Quae labra, quis illi
Vultus erat! nunquam, si quid mihi credis, amavi

Add too, the zeal of clients robed in white,
Who hang upon his reins, and grace the sight,
Unbribed, unbought,—save by the dole, at night!
Yes, in those days, in every varied scene,
The good old man found matter for his spleen:
A wondrous sage! whose story makes it clear,
That men may rise in folly's atmosphere,
Beneath Boeotian fogs, of soul sublime,
And great examples to the coming time.—
He laugh'd aloud to see the vulgar fears,
Laugh'd at their joys, and sometimes at their tears:
Secure the while, he mock'd at Fortune's frown,
And when she threaten'd, bade her hang or drown!
Superfluous then, or fatal, is the prayer,
Which, to the Immortals' knees, we fondly bear.
Some, POWER hurls headlong from her envied height,
Some, the broad tablet, flashing on the sight,
With titles, names: the statues, tumbled down,
Are dragg'd by hooting thousands through the town;
The brazen cars torn rudely from the yoke,
And, with the blameless steeds, to shivers broke—
Then roar the fires! the sooty artist blows,
And all Sejanus in the furnace glows;
Sejanus, once so honour'd, so adored,
And only second to the world's great lord,
Runs glittering from the mould, in cups and cans,
Basons and ewers, plates, pitchers, pots and pans.
"Crown all your doors with bay, triumphant bay!
Sacred to Jove, the milkwhite victim slay;
For lo! where great Sejanus by the throng,
A joyful spectacle! is dragg'd along.
What lips! what cheeks! hah, traitour!—for my part,

Hunc hominem. Sed quo cecidit sub crimine? quisnam
Delator; quibus indiciis, quo teste probavit?
Nil horum: verbosa et grandis epistola venit
A Capreis. Bene habet; nil plus interrogo. Sed quid
Turba Remi? Sequitur fortunam, ut semper, et odit
Damnatos. Idem populus, si Nurtia Tusco
Favisset, si oppressa foret secura senectus
Principis, hac ipsa Sejanum diceret hora
Augustum. Jampridem, ex quo suffragia nulli
Vendimus, effudit curas. Nam qui dabat olim
Imperium, fasces, legiones, omnia, nunc se
Continet atque duas tantum rex anxius optat,
Panem et Circenses. Perituros audio multos.
Nil dubium; magna est fornacula: pallidulus mi
Brutidius meus ad Martis fuit obvius aram.
Quam timeo, victus ne poenas exigat Ajax,
Ut male defensus! Curramus praecipites et,
Dum jacet in ripa, calcemus Caesaris hostem.
Sed videant servi, ne quis neget et pavidum in jus
Cervice obstricta dominum trahat. Hi sermones
Tunc de Sejano, secreta haec murmura vulgi.
Visne salutari sicut Sejanus? habere

I never loved the fellow—in my heart."
'But tell me; Why, was he adjudged to bleed?
And who discover'd? and who proved the deed?'
"Proved!—a huge, wordy letter came to-day
From Capreae." Good! what think the people? They!
They follow fortune, as of old, and hate,
With their whole souls, the victim of the state.
Yet would the herd, thus zealous, thus on fire,
Had Nurscia met the Tuscan's fond desire,
And crush'd the unwary prince, have all combined,
And hail'd Sejanus, MASTER OF MANKIND!
For since their votes have been no longer bought,
All publick care has vanish'd from their thought;
And those who once, with unresisted sway,
Gave armies, empire, every thing, away,
For two poor claims have long renounced the whole,
And only ask,—the Circus and the Dole.
"But there are more to suffer." 'So I find;
A fire so fierce, for one was ne'er design'd.
I met my friend Brutidius, and I fear,
From his pale looks, he thinks there's danger near.
What, if this Ajax, in his frenzy, strike,
Suspicious of our zeal, at all alike!'
"True: fly we then, our loyalty to show;
And trample on the carcase of his foe,
While yet exposed, on Tiber's banks it lies"—
'But let our slaves be there,' another cries:
"Yes; let them (lest our ardour they forswear,
And drag us, pinion'd, to the Bar,) be there."
Thus of the favourite's fall the converse ran,
And thus the whisper pass'd from man to man.
Lured by the splendour of his happier hour,

Tantundem, atque illi summas donare curules,
Illum exercitibus praeponere? tutor haberi
Principis angusta Caprearum in rupe sedentis
Cum grege Chaldaeo? Vis certe pila, cohortes,
Egregios equites et castra domestica. Quidni
Haec cupias? et qui nolunt occidere quemquam,
Posse volunt. Sed quae praeclara et prospera tanti,
Ut rebus laetis par sit mensura malorum?
Hujus, qui trahitur, praetextam sumere mavis,
An Fidenarum Gabiorumque esse potestas
Et de mensura jus dicere, vasa minora
Frangere, pannosus vacuis Aedilis Ulubris?
Ergo quid optandum foret, ignorasse fateris
Sejanum: nam qui nimios optabat honores
Et nimias poscebat opes, numerosa parabat
Excelsae turris tabulata, unde altior esset
Casus et impulsae praeceps immane ruinae.
Quid Crassos, quid Pompeios evertit? et illum,
Ad sua qui domitos deduxit flagra Quirites?
Summus nempe locus nulla non arte petitus
Magnaque numinibus vota exaudita malignis.
Ad generum Cereris sine caede ac vulnere pauci
Descendunt reges et sicca morte tyranni.

Wouldst thou possess Sejanus' wealth and power;
See crowds of suppliants at thy levee wait,
Give this to sway the army, that the state;
And keep a prince in ward, retired to reign,
O'er Capreae's crags, with his Chaldean train?
Yes, yes, thou wouldst (for I can read thy breast)
Enjoy that favour which he once possest,
Assume all offices, grasp all commands,
The Imperial Horse, and the Praetorian Bands.
'Tis nature, this; even those who want the will,
Pant for the dreadful privilege to kill:
Yet what delight can rank and power bestow,
Since every joy is balanced by its woe!
—Still wouldst thou choose the favourite's purple, say?
Or, thus forewarn'd, some paltry hamlet sway?
At Gabii, or Fidenae, rules propound,
For faulty measures, and for wares unsound;
And take the tarnish'd robe, and petty state,
Of poor Ulubrae's ragged magistrate?—
You grant me then, Sejanus grossly err'd,
Nor knew what prayer his folly had preferr'd:
For when he begg'd for too much wealth and power,
Stage above stage, he raised a tottering tower,
And higher still, and higher; to be thrown,
With louder crash, and wider ruin down!
What wrought the Crassi, what the Pompeys' doom,
And His, who bow'd the stubborn neck of Rome?
What but the wild, the unbounded wish to rise,
Heard, in malignant kindness, by the skies!
Few kings, few tyrants, find a bloodless end,
Or to the grave, without a wound, descend.
The child, with whom a trusty slave is sent,

Eloquium ac famam Demosthenis aut Ciceronis
Incipit optare et totis Quinquatribus optat,
Quisquis adhuc uno parcam colit asse Minervam,
Quem sequitur custos angustae vernula capsae.
Eloquio sed uterque perit orator: utrumque
Largus et exundans leto dedit ingenii fons.
Ingenio manus est et cervix caesa; nec unquam
Sanguine causidici maduerunt rostra pusilli.
"O fortunatam natam me consule Romam!"
Antoni gladios potuit contemnere, si sic
Omnia dixisset. Ridenda poemata malo,
Quam te conspicuae, divina Philippica, famae,
Volveris a prima quae proxima. Saevus et illum
Exitus eripuit, quem mirabantur Athenae
Torrentem et pleni moderantem frena theatri.
Dis ille adversis genitus fatoque sinistro,
Quem pater, ardentis massae fuligine lippus,
A carbone et forcipibus gladiosque parante
Incude et luteo Vulcano ad rhetora misit.
Bellorum exuviae, truncis affixa tropaeis

Charged with his little scrip, has scarcely spent
His mite at school, ere all his bosom glows
With the fond hope he never more foregoes,
To reach Demosthenes' or Tully's name,
Rival of both in eloquence and fame!—
Yet by this eloquence, alas! expired
Each orator, so envied, so admired!
Yet by the rapid and resistless sway
Of torrent genius, each was swept away!
Genius, for that, the baneful potion sped,
And lopt, from this, the hands and gory head:
While meaner pleaders unmolested stood,
Nor stain'd the rostrum with their wretched blood,
"*How fortunate a natal day was thine,*
In that late consulate, O Rome, of mine!"
Oh, soul of eloquence! had all been found,
An empty vaunt, like this, a jingling sound,
Thou mightst, in peace, thy humble fame have borne,
And laugh'd the swords of Antony to scorn!
Yet this would I prefer, the common jest,
To that which fired the fierce triumvir's breast,
That second scroll, where eloquence divine,
Burst on the ear, from every glowing line.
And he too fell, whom Athens, wondering, saw
Her fierce democracy, at will, o'erawe,
And "fulmine over Greece!" some angry Power
Scowl'd, with dire influence, on his natal hour.—
Blear'd with the glowing mass, the ambitious sire,
From anvils, sledges, bellows, tongs, and fire,
From tempering swords, his own more safe employ,
To study rhetorick, sent his hopeful boy.
The spoils of war; the trunk in triumph placed,

Lorica et fracta de casside buccula pendens
Et curtum temone jugum victaeque triremis
Aplustre et summo tristis captivus in arcu
Humanis majora bonis creduntur: ad haec se
Romanus Graiusque ac barbarus induperator
Erexit; causas discriminis atque laboris
Inde habuit. Tanto major famae sitis est, quam
Virtutis. Quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam,
Praemia si tollas? Patriam tamen obruit olim
Gloria paucorum et laudis titulique cupido
Haesuri saxis cinerum custodibus, ad quae
Discutienda valent sterilis mala robora ficus:
Quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoque fata sepulcris.
Expende Hannibalem; quot libras in duce summo
Invenies? hic est quem non capit Africa Mauro
Percussa Oceano Niloque admota tepenti,
Rursus ad Aethiopum populos aliosque elephantos.
Additur imperiis Hispania: Pyrenaeum

With all the trophies of the battle graced,
Crush'd helms, and batter'd shields; and streamers borne
From vanquish'd fleets, and beams from chariots torn;
And arcs of triumph, where the captive foe
Bends, in mute anguish, o'er the pomp below,
Are blessings, which the slaves of glory rate,
Beyond a mortal's hope, a mortal's fate!
Fired with the love of these, what countless swarms,
Barbarians, Romans, Greeks, have rush'd to arms,
All danger slighted, and all toil defied,
And madly conquer'd, or as madly died!
So much the raging thirst of fame exceeds
The generous warmth, which prompts to worthy deeds,
That none confess fair Virtue's genuine power,
Or woo her to their breast, without a dower,
Yet has this wild desire, in other days,
This boundless avarice of a few for praise,
This frantick rage for names to grace a tomb,
Involv'd whole countries in one general doom:
Vain "rage!" the roots of the wild fig-tree rise,
Strike through the marble, and their memory dies!
For, like their mouldering tenants, tombs decay,
And, with the dust they hide, are swept away.
Produce the urn that Hannibal contains,
And weigh the mighty dust which yet remains:
And is this all! Yet this was once the bold,
The aspiring chief, whom Africk could not hold,
Though stretch'd, in breadth, from where the Atlantick roars,
To distant Nilus, and his sun-burnt shores;
In length, from Carthage to the burning zone,
Where other moors, and elephants are known.
—Spain conquer'd, o'er the Pyrenees he bounds.

Transilit. Opposuit natura Alpemque nivemque:
Diducit scopulos et montem rumpit aceto.
Jam tenet Italiam: tamen ultra pergere tendit.
Actum, inquit, nihil est, nisi Poeno milite portas
Frangimus et media vexillum pono Subura.
(O qualis facies et quali digna tabella,
Quum Gaetula ducem portaret belua luscum?)
Exitus ergo quis est? O gloria! vincitur idem
Nempe et in exsilium praeceps fugit atque ibi magnus
Mirandusque cliens sedet ad praetoria regis,
Donec Bithyno libeat vigilare tyranno.
Finem animae, quae res humanas miscuit olim,
Non gladii, non saxa dabunt, nec tela: sed ille
Cannarum vindex ac tanti sanguinis ultor,
Annulus. I, demens, et saevas curre per Alpes,
Ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias!
Unus Pellaeo juveni non sufficit orbis:
Aestuat infelix angusto limite mundi,
Ut Gyarae clausus scopulis parvaque Seripho:
Quum tamen a figulis munitam intraverit urbem,
Sarcophago contentus erit. Mors sola fatetur,

Nature opposed her everlasting mounds,
Her Alps, and snows; o'er these, with torrent force,
He pours, and rends through rocks his dreadful course.
Already at his feet Italia lies;—
Yet thundering on, "Think nothing done," he cries,
"Till Rome, proud Rome, beneath my fury falls,
And Africk's standards float along her walls!"
Big words!—but view his figure! view his face!
O, for some master-hand the lines to trace,
As through the Etrurian swamps, by floods increast,
The one-eyed chief urged his Getulian beast!
But what ensued? Illusive Glory, say.
Subdued on Zama's memorable day,
He flies in exile to a petty state,
With headlong haste; and, at a despot's gate,
Sits, mighty suppliant! of his life in doubt,
Till the Bithynian's morning nap be out.
Nor swords, nor spears, nor stones from engines hurl'd,
Shall quell the man whose frown alarm'd the world:
The vengeance due to Cannae's fatal field,
And floods of human gore, a ring shall yield!—
Fly, madman, fly! at toil and danger mock,
Pierce the deep snow, and scale the eternal rock,
To please the rhetoricians, and become
A DECLAMATION—for the boys of Rome!
One world, the ambitious youth of Pella found
Too small; and toss'd his feverish limbs around,
And gasp'd for breath, as if immured the while,
In Gyarae, or Seripho's rocky isle:
But entering Babylon, found ample room,
Within the narrow limits of a tomb!
Death, the great teacher, Death alone proclaims,

Quantula sint hominum corpuscula. Creditur olim
Velificatus Athos et quidquid Graecia mendax
Audet in historia: constratum classibus isdem
Suppositumque rotis solidum mare: credimus altos
Defecisse amnes epotaque flumina, Medo
Prandente, et madidis cantat quae Sostratus alis.
Ille tamen qualis rediit Salamine relicta,
In Corum atque Eurum solitus saevire flagellis
Barbarus, Aeolio nunquam hoc in carcere passos,
Ipsum compedibus qui vinxerat Ennosigaeum?
(Mitius id sane, quod non et stigmate dignum
Credidit. Huic quisquam vellet servire Deorum!)
Sed qualis rediit? nempe una nave, cruentis
Fluctibus ac tarda per densa cadavera prora.
Has totiens optata exegit gloria poenas!
Da spatium vitae, multos da, Jupiter, annos;
Hoc recto vultu, solum hoc et pallidus optas.
Sed quam continuis et quantis longa senectus
Plena malis! Deformem et tetrum ante omnia vultum
Dissimilemque sui, deformem pro cute pellem
Pendentesque genas et tales aspice rugas,
Quales, umbriferos ubi pandit Tabraca saltus,
In vetula scalpit jam mater simia bucca.
Plurima sunt juvenum discrimina: pulcrior ille

The true dimensions of our puny frames.
The daring tales, in Grecian story found,
Were once believed:—of Athos sail'd around,
Of fleets, that bridges o'er the waves supplied,
Of chariots, rolling on the steadfast tide,
Of lakes exhausted, and of rivers quaft,
By countless nations, at a morning's draught,
And all that Sostratus so wildly sings,
Besotted poet, of the king of kings.
But how return'd he, say? this soul of fire,
This proud barbarian, whose impatient ire
Chastised the winds, that disobey'd his nod,
With stripes, ne'er suffer'd from the Aeolian god;
Fetter'd the Shaker of the sea and land—
But, in pure clemency, forbore to brand!
And sure, if aught can touch the Powers above,
This calls for all their service, all their love!—
But how return'd he? say;—His navy lost,
In a small bark he fled the hostile coast,
And, urged by terrour, drove his labouring prore,
Through floating carcases, and floods of gore.
So Xerxes sped, so speed the conquering race;
They catch at glory, and they clasp disgrace!
"LIFE! LENGTH OF LIFE!" For this, with earnest cries,
Or sick or well, we supplicate the skies.
Pernicious prayer! for mark what ills attend,
Still, on the old, as to the grave they bend:
A ghastly visage, to themselves unknown,
For a smooth skin, a hide with scurf o'ergrown,
And such a cheek, as many a grandam ape,
In Tabraca's thick woods, is seen to scrape.
Strength, beauty, and a thousand charms beside,

Hoc, atque ille alio; multum hic robustior illo.
Una senum facies, cum voce trementia membra
Et jam leve caput madidique infantia nasi.
Frangendus misero gingiva panis inermi:
Usque adeo gravis uxori natisque sibique,
Ut captatori moveat fastidia Cosso.
Non eadem vini atque cibi, torpente palato,
Gaudia; nam coitus jam longa oblivio; vel si
Coneris, jacet exiguus cum ramice nervus
Et, quamvis tota palpetur nocte, jacebit.
Anne aliquid sperare potest haec inguinis aegri
Canities? quid? quod merito suspecta libido est,
Quae Venerem affectat sine viribus. Aspice partis
Nunc damnum alterius: nam quae cantante voluptas,
Sit licet eximius citharoedus sitve Seleucus,
Et quibus aurata mos est fulgere lacerna?
Quid refert, magni sedeat qua parte theatri,
Qui vix cornicines exaudiet atque tubarum
Concentus? clamore opus est, ut sentiat auris,
Quem dicat venisse puer, quot nuntiet horas.
Praeterea minimus gelido jam in corpore sanguis
Febre calet sola; circumsilit agmine facto
Morborum omne genus: quorum si nomina quaeras

With sweet distinction, youth from youth divide;
While age presents one universal face:
A faltering voice, a weak and trembling pace,
An ever-dropping nose, a forehead bare,
And toothless gums to mumble o'er its fare.
Poor wretch! behold him, tottering to his fall,
So loathsome to himself, wife, children, all,
That those who hoped the legacy to share,
And flatter'd long—disgusted, disappear.
The sluggish palate dull'd, the feast no more
Excites the same sensations as of yore;
Taste, feeling, all, a universal blot,
And e'en the rites of love remember'd not:
Or if,—through the long night he feebly strives,
To raise a flame where not a spark survives:
While Venus marks the effort with distrust,
And hates the gray decrepitude of lust.
Another loss!—no joy can song inspire,
Though famed Seleucus lead the warbling quire:
The sweetest airs escape him; and the lute,
Which thrills the general ear, to him is mute.—
He sits, perhaps, too distant: bring him near;
Alas! 'tis still the same: he scarce can hear
The deep-toned horn, the trumpet's clanging sound,
And the loud blast which shakes the benches round.
Even at his ear, his slave must bawl the hour,
And shout the comer's name, with all his power!
Add that a fever only, warms his veins,
And thaws the little blood which yet remains:
That ills of every kind, and every name,
Rush in, and seize the unresisting frame.
Ask you how many? I could sooner say,

Promptius expediam, quot amaverit Hippia moechos,
Quot Themison aegros autumno occiderit uno,
Quot Basilus socios, quot circumscripserit Hirrus
Pupillos, quot longa viros exsorbeat uno
Maura die, quot discipulos inclinet Hamillus;
Percurram citius, quot villas possideat nunc,
Quo tondente gravis juveni mihi barba sonabat.
Ille humero, hic lumbis, hic coxa debilis; ambos
Perdidit ille oculos et luscis invidet; hujus
Pallida labra cibum accipiunt digitis alienis;
Ipse ad conspectum coenae diducere rictum
Suetus, hiat tantum, ceu pullus hirundinis, ad quem
Ore volat pleno mater jejuna. Sed omni
Membrorum damno major dementia, quae nec
Nomina servorum, nec vultum agnoscit amici,
Cum quo praeterita coenavit nocte, nec illos,
Quos genuit, quos eduxit. Nam codice saevo
Heredes vetat esse suos; bona tota feruntur
Ad Phialen: tantum artificis valet halitus oris,
Quod steterat multis in carcere fornicis annis.
Ut vigeant sensus animi, ducenda tamen sunt
Funera natorum, rogus aspiciendus amatae
Conjugis et fratris plenaeque sororibus urnae.
Haec data poena diu viventibus, ut renovata

How many drudges Hippia kept in pay,
How many orphans Basilus beguiled,
How many pupils Haemolus defiled,
How many men long Maura overmatch'd,
How many patients Themison dispatch'd,
In one short autumn; nay, perhaps, record,
How many villas call my quondam barber lord!
These their shrunk shoulders, those their hams bemoan,
This hath no eyes, and envies that with one:
This takes, as helpless at the board he stands,
His food, with bloodless lips, from others' hands;
While that, whose eager jaws, instinctive, spread
At every feast, gapes feebly to be fed,
Like Progne's brood, when, laden with supplies,
From bill to bill, the fasting mother flies.
But other ills, and worse, succeed to those:
His limbs long since were gone; his memory goes.
Poor driveller! he forgets his servants quite,
Forgets, at morn, with whom he supp'd at night;
Forgets the children he begot and bred;
And makes a strumpet heiress in their stead.—
So much avails it the rank arts to use,
Gain'd, by long practice, in the loathsome stews!
But grant his senses unimpair'd remain;
Still woes on woes succeed, a mournful train!
He sees his sons, his daughters, all expire,
His faithful consort on the funeral pyre,
Sees brothers, sisters, friends, to ashes turn,
And all he loved, or loved him, in their urn.
Lo here, the dreadful fine we ever pay,
For life protracted to a distant day!
To see our house by sickness, pain pursued,

Semper clade domus, multis in luctibus inque
Perpetuo moerore et nigra veste senescant.
Rex Pylius, magno si quidquam credis Homero,
Exemplum vitae fuit a cornice secundae.
Felix nimirum, qui tot per saecula mortem
Distulit atque suos jam dextra computat annos
Quique novum totiens mustum bibit. Oro, parumper
Attendas, quantum de legibus ipse queratur
Fatorum et nimio de stamine, quum videt acris
Antilochi barbam ardentem; quum quaerit ab omni,
Quisquis adest socius, cur haec in tempora duret,
Quod facinus dignum tam longo admiserit aevo?
Haec eadem Peleus, raptum quum luget Achillem,
Atque alius, cui fas Ithacum lugere natantem.
Incolumi Troja Priamus venisset ad umbras
Assaraci, magnis solennibus, Hectore funus
Portante ac reliquis fratrum cervicibus inter
Iliadum lacrimas, ut primos edere planctus
Cassandra inciperet scissaque Polyxena palla,
Si foret extinctus diverso tempore, quo non

And scenes of death incessantly renew'd:
In sable weeds to waste the joyless years,
And drop, at last, mid solitude and tears!
The Pylian's (if we credit Homer's page)
Was only second to the raven's age.
"O happy, sure, beyond the common rate,
Who warded off, so long, the stroke of fate!
Who told his years by centuries, who so oft
Quaff'd the new must! O happy, sure"—But, soft.
This "happy" man of destiny complain'd,
Curs'd his gray hairs, and every god arraign'd;
What time he lit the pyre, with streaming eyes,
And, in dark volumes, saw the flames arise
Round his Antilochus:—"Tell me," he cried,
To every friend who linger'd at his side,
"Tell me what crimes have roused the Immortals' hate,
That thus, in vengeance, they protract my date?"
So question'd heaven Laertes—Peleus so—
(Their hoary heads bow'd to the grave with woe)
While This bewail'd his son, at Ilium slain;
That his, long wandering o'er the faithless main.
While Troy yet flourish'd, had her Priam died,
With what solemnity, what funeral pride,
Had he descended, every duty paid,
To old Assaracus, illustrious shade!—
Hector himself, bedew'd with many a tear,
Had join'd his brothers to support the bier;
And Troy's dejected dames, a numerous train,
Follow'd in sable pomp, and wept amain,
As sad Polyxena her pall had rent,
And wild Cassandra raised the loud lament:
Had he but fall'n, ere his adulterous boy

Coeperat audaces Paris aedificare carinas.
Longa dies igitur quid contulit? omnia vidit
Eversa et flammis Asiam ferroque cadentem.
Tunc miles tremulus posita tulit arma tiara
Et ruit ante aram summi Jovis, ut vetulus bos,
Qui domini cultris tenue et miserabile collum
Praebet, ab ingrato jam fastiditus aratro.
Exitus ille utcunque hominis: sed torva canino
Latravit rictu, quae post hunc vixerat, uxor.
Festino ad nostros, et regem transeo Ponti
Et Croesum, quem vox justi facunda Solonis
Respicere ad longae jussit spatia ultima vitae.
Exsilium et carcer Minturnarumque paludes
Et mendicatus victa Carthagine panis
Hinc causas habuere. Quid illo cive tulisset
Natura in terris, quid Roma beatius unquam,
Si, circumducto captivorum agmine et omni
Bellorum pompa, animam exhalasset opimam,
Quum de Teutonico vellet descendere curru?
Provida Pompeio dederat Campania febres
Optandas: sed multae urbes et publica vota

Spread his bold sails, and left the shores of Troy.
But what did lengthen'd life avail the sire?
To see his realm laid waste by sword and fire.
Then too, too late, the feeble soldier tried
Unequal arms, and flung his crown aside;
Totter'd, his children's murderer to repel,
With trembling haste, and at Jove's altar fell,
Fell without effort; like the steer, that, now,
Time-worn and weak, and, by the ungrateful plough,
Spurn'd forth to slaughter, to the master's knife,
Yields his shrunk veins, and miserable life.
His end, however, was human; while his mate,
Doom'd, in a brute, to drain the dregs of fate,
Pursued the foes of Troy from shore to shore,
And bark'd, and howl'd at those she curs'd before.
I pass, while hastening to the Roman page,
The Pontick king, and Croesus, whom the Sage
Wisely forbad in fortune to confide,
Or take the name of HAPPY, till he died.
That Marius, exiled from his native plains,
Was hid in fens, discover'd, bound in chains;
That, bursting these, to Africa he fled,
And, through the realms he conquer'd, begg'd his bread,
Arose from age, from treacherous age alone:
For what had Rome, or earth, so happy known,
Had he, in that blest moment, ceased to live,
When, graced with all that Victory could give,
"Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,"
He first alighted from his Cimbrian car!
Campania, prescient of her Pompey's fate,
Sent a kind fever to arrest his date:
When lo! a thousand suppliant altars rise,

Vicerunt. Igitur Fortuna ipsius et Urbis
Servatum victo caput abstulit. Hoc cruciatu
Lentulus, hac poena caruit ceciditque Cethegus
Integer, et jacuit Catilina cadavere toto.

Formam optat modico pueris, majore puellis
Murmure, quum Veneris fanum videt, anxia mater
Usque ad delicias votorum. Cur tamen, inquit,
Corripias? Pulcra gaudet Latona Diana.
Sed vetat optari faciem Lucretia, qualem
Ipsa habuit: cuperet Rutilae Virginia gibbum
Accipere atque suam Rutilae dare. Filius autem
Corporis egregii miseros trepidosque parentes
Semper habet. Rara est adeo concordia formae
Atque pudicitiae. Sanctos licet horrida mores
Tradiderit domus ac veteres imitata Sabinos,
Praeterea castum ingenium vultumque modesto
Sanguine ferventem tribuat natura benigna
Larga manu; (quid enim puero conferre potest plus
Custode et cura natura potentior omni?)
I nunc et juvenis specie laetare tui! quem
Majora expectant discrimina? fiet adulter

And publick prayers obtain him of the skies.
Ill done! that head, thus rescued from the grave,
His Evil Fate and ours, by Nilus' wave,
Lopt from the trunk:—such mutilation dire,
Cornelius 'scaped; Cethegus fell entire;
And Cataline press'd, whole, the funeral pyre.

Whene'er the fane of Venus meets her eye,
The anxious mother breathes a secret sigh,
For handsome boys; but asks, with bolder prayer,
That all her girls be exquisitely fair!
"And wherefore not? Latona in the sight
Of Dian's beauty, took unblamed delight."
True, but Lucretia curs'd her fatal charms,
When spent with struggling in a Tarquin's arms;
And poor Virginia would have changed her grace,
For Rutila's crook'd back, and homely face.
"But boys may still be fair?" No; they destroy
Their parents' peace, and murder all their joy;
For rarely do we meet, in one combined,
A beauteous body and a virtuous mind,
Though, through the rugged line, there still has run,
A Sabine sanctity, from sire to son.—
Besides, should nature, in her kindest mood,
Confer the ingenuous flush of modest blood,
The disposition chaste as unsunn'd snow—
(And what can nature more than these bestow,
These, which no art, no care can give?)—even then,
They cannot hope, they must not, to be men!

Go now, and triumph in your beauteous boy,
Your Ganymede! whom other ills annoy,
And other dangers wait: his graces known,
He stands profess'd, the favourite of the town;

Publicus et poenas metuet, quascunque maritus
Exigit iratus; nec erit felicior astro
Martis, ut in laqueos nunquam incidat. Exigit autem
Interdum ille dolor plus, quam lex ulla dolori
Concessit. Necat hic ferro, secat ille cruentis
Verberibus, quosdam moechos et mugilis intrat.
Sed tuus Endymion dilectae fiet adulter
Matronae: mox quum dederit Servilia nummos,
Fiet et illius, quam non amat: exuet omnem
Corporis ornatum. Quid enim ulla negaverit udis
Inguinibus, sive est haec Oppia, sive Catulla?
Deterior totos habet illic femina mores.
Sed casto quid forma nocet? Quid profuit immo
Hippolyto grave propositum? quid Bellerophonti?
Erubuit nempe haec, ceu fastidita, repulsa,
Nec Stheneboea minus, quam Cressa, excanduit, et se
Concussere ambae. Mulier saevissima tunc est,
Quum stimulos odio pudor admovet. Elige, quidnam
Suadendum esse putes, cui nubere Caesaris uxor
Destinat. Optimus hic et formosissimus idem

And dreads, incessant dreads, on every hand,
The vengeance which a husband's wrongs demand:
For sure detection follows soon or late;
Born under Mars, he cannot 'scape his fate.
Oft on the adulterer too, the furious spouse
Inflicts worse evils than the law allows;
By blows, stripes, gashes some are robb'd of breath,
And others, by the mullet, rack'd to death.
"But my Endymion will more lucky prove,
And serve a beauteous mistress, all for love."
No; he will soon to ugliness be sold,
And serve a toothless grandam, all for gold.
Servilia will not lose him; jewels, clothes,
All, all she sells, and all on him bestows;
For women nought to the dear youth deny,
Or think his labours can be bought too high:
When love's the word, the naked sex appear,
And every niggard is a spendthrift here.
"But if my boy with virtue be endued,
What harm will beauty do him? Nay, what good?
Say, what avail'd, of old, to Theseus' son,
The stern resolve? what, to Bellerophon?—
O, then did Phaedra redden, then her pride
Took fire, to be so stedfastly denied!
Then, too, did Sthenoboea glow with shame,
And both burst forth with unextinguish'd flame!
A woman scorn'd is pitiless as fate,
For, there, the dread of shame adds stings to hate.
But Silius comes.—Now, be thy judgment tried:
Shall he accept, or not, the proffer'd bride,
And marry Caesar's wife? hard point, in truth:
Lo! this most noble, this most beauteous youth,

Gentis patriciae rapitur miser extinguendus
Messalinae oculis: dudum sedet illa parato
Flammeolo, Tyriusque palam genialis in hortis
Sternitur, et ritu decies centena dabuntur
Antiquo; veniet cum signatoribus auspex.
Haec tu secreta et paucis commissa putabas?
Non nisi legitime vult nubere. Quid placeat, dic:
Ni parere velis, pereundum erit ante lucernas:
Si scelus admittas, dabitur mora parvula, dum res
Nota Urbi et populo contingat Principis aures.
Dedecus ille domus sciet ultimus: interea tu
Obsequere imperio, si tanti vita dierum
Paucorum. Quidquid melius leviusque putaris,
Praebenda est gladio pulcra haec et candida cervix
Nil ergo optabunt homines? Si consilium vis,
Permittes ipsis expendere numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis rebusque sit utile nostris.
Nam pro jucundis aptissima quaeque dabunt Di.
Carior est illis homo, quam sibi. Nos animorum
Impulsu et caeca magnaque cupidine ducti
Conjugium petimus partumque uxoris: at illis
Notum, qui pueri qualisque futura sit uxor.

Is hurried off, a helpless sacrifice
To the lewd glance of Messalina's eyes!
—Haste, bring the victim: in the nuptial vest,
Already see the impatient Empress drest;
The genial couch prepared, the accustomed sum
Told out, the augurs and the notaries come.
"But why all these?" You think, perhaps, the rite
Were better, known to few, and kept from sight:
Not so the lady; she abhors a flaw,
And wisely calls for every form of law.
But what shall Silius do? refuse to wed?
A moment sees him number'd with the dead.
Consent, and gratify the eager dame?
He gains a respite, till the tale of shame,
Thro' town and country, reach the Emperour's ear,
Still sure the last—his own disgrace to hear.
Then let him, if a day's precarious life
Be worth his study, make the fair his wife;
For wed or not, poor youth, 'tis still the same,
And still the axe must mangle that fine frame!
Say then, shall man, deprived all power of choice
Ne'er raise to Heaven the supplicating voice?
Not so; but to the gods his fortunes trust:
Their thoughts are wise, their dispensations just.
What best may profit or delight they know,
And real good for fancied bliss bestow:
With eyes of pity they our frailties scan;
More dear to them, than to himself, is man.
By blind desire, by headlong passion driven,
For wife and heirs we daily weary Heaven;
Yet still 'tis Heaven's prerogative to know,
If heirs, or wife, will bring us weal or woe.

Ut tamen et poscas aliquid voveasque sacellis
Exta et candiduli divina tomacula porci;
Orandum est, ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.
Fortem posce animum, mortis terrore carentem,
Qui spatium vitae extremum inter munera ponat
Naturae, qui ferre queat quoscunque labores,
Nesciat irasci, cupiat nihil et potiores
Herculis aerumnas credat saevosque labores
Et Venere et coenis et pluma Sardanapali.
Monstro quod ipse tibi possis dare: semita certe
Tranquillae per virtutem patet unica vitae.
Nullum numen habes, si sit prudentia; nos te,
Nos facimus, Fortuna, Deam coeloque locamus.

But, (for 'tis good or humble hope to prove,)
That thou mayst, still, ask something, from above;
Thy pious offerings to the temple bear,
And, while the altars blaze, be this thy prayer.
O THOU, who know'st the wants of human kind,
Vouchsafe me health of body, health of mind;
A soul prepared to meet the frowns of fate,
And look undaunted on a future state;
That reckons death a blessing, yet can bear
Existence nobly, with its weight of care;
That anger and desire alike restrains,
And counts Alcides' toils, and cruel pains,
Superiour far to banquets, wanton nights,
And all the Assyrian monarch's soft delights!
Here bound, at length, thy wishes. I but teach,
What blessings man, by his own powers, may reach.
THE PATH TO PEACE IS VIRTUE. We should see,
If wise, O Fortune, nought divine in thee:
But we have deified a name alone,
And fix'd in heaven thy visionary throne!

ARGUMENT OF THE ELEVENTH SATIRE

JUVENAL is inviting Persicus to dinner; he begins by ridiculing and condemning the gluttony and extravagance of those who spend their all in riotous living and are reduced to bankruptcy in consequence; "know thyself"—know how far to go, and where to stop—should be the principle of the prudent man's life. His own practice agrees with his precept: Persicus will find a simple and homely meal, such as the rude forefathers of Rome might have eaten in the days when luxury had not yet put virtue to flight; he will be served by modest boys from the country, not by pampered Eastern slaves; Homer and Virgil, not a wanton ballet, shall amuse him after dinner. Only let him put off all care before he comes. The satire is in fact a series of reflections upon past and present modes of life, a comparison between the proverbial innocence and vigour of early Rome and the enervated atmosphere of Juvenal's time, together with an attractive picture of Juvenal's own style of life.

Atticus eximie si coenat, lautus habetur ;
Si Rutilus, demens. Quid enim majore cachinno
Excipitur vulgi, quam pauper Apicius ? Omnis
Convictus, thermae, stationes, omne theatrum
De Rutilo. Nam dum valida ac juvenilia membra
Sufficiunt galeae dumque ardet sanguine, fertur
(Non cogente quidem, sed nec prohibente tribuno,)
Scripturus leges et regia verba lanistae.
Multos porro vides, quos saepe elusus ad ipsum
Creditor introitum solet expectare macelli
Et quibus in solo vivendi causa palato est.
Egregius coenat meliusque miserrimus horum
Et cito casurus jam perlucente ruina.
Interea gustus elementa per omnia quaerunt,
Nunquam animo pretiis obstantibus. Interius si
Attendas, magis illa juvant, quae pluris emuntur.
Ergo haud difficile est perituram arcessere summam,
Lancibus oppositis vel matris imagine fracta,
Et quadringentis nummis condire gulosum
Fictile. Sic veniunt ad miscellanea ludi.
Refert ergo, quis haec eadem paret : in Rutilo nam

If Atticus in sumptuous fare delight,
'Tis taste: if Rutilus, 'tis madness quite:
And what diverts the sneering rabble more
Than an Apicius miserably poor?
In every company, go where you will,
Bath, forum, theatre, the talk is still
Of Rutilus!—While fit (they cry) to wield,
With firm and vigorous arm, the spear, and shield,
While his full veins beat high with youthful blood,
Forced by no tribune—yet by none withstood,
He cultivates the gladiator's trade,
And learns the imperious language of the blade.
What swarms we see of this degenerate kind!
Swarms whom their creditors can only find,
At flesh and fish-stalls:—thither they repair,
Sure, though deceived at home, to catch them there.
These live but for their palate; and, of these,
The most distress'd, (while Ruin hastes to seize
The crumbling mansion and disparting wall,)
Spread richer feasts, and riot as they fall!—
Meanwhile, ere yet the last supply be spent,
They search for dainties every element,
Awed by no price; nay, making this their boast,
And still preferring that which costs them most,
Joyous, and reckless of to-morrow's fate,
To raise a desperate sum, they pledge their plate,
Or mother's fractured image; to prepare
Yet one treat more, though but in earthen ware!
Then to the fencer's mess they come, of course,
And mount the scaffold as a last resource.
No foe to sumptuous boards, I only scan,
When such are spread, the motives, and the man,

Luxuria est, in Ventidio laudabile nomen
Sumit et a censu famam trahit. Illum ego jure
Despiciam, qui scit, quanto sublimior Atlas
Omnibus in Libya sit montibus, hic tamen idem
Ignoret, quantem ferrata distet ab arca
Sacculus. E coelo descendit Γνῶθι σεαυτὸν,
Figendum et memori tractandum pectore, sive
Conjugium quaeras, vel sacri in parte Senatus
Esse velis (nec enim loricam poscit Achillis
Thersites, in qua se traducebat Ulixes
Ancipitem), seu tu magno discrimine causam
Protegere affectas; te consule, dic tibi, qui sis,
Orator vehemens, an Curtius et Matho buccae.
Noscenda est mensura sui spectandaque rebus
In summis minimisque; etiam quum piscis emetur,
Ne mullum cupias, quum sit tibi gobio tantum
In loculis. Quis enim te, deficiente crumena
Et crescente gula, manet exitus, aere paterno
Ac rebus mersis in ventrem, fenoris atque
Argenti gravis et pecorum agrorumque capacem?
Talibus a dominis post cuncta novissimus exit
Annulus, et digito mendicat Pollio nudo.
Non praematuri cineres, nec funus acerbum

And praise or censure as I see the feast,
Or by the noble, or the beggar, drest:
In this, 'tis gluttony; in that, fit pride,
Sanctioned by wealth, by station dignified.—
Whip me the fool, who marks how Atlas soars
O'er every hill on Mauritania's shores,
Yet sees no difference 'twixt the coffer's hoards,
And the poor pittance a small purse affords!
Heaven sent us, "KNOW THYSELF!"—Be this imprest,
In living characters, upon thy breast,
And still revolv'd; whether a wife thou choose,
Or to the SACRED SENATE point thy views.—
Or seek'st thou rather, in some doubtful cause,
To vindicate thy country's injured laws?
Knock at thy bosom, play the censor's part,
And note with caution, what and who thou art,
An orator of force and skill profound,
Or a mere Matho, emptiness and sound!
Yes, KNOW THYSELF: in great concerns, in small,
Be this thy care, for this, my friend, is all:
Nor, when thy purse will scarce a gudgeon buy,
With fond intemperance, for turbots sigh!
O think what end awaits thee, timely think,
If thy throat widens as thy pockets shrink,
Thy throat, of all thy father's thrift could save,
Flocks, herds, and fields, the insatiable grave!—
At length, when nought remains a meal to bring,
The last poor shift, off comes the knightly ring,
And "sad Sir Pollio" begs his daily fare,
With undistinguish'd hands, and finger bare!
To these, an early grave no terrour brings.
"A short and merry life!" the spendthrift sings;

Luxuriae, sed morte magis metuenda senectus.

Hi plerumque gradus: conducta pecunia Romae

Et coram dominis consumitur: inde ubi paulum

Nescio quid superest et pallet fenoris auctor,

Qui vertere solum, Baias et ad ostrea currunt.

Cedere namque foro jam non est deterius, quam

Esquilias a ferventi migrare Subura.

Ille dolor solus patriam fugientibus, illa

Moestitia est caruisse anno Circensibus uno.

Sanguinis in facie non haeret gutta: morantur

Pauci ridiculum et fugientem ex Urbe Pudorem.

Experiere hodie, numquid pulcerrima dictu,

Persice, non praestem vita vel moribus et re;

Sed laudem siliquas occultus ganeo; pultes

Coram aliis dictem puero, sed in aure placentas.

Nam quum sis conviva mihi promissus, habebis

Evandrum, venies Tirynthius aut minor illo

Death seems to him a refuge from despair,
And far less terrible than hoary hair.
Mark now the progress of their rapid fate!
Money, (regardless of the monthly rate,)
On every side, they borrow, and apace,
Waste what is raised before the lender's face:
Then, while they yet some wretched remnant hold,
And the pale usurer trembles for his gold,
They wisely sicken for the country air,
And flock to Baiae, Ostia, Jove knows where.—
For now 'tis held (so rife the evil's grown)
No greater shame, for debt, to flee the town,
Than from the throng'd Suburra to remove,
In dogdays, to the Esquilian shades above.
One thought alone,—what time they leave behind,
Friends, country, all, weighs heavy on their mind,
One thought alone, for twelve long months to lose,
The dear delights of Rome, the publick shows!
Where sleeps the modest blood! In all our veins,
No conscious drop, to form a blush, remains:
Shame, from the town, derided, speeds her way,
And few, alas! solicit her to stay.
Enough: to-day my Persicus shall see,
Whether my precepts with my life agree;
Whether, with feign'd austerity, I prize
The spare repast, a glutton in disguise!
Bawl for coarse pottage, that my friends may hear,
But whisper "sweetmeats!" in my servant's ear.
For since, by promise, you are now my guest,
Know, I invite you to no sumptuous feast,
But to such simple fare, as long, long since,
The good Evander bade the Trojan prince.

Hospes et ipse tamen contingens sanguine coelum ;
Alter aquis, alter flammis ad sidera missus.
Fercula nunc audi nullis ornata macellis :
De Tiburtino veniet pinguissimus agro
Haedulus et toto grege mollior, inscius herbae,
Necdum ausus virgas humilis mordere salicti,
Qui plus lactis habet, quam sanguinis ; et montani
Asparagi, posito quos legit villica fuso.
Grandia praeterea tortoque calentia foeno
Ova adsunt ipsis cum matribus et servatae
Parte anni, quales fuerant in vitibus, uvae :
Signinum Syriumque pyrum, de corbibus isdem
Aemula Picenis et odoris mala recentis,
Nec metuenda tibi, siccatum frigore postquam
Autumnum et crudi posuere pericula suci.
Haec olim nostri jam luxuriosa Senatus
Coena fuit. Curius, parvo quae legerat horto,
Ipse focis brevibus ponebat oluscula, quae nunc
Squalidus in magna fastidit compede fossor,
Qui meminit, calidae sapiat quid vulva popinae.
Sicci terga suis, rara pendentia crate,
Moris erat quondam festis servare diebus
Et natalitium cognatis ponere lardum,

Come then, my friend, you will not, sure, despise
The food that pleased the offspring of the skies;
Come, and while fancy brings past times to view,
I'll think myself the king, the hero you.
Take now your bill of fare: my simple board,
Is with no dainties from the market stored,
But dishes, all my own. From Tibur's stock,
A kid shall come, the fattest of the flock,
The tenderest too, and yet too young to browse
The thistle's shoots, the willow's watery boughs,
With more of milk than blood; and pullets drest
With new-laid eggs, yet tepid from the nest,
And sperage wild, which, from the mountain's side,
My housemaid left her spindle, to provide;
And grapes long kept, yet pulpy still, and fair,
And the rich Signian and the Syrian pear;
And apples, that in flavour and in smell,
The boasted Picene equal, or excel;—
Nor need you fear, my friend, their liberal use,
For age has mellow'd and improved their juice.
How homely this! and yet this homely fare,
A senator would, once, have counted rare;
When the good Curius thought it no disgrace,
O'er a few sticks a little pot to place,
With herbs by his small garden-plot supplied—
Food, which the squalid wretch would now deride,
Who digs in fetters, and, with fond regret,
The tavern's savoury dish remembers yet!
Time was, when, on the rack, a man would lay
The season'd flitch, against a solemn day;
And think the friends who met, with decent mirth,
To celebrate the hour which gave him birth,

Accedente nova, si quam dabat hostia, carne.
Cognatorum aliquis titulo ter Consulis atque
Castrorum imperiis et Dictatoris honore
Functus ad has epulas solito maturius ibat
Erectum domito referens a monte ligonem.
Quum tremerent autem Fabios durumque Catonem
Et Scauros et Fabricios, postremo severos
Censoris mores etiam collega timeret;
Nemo inter curas et seria duxit habendum,
Qualis in Oceani fluctu testudo nataret,
Clarum Trojugenis factura ac nobile fulcrum:
Sed nudo latere et parvis frons aerea lectis
Vile coronati caput ostendebat aselli,
Ad quod lascivi ludebant ruris alumni.
Tales ergo cibi, qualis domus atque supellex.
Tunc rudis et Graias mirari nescius artes,
Urbibus eversis, praedarum in parte reperta
Magnorum artificum frangebat pocula miles,
Ut phaleris gauderet equus, caelataque cassis

On this, and what of fresh the altars spared,
(For altars then were honour'd,) nobly fared.
Some kinsman, who had camps and senates sway'd,
Had thrice been consul, once dictator made,
From publick cares retired, would gaily haste,
Before the wonted hour, to such repast,
Shouldering the spade, that, with no common toil,
Had tamed the genius of the mountain soil.—
Yes, when the world was fill'd with Rome's just fame,
And Romans trembled at the Fabian name,
The Scauran, and Fabrician; when they saw,
A censor's rigour ev'n a censor awe,
No son of Troy, e'er thought it his concern,
Or worth a moment's serious care, to learn,
What land, what sea, the fairest tortoise bred,
Whose clouded shell might best adorn his bed.—
His bed was small, and did no signs impart,
Or of the painter's or the sculptor's art,
Save where the front, cheaply inlaid with brass,
Show'd the rude features of a vine-crown'd ass;
An uncouth brute, round which his children play'd,
And laugh'd and jested at the face it made!
Briefly, his house, his furniture, his food,
Were uniformly plain, and simply good.
Then the rough soldier, yet untaught by Greece
To hang, enraptured, o'er a finish'd piece,
If haply, mid the congregated spoils,
(Proofs of his power, and guerdon of his toils,)
Some antique vase of master-hands were found,
Would dash the glittering bauble on the ground;
That, in new forms, the molten fragments drest,
Might blaze illustrious round his courser's chest,

Romuleae simulacra ferae mansuescere jussae
Imperii fato, geminos sub rupe Quirinos,
Ac nudam effigiem clypeo venientis et hasta
Pendentisque Dei perituro ostenderet hosti.
Argenti quod erat solis fulgebat in armis.
Ponebant igitur Tusco farrata catino;
Omnia tunc, quibus invideas, si lividulus sis.
Templorum quoque majestas praesentior et vox
Nocte fere media mediamque audita per Urbem,
Litore ab Oceani Gallis venientibus et Dis
Officium vatis peragentibus; his monuit nos,
Hanc rebus Latiis curam praestare solebat
Fictilis et nullo violatus Jupiter auro.
Illa domi natas nostraque ex arbore mensas
Tempora viderunt; hos lignum stabat in usus,
Annosam si forte nucem dejecerat Eurus.
At nunc divitibus coenandi nulla voluptas,
Nil rhombus, nil dama sapit, putere videnter
Unguenta atque rosae, latos nisi sustinet orbes
Grande ebur et magno sublimis pardus hiatu,

Or, flashing from his burnish'd helmet, show,
(A dreadful omen to the trembling foe,)
The mighty sire, with glittering shield and spear,
Hovering, enamour'd, o'er the sleeping fair,
The wolf, by Rome's high destinies made mild,
And, playful at her side, each wondrous child.
Thus, all the wealth those simple times could boast,
Small wealth! their horses and their arms engrost;
The rest was homely, and their frugal fare,
Cook'd without art, was serv'd in earthen ware:
Yet worthy all our envy, were the breast,
But with one spark of noble spleen, possest.
THEN shone the fanes with Majesty Divine,
A present God was felt at every shrine!
And solemn sounds, heard from the sacred walls,
At midnight's solemn hour, announced the Gauls,
Now rushing from the main; while, prompt to save,
Stood Jove, the prophet of the signs he gave!
Yet, when he thus reveal'd the will of fate,
And watch'd attentive o'er the Latian state,
His shrine, his statue, rose of humble mold,
Of artless form, and unprofaned with gold.
Those good old times no foreign tables sought;
From their own woods, the walnut tree was brought,
When withering limbs declared its pith unsound,
Or winds uptore, and stretch'd it on the ground.
But now, such strange caprice has seized the great,
They find no pleasure in the costliest treat,
Suspect the flowers a sickly scent exhale,
And think the ven'son rank, the turbot stale,
Unless wide-yawning panthers, towering high—
Enormous pedestals of ivory,

Dentibus ex illis, quos mittit porta Syenes
Et Mauri celeres et Mauro obscurior Indus,
Et quos deposuit Nabataeo belua saltu,
Jam nimios capitique graves. Hinc surgit orexis,
Hinc stomacho vires: nam pes argenteus illis,
Annulus in digito quod ferreus. Ergo superbum
Convivam caveo, qui me sibi comparat et res
Despicit exiguas. Adeo nulla uncia nobis
Est eboris, nec tessellae, nec calculus ex hac
Materia: quin ipsa manubria cultellorum
Ossea: non tamen his ulla unquam opsonia fiunt
Rancidula, aut ideo pejor gallina secatur.
Sed nec structor erit, cui cedere debeat omnis
Pergula, discipulus Trypheri doctoris, apud quem
Sumine cum magno lepus atque aper et pygargus
Et Scythicae volucres et phoenicopterus ingens
Et Gaetulus oryx hebeti lautissima ferro
Caeditur et tota sonat ulmea coena Subura.
Nec frustum capreae subducere, nec latus Afrae
Novit avis noster tirunculus ac rudis omni
Tempore et exiguae furtis imbutus ofellae.
Plebeios calices et paucis assibus emptos
Porriget incultus puer atque a frigore tutus:
Non Phryx aut Lycius, non a mangone petitus

Form'd of the teeth which Elephantis sends,
Which the dark Moor, or darker Indian vends,
Or those which, now, too heavy for the head,
The beasts in Nabathea's forest shed—
The spacious ORBS support: then they can feed,
And every dish is delicate indeed!
For silver feet are view'd with equal scorn,
As iron rings, upon the finger worn.
To me, for ever be the guest unknown,
Who, measuring my expenses by his own,
Remarks the difference with a scornful leer,
And slights my humble house, and homely cheer.
Look not to me for ivory; I have none:
My chess-board and my men are all of bone;
Nay, my knife-handles; yet, my friend, for this,
My pullets neither cut nor taste amiss.
I boast no artist, tutor'd in the school
Of learned Trypherus, to carve by rule;
Where large sow-paps of elm, and boar, and hare,
And phoenicopter, and pygargus rare,
Getulian oryx, Scythian pheasants, point,
The nice anatomy of every joint;
And dull blunt tools, severing the wooden treat,
Clatter round, and deafen all the street.
My simple lad, whose highest efforts rise,
To broil a steak, in the plain country guise,
Knows no such art; humbly content to serve,
And bring the dishes which he cannot kerve.
Another lad (for I have two to-day)
Clad, like the first, in home-spun russet gray,
Shall fill our earthen bowls: no Phrygian he,
No pamper'd attribute of luxury,

Quisquam erit, et magno. Quum posces, posce Latine.
Idem habitus cunctis, tonsi rectique capilli
Atque hodie tantum propter convivia pexi.
Pastoris duri est hic filius, ille bubulci.
Suspirat longo non visam tempore matrem
Et casulam et notos tristis desiderat haedos
Ingenui vultus puer ingenuique pudoris,
Quales esse decet, quos ardens purpura vestit.
Hic tibi vina dabit, diffusa in montibus illis,
A quibus ipse venit, quorum sub vertice lusit:
Namque una atque eadem est vini patria atque ministri.
Forsitan expectes, ut Gaditana canoro
Incipiat prurire choro plausuque probatae
Ad terram tremulo descendant clune puellae.
Spectant hoc nuptae juxta recubante marito,
Quod pudeat narrare aliquem praesentibus ipsis,
Irritamentum Veneris languentis et acres
Divitis urticae. Major tamen ista voluptas
Alterius sexus: magis ille extenditur, et mox
Auribus atque oculis concepta urina movetur.
Non capit has nugas humilis domus: audiat ille

But a rude rustick :—when you want him, speak,
And speak in Latin, for he knows not Greek.
Both go alike, with close, cropt hair, undrest,
But spruced to-day in honour of my guest;
And both were born on my estate, and one,
Is my rough shepherd's, one, my neatherd's son.
Poor youth! he mourns, with many an artless tear,
His long, long absence from his mother dear;
Sighs for his little cottage, and would fain
Meet his old playfellows, the goats, again.
Though humble be his birth, ingenuous grace
Beams from his eye, and flushes in his face;
Charming suffusion! that would well become,
The youthful offspring of the chiefs of Rome.—
He, Persicus, shall fill us wine which grew
Where first, the breath of life, the stripling drew,
On Tibur's hills;—dear hills, that, many a day,
Witness'd the transports of his infant play.
But you, perhaps, expect a wanton throng
Of Gaditanian girls, with dance and song,
To kindle loose desire: girls, that now bound
Aloft, with active grace, now, on the ground,
Quivering, alight, while peals of praise go round.
Lo! wives, beside their husbands placed, behold,
What could not in their ear, for shame, be told;
Expedients of the rich, the blood to fire,
And wake the dying embers of desire.
Behold? O, heavens! they view, with keenest gust,
These strong provocatives of jaded lust;
With every gesture feel their passions rise,
And draw in pleasure both at ears and eyes!
Such vicious fancies are too great for me.

Testarum crepitus cum verbis, nudum olido stans
Fornice mancipium quibus abstinet; ille fruatur
Vocibus obscoenis omnique libidinis arte,
Qui Lacedaemonium pytismate lubricat orbem.
Namque ibi fortunae veniam damus: alea turpis,
Turpe et adulterium mediocribus. Haec eadem illi
Omnia quum faciant, hilares nitidique vocantur.
Nostra dabunt alios hodie convivia ludos:
Conditor Iliados cantabitur atque Maronis
Altisoni dubiam facientia carmina palmam.
Quid refert, tales versus qua voce legantur?
Sed nunc dilatis averte negotia curis
Et gratam requiem dona tibi, quando licebit
Per totam cessare diem: non feneris ulla
Mentio, nec, prima si luce egressa reverti
Nocte solet, tacito bilem tibi contrahat uxor,
Humida suspectis referens multicia rugis
Vexatasque comas et vultum auremque calentem.
Protenus ante meum, quidquid dolet, exue limen:
Pone domum et servos et quidquid frangitur illis
Aut perit: ingratos ante omnia pone sodales.

Let him the wanton dance, unblushing, see,
And hear the immodest terms which, in the stews,
The veriest strumpet would disdain to use,
Whose drunken spawlings roll, tumultuous, o'er
The proud expansion of a marble floor:
For there the world a large allowance make,
And spare the folly for the fortune's sake.—
Dice, and adultery, with a small estate,
Are damning crimes; but venial, with a great;
Venial? nay, graceful: witty, gallant, brave,
And such wild tricks "as gentlemen should have!"
My feast, to-day, shall other joys afford:
Hush'd as we sit around the frugal board,
Great Homer shall his deep-toned thunder roll,
And mighty Maro elevate the soul;
Maro, who, warm'd with all the poet's fire,
Disputes the palm of victory with his sire:
Nor fear my rustick clerks; read as they will,
The bard, the bard, shall rise superiour, still!
Come then, my friend, an hour to pleasure spare,
And quit awhile your business and your care;
The day is all our own: come, and forget
Bonds, interest, all; the credit and the debt;
Nay, e'en your wife: though, with the dawning light,
She left your couch, and late return'd at night;
Though her loose hair in wild disorder flow'd,
Her eye yet glisten'd, and her cheek yet glow'd,
Her rumpled girdle busy hands exprest—
Yet, at my threshold tranquillize your breast;
There leave the thought of home, and what the haste
Of heedless slaves may, in your absence, waste;
And, what the generous spirit most offends,

Interea Megalesiacae spectacula mappae,
Idaeum solenne, colunt, similisque triumpho
Praeda caballorum Praetor sedet ac, mihi pace
Immensae nimiaeque licet si dicere plebis,
Totam hodie Romam circus capit et fragor aurem
Percutit, eventum viridis quo colligo panni.
Nam si deficeret, moestam attonitamque videres
Hanc urbem, veluti Cannarum in pulvere victis
Consulibus. Spectent juvenes, quos clamor et audax
Sponsio, quos cultae decet adsedisse puellae;
Nostra bibat vernum contracta cuticula solem
Effugiatque togam. Jam nunc in balnea, salva
Fronte, licet vadas, quanquam solida hora supersit
Ad sextam. Facere hoc non possis quinque diebus
Continuis, quia sunt talis quoque taedia vitae
Magna. Voluptates commendat rarior usus.

O, more than all, leave there, UNGRATEFUL FRIENDS.
But see! the napkin, waved aloft, proclaims
The glad commencement of the Idaean games,
And the proud praetor, in triumphal state,
Ascends his car, the arbiter of fate!
Ere this, all Rome (if 'tis, for once, allow'd,
To say all Rome, of so immense a crowd)
The Circus throngs, and—Hark! loud shouts arise—
From these, I guess the GREEN has won the prize;
For had it lost, all joy had been supprest,
And grief and horrour seized the publick breast;
As when dire Carthage forced our arms to yield,
And pour'd our noblest blood on Cannae's field.
Thither let youth, whom it befits, repair,
And seat themselves beside some favourite fair,
Wrangle, and urge the desperate bet aloud;
While we, retired from business and the crowd,
Stretch our shrunk limbs, by sunny bank or stream,
And drink, at every pore, the vernal beam.
Haste, then: for we may use our freedom now,
And bathe, an hour ere noon, with fearless brow—
Indulge for once:—Yet such delights as these,
In five short morns, would lose the power to please;
For still, the sweetest pleasures soonest cloy,
And its best flavour temperance gives to joy.

ARGUMENT OF THE TWELFTH SATIRE

JUVENAL congratulates himself and Corvinus upon the escape of their mutual friend Catullus from storm and shipwreck; dreadful were the perils through which he passed, and great the sacrifices he was forced to make in order to lighten the ship; but he won safety at last; and now Juvenal in gratitude is preparing to celebrate the glad tidings by festival and homage to the Gods. Nor is his affection for Catullus other than disinterested; he is not one of the infamous and mercenary tribe of legacy-hunters; to them he wishes the reward of their laborious avarice—wealth, length of days, and a life without love.

Natali, Corvine, die mihi dulcior haec lux,
Qua festus promissa Deis animalia cespes
Expectat; niveam Reginae ducimus agnam,
Par vellus dabitur pugnanti Gorgone Maura.
Sed procul extensum petulans quatit hostia funem,
Tarpeio servata Jovi, frontemque coruscat:
Quippe ferox vitulus, templis maturus et arae
Spargendusque mero, quem jam pudet ubera matris
Ducere, qui vexat nascenti robora cornu.
Si res ampla domi similisque affectibus esset,
Pinguior Hispulla traheretur taurus et ipsa
Mole piger nec finitima nutritus in herba,
Laeta sed ostendens Clitumni pascua sanguis
Iret et a grandi cervix ferienda ministro
Ob reditum trepidantis adhuc horrendaque passi
Nuper et incolumem sese mirantis amici.
Nam praeter pelagi casus et fulguris ictum
Evasit. Densae coelum abscondere tenebrae
Nube una, subitusque antennas impulit ignis,
Quum se quisque illo percussum crederet et mox
Attonitus nullum conferri posse putaret
Naufragium velis ardentibus. Omnia fiunt

Nor with such joy, Corvinus, I survey
My natal hour, as this auspicious day;
This day, on which the festive turf demands
The promised victims, at my willing hands.
A snow-white lamb to Juno I decree,
Another to Minerva; and to thee,
Tarpeian Jove! a steer, which, from afar,
Shakes his long rope, and meditates the war.
'Tis a fierce animal, that proudly scorns
The dug, since first he tried his budding horns
Against an oak; free mettled, and, in fine,
Fit for the knife, and sacrificial wine.
O, were my power but equal to my love,
A nobler victim should my rapture prove!
A bull high fed, and boasting in his veins,
The luscious juices of Clitumnus' plains,
Fatter than fat Hispulla, huge and slow,
Should fall, but fall beneath no common blow—
Fall for my friend, who now, from danger free,
Revolves the recent perils of the sea;
Shrinks at the roaring waves, the howling winds,
And scarcely trusts the safety which he finds!
For not the gods' inevitable fire,
The surging billows that to heaven aspire.
Alone, perdition threat; black clouds arise,
And blot out all the splendour of the skies;
Loud and more loud the thunder's voice is heard,
And sulphurous fires flash dreadful on the yard.—
Trembled the crew, and fix'd in wild amaze,
Saw the rent sails burst into sudden blaze;
While shipwreck, late so dreadful, now appear'd
A refuge from the flames, more wish'd than fear'd.

Talia, tam graviter, si quando poetica surgit
Tempestas. Genus ecce aliud discriminis: audi
Et miserere iterum: quanquam sint cetera sortis
Ejusdem: pars dira quidem, sed cognita multis
Et quam votiva testantur fana tabella
Plurima. Pictores quis nescit ab Iside pasci?
Accidit et nostro similis fortuna Catullo.
Quum plenus fluctu medius foret alveus et jam,
Alternum puppis latus evertentibus undis
Arboris incertae, nullam prudentia cani
Rectoris conferret opem; decidere jactu
Coepit cum ventis, imitatus castora, qui se
Eunuchum ipse facit, cupiens evadere damno
Testiculi: adeo medicatum intelligit inguen.
Fundite, quae mea sunt, dicebat, cuncta, Catullus,
Praecipitare volens etiam pulcerrima, vestem
Purpuream, teneris quoque Maecenatibus aptam,
Atque alias, quarum generosi graminis ipsum
Infecit natura pecus, sed et egregius fons
Viribus occultis et Baeticus adjuvat aer.
Ille nec argentum dubitabat mittere, lances
Parthenio factas, urnae cratera capacem
Et dignum sitiente Pholo vel conjuge Fusci;
Adde et bascaudas et mille escaria, multum

Horrour on horrour! earth, and sea, and skies,
Convuls'd, as when POETICK TEMPESTS rise!
From the same source, another danger view,
With pitying eye,—though dire, alas! not new;
But known too well, as Isis' temples show,
By many a pictured scene of votive woe;
Isis, by whom the painters now are fed,
Since our own gods no longer yield them bread!—
And such befel our friend: for now a sea,
Upsurging, pour'd tremendous o'er the lee,
And fill'd the hold; while, press'd by wave and wind,
To right and left, by turns, the ship inclined:
Then, while Catullus view'd, with drooping heart,
The storm prevailing o'er the pilot's art,
He wisely hasten'd to compound the strife,
And gave his treasure to preserve his life.
The beaver thus to 'scape his hunter tries,
And leaves behind the medicated prize;
Happy to purchase, with his dearest blood,
A timely refuge in the well-known flood.
"Away with all that's mine," he cries, "away!"
And plunges in the deep, without delay,
Purples, which soft Maecenases might wear,
Crimsons, deep-tinctured in the Baetick air,
Where herbs, and springs of secret virtues, stain
The flocks at feed, with Nature's richest grain.
With these, neat baskets from the Britons bought,
Rare silver chargers by Parthenius wrought,
A huge two-handed goblet, which might strain
A Pholus, or a Fuscus' wife, to drain;
Follow'd by numerous services of plate,
Plain, and enchased; with cups of ancient date,

Caelati, biberat quo callidus emptor Olynthi.
Sed quis nunc alius qua mundi parte, quis audet
Argento praeferre caput rebusque salutem?
Non propter vitam faciunt patrimonia quidam,
Sed vitio caeci propter patrimonia vivunt.
Jactatur rerum utilium pars maxima: sed nec
Damna levant. Tunc, adversis urguentibus, illuc
Reccidit, ut malum ferro submitteret, ac se
Explicat angustum. Discriminis ultima, quando
Praesidia adferimus navem factura minorem.
I nunc et ventis animam committe, dolato
Confisus ligno, digitis a morte remotus
Quatuor aut septem, si sit latissima taeda!
Mox cum reticulis et pane et ventre lagenae
Aspice sumendas in tempestate secures.
Set postquam jacuit planum mare, tempora postquam
Prospera vectoris fatumque valentius Euro
Et pelago; postquam Parcae meliora benigna
Pensa manu ducunt hilares et staminis albi
Lanificae, modica nec multum fortior aura
Ventus adest; inopi miserabilis arte cucurrit
Vestibus extentis et, quod superaverat unum,
Velo prora suo. Jam deficientibus Austris,

In which, while at the city's strength he laugh'd,
The wily chapman of Olynthus quaff'd.
Yet show me, in this elemental strife,
Another, who would barter wealth for life!—
Few GAIN TO LIVE, Corvinus, few or none,
But, blind with avarice, LIVE TO GAIN alone.
Now had the deep devour'd their richest store;
Nor seems their safety nearer than before:
The last resource alone was unexplored—
To cut the mast and rigging by the board;
Haply the vessel so might steadier ride,
O'er the vex'd surface of the raging tide.
Dire threats th' impending blow, when, thus distrest,
We sacrifice a part, to save the rest!
Go now, fond man, the faithless ocean brave,
Commit your fortunes to the wind and wave;
Trust to a plank, and draw precarious breath,
At most, seven inches from the jaws of death!
Go; but forget not that a storm may rise,
And put up hatchets with your sea supplies.
But now the winds were hush'd; the wearied main
Sunk to repose, a calm unruffled plain;
For fate, superiour to the tempest's power,
Averted, from my friend, the mortal hour:
A whiter thread the cheerful Sisters spun,
And lo, with favouring hands their spindles run!
Mild as the breeze of eve, a rising gale
Rippled the wave, and fill'd their only sail;
Others the crew supplied, of vests combined,
And spread to catch each vagrant breath of wind:
By aids like these, slow o'er the deep impell'd,
The shatter'd bark her course for Ostia held;

Spes vitae cum sole redit: tum gratus Iulo,
Atque novercali sedes praelata Lavino,
Conspicitur sublimis apex, cui candida nomen
Scrofa dedit, laetis Phrygibus mirabile sumen,
Et nunquam visis triginta clara mamillis.
Tandem intrat positas inclusa per aequora moles
Tyrrhenamque Pharon porrectaque brachia rursum,
Quae pelago occurrunt medio longeque relinquunt
Italiam. Non sic igitur mirabere portus,
Quos natura dedit: sed trunca puppe magister
Interiora petit, Baianae pervia cymbae,
Tuti stagna sinus. Gaudent ibi vertice raso
Garrula securi narrare pericula nautae.
Ite igitur, pueri, linguis animisque faventes,
Sertaque delubris et farra imponite cultris,
Ac molles ornate focos glebamque virentem!
Jam sequar et, sacro quod praestat rite peracto
Inde domum repetam, graciles ubi parva coronas
Accipiunt fragili simulacra nitentia cera.
Hic nostrum placabo Jovem Laribusque paternis
Thura dabo atque omnes violae jactabo colores.

While the glad sun uprose, supremely bright,
And hope return'd with the returning light.
At length the heights, where, from Lavinum moved,
Iülus built the city which he loved,
Burst on the view; auspicious heights! whose name,
From a white sow and thirty sucklings came.
And now, the port they gain; the tower, whose ray
Guides the poor wanderer o'er the watery way,
And the huge mole, whose arms the waves embrace,
And stretching, an immeasurable space,
Far into Ocean's bosom, leave the coast,
Till, in the distance, Italy is lost!—
Less wonderful the bays which Nature forms,
And less secure against assailing storms:
Here rides the wave-worn bark, devoid of fear;
For Baian skiffs might ply with safety here.
The joyful crew, with shaven crowns, relate
Their timely rescue from the jaws of fate;
On every ill a pomp of words bestow,
And dwell delighted on the tale of wo.
Go then, my boys—but let no boding strain
Break on the sacred silence,—dress the fane
With garlands, bind the sod with ribands gay,
And on the knives the salted offering lay:
This done, I'll speed, myself, the rites to share,
And finish what remains, with pious care.
Then, hastening home, where chaplets of sweet flowers
Bedeck my Lares, dear, domestick Powers!
I'll offer incense there, and at the shrine
Of highest Jove, my father's god, and mine;
There will I scatter every bud that blows,
And every tint the various violet knows.

Cuncta nitent: longos erexit janua ramos
Et matutinis operatur festa lucernis.
Nec suspecta tibi sint haec, Corvine: Catullus,
Pro cujus reditu tot pono altaria, parvos
Tres habet heredes. Libet expectare, quis aegram
Et claudentem oculos gallinam impendat amico
Tam sterili. Verum haec nimia est impensa: coturnix
Nulla unquam pro patre cadet. Sentire calorem
Si coepit locuples Gallita et Paccius orbi,
Legitime fixis vestitur tota tabellis
Porticus; exsistunt qui promittant hecatomben,
Quatenus hic non sunt nec venales elephanti,
Nec Latio aut usquam nostro sub sidere talis
Belua concipitur; sed furva gente petita
Arboribus Rutulis et Turni pascitur agro,
Caesaris armentum, nulli servire paratum
Privato: siquidem Tyrio parere solebant
Hannibali et nostris ducibus regique Molosso
Horum majores ac dorso ferre cohortes,
Partem aliquam belli et euntem in proelia turrim.
Nulla igitur mora per Novium, mora nulla per Histrum
Pacuvium, quin illud ebur ducatur ad aras
Et cadat ante Lares Gallitae victima sola
Tantis digna Deis et captatoribus horum.

All savours here of joy: luxuriant bay
O'ershades my portal, while the taper's ray
Anticipates the feast, and chides the tardy day.
Nor think, Corvinus, interest fires my breast:
Catullus, for whose sake my house is drest,
Has three sweet boys, who all such hopes destroy,
And nobler views excite my boundless joy.
Yet who besides, on such a barren friend,
Would waste a sickly pullet? who would spend
So vast a treasure, where no hopes prevail,
Or, for a FATHER, sacrifice a quail?—
But should the symptoms of a slight disease
The childless Paccius or Gallita seize,
Legions of flatterers to the fanes repair,
And hang, in rows, their votive tablets there.
Nay, some with vows of hecatombs will come—
For yet no elephants are sold at Rome;
The breed, to Latium and to us unknown,
Is only found beneath the burning zone:
Thence to our shores, by swarthy Moors convey'd,
They roam at large through the Rutulian shade,
Kept for the imperial pleasure, envied fate!
And sacred from the subject, and the state.
Though their progenitors, in days of yore,
Did worthy service, and to battle bore
Whole cohorts; taught the general's voice to know,
And rush, themselves an army, on the foe.
But what avails their worth! could gold obtain
So rare a creature, worth might plead in vain:
Novius, without delay, their blood would shed,
To raise his Paccius from affliction's bed;
An offering, sacred to the great design,

Alter enim, si concedas mactare, vovebit
De grege servorum magna aut pulcerrima quaeque
Corpora; vel pueris et frontibus ancillarum
Imponet vittas et, si qua est nubilis illi
Iphigenia domi, dabit hanc altaribus, etsi
Non sperat tragicae furtiva piacula cervae.
Laudo meum civem, nec comparo testamento
Mille rates: nam si Libitinam evaserit aeger,
Delebit tabulas, inclusus carcere nassae,
Post meritum sane mirandum, atque omnia soli
Forsan Pacuvio breviter dabit. Ille superbus
Incedet victis rivalibus. Ergo vides, quam
Grande operae pretium faciat jugulata Mycenis.
Vivat Pacuvius, quaeso, vel Nestora totum;
Possideat, quantum rapuit Nero; montibus aurum
Exaequet; nec amet quemquam, nec ametur ab ullo!

And worthy of the votary, and the shrine!
Pacuvius, did our laws the crime allow,
The fairest of his numerous slaves would vow;
The blooming boy, the love-inspiring maid,
With garlands crown, and to the temple lead;
Nay, seize his Iphigene, prepared to wed,
And drag her to the altar, from the bed;
Though hopeless, like the Grecian sire, to find,
In happy hour, the substituted hind.
And who shall say my countryman does ill?
A thousand ships are trifles to a Will!
For Paccius, should the fates his health restore,
May cancel every *item* framed before,
(Won by his friend's vast merits, and beset,
On all sides, by the inextricable net,)
And, in one line, convey plate, jewels, gold,
Lands, every thing to him, "to have and hold."
With victory crown'd, Pacuvius struts along,
And smiles contemptuous on the baffled throng;
Then counts his gains, and deems himself o'erpaid,
For the cheap murder of one wretched maid.
Health to the man! and may he THUS get more,
Than Nero plunder'd! pile his shining store,
High, mountain high; in years a Nestor prove,
And, loving none, ne'er know another's love!

ARGUMENT OF THE THIRTEENTH SATIRE

This satire is addressed to one Calvinus, who, having deposited a sum of money with a trustee, is disgusted and enraged to find himself deceived and robbed of it. Juvenal recommends a calmer attitude, and one more fitting to the case; the world is old and wicked; honesty is now the exception, perjury and crime the rule among men; some deny the Gods' existence, others trust to their neglect or connivance; Rome swarms with frauds worse than that which Calvinus has suffered; and no one marvels at the evil which is so universal; let Calvinus not lament his lot with unreasonable bitterness; his misfortune is not singular. Revenge is unworthy of a rational being; yet the guilty cannot escape themselves and their guilt; conscience makes cowards of them, turning life to a burden, turning their very repose to agony. The satire ends with a vivid picture of the wicked man haunted by his crime.

Exemplo quodcunque malo committitur, ipsi
Displicet auctori. Prima est haec ultio, quod se
Judice nemo nocens absolvitur, improba quamvis
Gratia fallaci Praetoris vicerit urna.
Quid sentire putas omnes, Calvine, recenti
De scelere et fidei violatae crimine? Sed nec
Tam tenuis census tibi contigit, ut mediocris
Jacturae te mergat onus; nec rara videmus,
Quae pateris. Casus multis hic cognitus ac jam
Tritus et e medio fortunae ductus acervo.
Ponamus nimios gemitus: flagrantior aequo
Non debet dolor esse viri, nec vulnere major.
Tu quamvis levium minimam exiguamque malorum
Particulam vix ferre potes, spumantibus ardens
Visceribus, sacrum tibi quod non reddat amicus
Depositum? Stupet haec, qui jam post terga reliquit
Sexaginta annos, Fonteio Consule natus?
An nihil in melius tot rerum proficis usu?
Magna quidem, sacris quae dat praecepta libellis,
Victrix fortunae sapientia: ducimus autem
Hos quoque felices, qui ferre incommoda vitae,
Nec jactare jugum, vita didicere magistra.
Quae tam festa dies, ut cesset prodere furem,
Perfidiam, fraudes atque omni ex crimine lucrum
Quaesitum et partos gladio vel pyxide nummos?

Man, wretched man, whene'er he stoops to sin,
Feels, with the act, a strong remorse within;
'Tis the first vengeance: Conscience tries the cause,
And vindicates the violated laws;
Though the bribed Praetor at their sentence spurn,
And falsify the verdict of the Urn.
What says the world, not always, friend, unjust,
Of this late injury, this breach of trust?
That thy estate so small a loss can bear,
And that the evil, now no longer rare,
Is one of that inevitable set,
Which man is born to suffer, and forget.
Then moderate thy grief; 'tis mean to show,
An anguish disproportion'd to the blow.
But thou, so new to crosses, as to feel
The slightest portion of the slightest ill,
Art fired with rage, because a friend forswears
The sacred pledge, intrusted to his cares.
What, thou, Calvinus, bear so weak a mind!
Thou, who hast left full three-score years behind!
Heavens, have they taught thee nothing! nothing, friend!
And art thou grown gray-headed to no end!—
Wisdom, I know, contains a sovereign charm,
To vanquish fortune, or at least disarm:
Blest they who walk by her unerring rule!—
Nor those unblest, who, tutor'd in life's school,
Have learn'd of old experience to submit,
And lightly bear the yoke they cannot quit.
What day so sacred, which no guilt profanes,
No secret fraud, no open rapine stains?
What hour, in which no dark assassins prowl,
Nor point the sword for hire, nor drug the bowl?

Rari quippe boni: numerus vix est totidem, quot
Thebarum portae vel divitis ostia Nili.
Nunc aetas agitur pejoraque saecula ferri
Temporibus, quorum sceleri non invenit ipsa
Nomen et a nullo posuit Natura metallo.
Nos hominum Divumque fidem clamore ciemus,
Quanto Faesidium laudat vocalis agentem
Sportula. Dic, senior bulla dignissime, nescis,
Quas habeat Veneres aliena pecunia? nescis,
Quem tua simplicitas risum vulgo moveat, quum
Exigis a quoquam, ne pejeret et putet ullis
Esse aliquod numen templis araeque rubenti?
Quondam hoc indigenae vivebant more, priusquam
Sumeret agrestem posito diademate falcem
Saturnus fugiens, tunc, quum virguncula Juno
Et privatus adhuc Idaeis Jupiter antris,
Nulla super nubes convivia Coelicolarum,
Nec puer Iliacus, formosa nec Herculis uxor
Ad cyathos et jam siccato nectare tergens
Brachia Vulcanus Liparaea nigra taberna.
Prandebat sibi quisque Deus, nec turba Deorum
Talis, ut est hodie, contentaque sidera paucis
Numinibus miserum urguebant Atlanta minori
Pondere. Nondum aliquis sortitus triste profundi

THE GOOD, ALAS, ARE FEW! "The valued file,"
Less than the Gates of Thebes, the Mouths of Nile!
For NOW an age is come, that teems with crimes,
Beyond all precedent of former times;
An age so bad, that Nature cannot frame,
A metal base enough to give it name!
Yet you, indignant at a paltry cheat,
Call heaven and earth to witness the deceit,
With cries as deafening, as the shout that breaks
From the bribed audience, when Faesidius speaks.
Dotard in nonage! are you to be told,
What loves, what graces, deck another's gold?
Are you to learn, what peals of mirth resound,
At your simplicity, from all around?
When you step forth, and, with a serious air,
Bid them abstain from perjury, and beware
To tempt the altars,—for A GOD IS THERE!
Idle old man! there was, indeed, a time,
When the rude natives of this happy clime
Cherish'd such dreams: 'twas ere the king of heaven,
To change his sceptre for a scythe was driven;
Ere Juno yet the sweets of love had tried,
Or Jove advanced beyond the caves of Ide.
'Twas when no gods indulged in sumptuous feasts,
No Ganymede, no Hebe serv'd the guests;
No Vulcan, with his sooty labours foul,
Limp'd round, officious, with the nectar'd bowl;
But each in private dined: 'twas when the throng
Of godlings, now beyond the scope of song,
The courts of heaven, in spacious ease, possest,
And with a lighter load, poor Atlas prest!—
Ere Neptune's lot the watery world obtain'd,

Imperium aut Sicula torvus cum conjuge Pluto;
Nec rota, nec Furiae, nec saxum aut vulturis atri
Poena; sed infernis hilares sine regibus umbrae.
Improbitas illo fuit admirabilis aevo,
Credebant quo grande nefas et morte piandum,
Si juvenis vetulo non adsurrexerat et si
Barbato cuicunque puer, licet ipse videret
Plura domi fraga et majores glandis acervos.
Tam venerabile erat, praecedere quatuor annis,
Primaque par adeo sacrae lanugo senectae!
Nunc, si depositum non infitietur amicus,
Si reddat veterem cum tota aerugine follem,
Prodigiosa fides et Tuscis digna libellis,
Quaeque coronata lustrari debeat agna.
Egregium sanctumque virum si cerno, bimembri
Hoc monstrum puero vel miranti sub aratro
Piscibus inventis et fetae comparo mulae,
Sollicitus, tanquam lapides effuderit imber,
Examenque apium longa consederit uva
Culmine delubri, tanquam in mare fluxerit amnis
Gurgitibus miris et lactis vortice torrens.
Intercepta decem quereris sestertia fraude

Or Dis and his Sicilian consort reign'd;
Ere Tityus and his ravening bird were known,
Ixion's wheel, or Sisyphus's stone:
While yet the shades confess'd no tyrant's power,
And all below was one Elysian bower!
Vice was a phoenix in that blissful time,
Believed, but never seen: and 'twas a crime,
Worthy of death, such awe did years engage,
If manhood rose not up to reverend age,
And youth to manhood, though a larger hoard
Of hips and acorns, graced the stripling's board.
Then, then, was age so venerable thought,
That every day increase of honour brought;
And children, in the springing down, revered
The sacred promise of a hoary beard!
Now, if a friend, miraculously just,
Restore the pledge, with all its gather'd rust,
'Tis deem'd a portent, worthy to appear,
Among the wonders of the Tuscan year;
A prodigy of faith, which threats the state,
And a ewe lamb can scarcely expiate!—
Struck at the view, if now I chance to see,
A man of ancient worth and probity,
To pregnant mules the MONSTER I compare,
Or fish upturn'd beneath the wondering share:
Anxious and trembling for the woe to come,
As if a shower of stones had fall'n on Rome;
As if a swarm of bees, together clung,
Down from the Capitol, thick-clustering, hung;
Or Tiber, swoll'n to madness, burst away,
And roll'd, a milky deluge, to the sea.
And dost thou at a trivial loss repine!

Sacrilega? Quid si bis centum perdidit alter
Hoc arcana modo? majorem tertius illa
Summam, quam patulae vix ceperat angulus arcae?
Tam facile et pronum est superos contemnere testes,
Si mortalis idem nemo sciat. Aspice, quanta
Voce neget; quae sit ficti constantia vultus.
Per Solis radios Tarpeiaque fulmina jurat
Et Martis frameam et Cirrhaei spicula vatis,
Per calamos venatricis pharetramque Puellae,
Perque tuum, pater Aegaei Neptune, tridentem;
Addit et Herculeos arcus hastamque Minervae;
Quidquid habent telorum armamentaria coeli.
Si vero et pater est,—Comedam, inquit, flebile nati
Sinciput elixi Pharioque madentis aceto.
Sunt in Fortunae qui casibus omnia ponant
Et nullo credant mundum rectore moveri,
Natura volvente vices et lucis et anni,
Atque ideo intrepidi quaecunque altaria tangunt.
Est alius metuens, ne crimen poena sequatur;
Hic putat esse Deos et pejerat, atque ita secum:
Decernat, quodcunque volet, de corpore nostro
Isis et irato feriat mea lumina sistro,
Dummodo vel caecus teneam, quos abnego, nummos.

What, if another, by a friend like thine,
Is stript of ten times more! a third, again,
Of what his bursting chest would scarce contain!
For 'tis so common, in this age of ours,
So easy, to contemn the Immortal Powers,
That, can we but elude man's searching eyes,
We laugh to scorn the witness of the skies.
Mark, with how bold a voice, and fix'd a brow,
The villain dares his treachery disavow!
"By the all-hallow'd orb that flames above,
I HAD IT NOT! By the red bolts of Jove,
By the wing'd shaft that laid the Centaur low,
By Dian's arrows, by Apollo's bow,
By the strong lance that Mars delights to wield,
By Neptune's trident, by Minerva's shield,
And every weapon that, to vengeance given,
Stores the tremendous magazine of heaven!—
Nay, IF I HAD, I'll slay this son of mine,
And eat his head, soused in Egyptian brine."
There are, who think that chance is all in all,
That no First Cause directs the eternal ball;
But that brute Nature, in her blind career,
Varies the seasons, and brings round the year:
These rush to every shrine, with equal ease,
And, owning none, swear by what Power you please.
Others believe, and but believe, a god,
And think that punishment MAY follow fraud;
Yet they forswear, and, reasoning on the deed,
Thus reconcile their actions with their creed:
"Let Isis storm, if to revenge inclined,
And with her angry sistrum, strike me blind,
So, with my eyes, she ravish not my ore,

Et phthisis et vomicae putres et dimidium crus
Sunt tanti. Pauper locupletem optare podagram
Nec dubitet Ladas, si non eget Anticyra nec
Archigene. Quid enim velocis gloria plantae
Praestat et esuriens Pisaeae ramus olivae?
Ut sit magna, tamen certe lenta ira Deorum est.
Si curant igitur cunctos punire nocentes,
Quando ad me venient? sed et exorabile Numen
Fortasse experiar: solet his ignoscere. Multi
Committunt eadem diverso crimina fato:
Ille crucem sceleris pretium tulit, hic diadema.
Sic animum dirae trepidum formidine culpae
Confirmat. Tunc te sacra ad delubra vocantem
Praecedit, trahere immo ultro ac vexare paratus.
Nam quum magna malae superest audacia causae,
Creditur a multis fiducia. Mimum agit ille,
Urbani qualem fugitivus scurra Catulli:
Tu miser exclamas, ut Stentora vincere possis,
Vel potius, quantum Gradivus Homericus: Audis,
Jupiter, haec, nec labra moves, quum mittere vocem
Debueris vel marmoreus vel aeneus? aut cur
In carbone tuo charta pia thura soluta

But let me keep the pledge which I forswore.
Are putrid sores, catarrhs that seldom kill,
And crippled limbs, forsooth, so great an ill!
Ladas, if not stark mad, would change, no doubt,
His flying feet, for riches and the gout;
For what do those procure him? mere renown,
And the starv'd honour of an olive crown.
"But grant the wrath of heaven be great; 'tis slow,
And days, and months, and years, precede the blow.
If, then, to punish ALL, the gods decree,
When, in their vengeance, will they come to me?
But I, perhaps, their anger may appease—
For they are wont to pardon faults like these:
At worst, there's hope; since every age and clime,
See different fates attend the self-same crime;
Some made by villainy, and some undone,
And This ascend a scaffold, That a throne."
These sophistries, to fix awhile suffice,
The mind, yet shuddering at the thought of vice;
And, thus confirm'd, at the first call they come,
Nay, rush before you to the sacred dome:
Chide your slow pace, drag you, amazed, along,
And play the raving Phasma, to the throng.
(For impudence the vulgar suffrage draws,
And seems the assurance of a righteous cause.)
While you, poor wretch, suspected by the crowd,
With Stentor's lungs, or Mars', exclaim aloud:
"Jove! Jove! will nought thy indignation rouse?
Canst thou, in silence, hear these faithless vows?
When all thy fury, on the slaves accurst,
From lips of marble or of brass should burst!—
Or else, why burn we incense at thy shrine,

Ponimus et sectum vituli jecur albaque porci
Omenta? Ut video, nullum discrimen habendum est
Effigies inter vestras statuamque Vagelli.
Accipe quae contra valeat solatia ferre,
Et qui nec Cynicos, nec Stoica dogmata legit
A Cynicis tunica distantia, non Epicurum
Suspicit exigui laetum plantaribus horti.
Curentur dubii medicis majoribus aegri;
Tu venam vel discipulo committe Philippi.
Si nullum in terris tam detestabile factum
Ostendis, taceo; nec pugnis caedere pectus
Te veto, nec plana faciem contundere palma,
Quandoquidem accepto claudenda est janua damno;
Et majore domus gemitu, majore tumultu
Planguntur nummi, quam funera. Nemo dolorem
Fingit in hoc casu, vestem deducere summam
Contentus, vexare oculos humore coacto.
Ploratur lacrimis amissa pecunia veris.
Sed si cuncta vides simili fora plena querela,
Si, decies lectis diversa parte tabellis,
Vana supervacui dicunt chirographa ligni,
Arguit ipsorum quos litera gemmaque princeps
Sardonychum, loculis quae custoditur eburnis:
Ten', o delicias! extra communia censes
Ponendum? Quia tu gallinae filius albae,

And heap thy altars with the fat of swine,
When we might crave redress, for aught I see,
As wisely of Bathyllus, as of thee?"
Rash man!—but hear, in turn, what I propose,
To mitigate, if not to heal, your woes;
I, who no knowledge of the schools possess,
Cynick, or Stoick, differing but in dress,
Or thine, calm Epicurus, whose pure mind,
To one small garden, every wish confined.
In desperate cases, able doctors fee;
But trust your pulse to Philip's boy—or me.
If no example of so foul a deed,
On earth be found, I urge no more: proceed,
And beat your breast, and rend your hoary hair;
'Tis just:—for thus our losses we declare;
And money is bewail'd with deeper sighs,
Than friends or kindred, and with louder cries.
There none dissemble, none, with scenick art,
Affect a sorrow, foreign from the heart;
Content in squalid garments to appear,
And vex their lids for one hard-gotten tear:
No, genuine drops fall copious from their eyes,
And their breasts labour with unbidden sighs.
But when you see each court of justice throng'd,
With crowds, like you, by faithless friendship wrong'd,
See men abjure their bonds, though duly framed,
And oft revised, by all the parties named,
While their own hand and seal, in every eye,
Flash broad conviction, and evince the lie;
Shall you alone, on Fortune's smiles presume,
And claim exemption from the common doom?
—From a white hen, forsooth, 'twas yours to spring,

Nos viles pulli nati infelicibus ovis?
Rem pateris modicam et mediocri bile ferendam,
Si flectas oculos majora ad crimina. Confer
Conductum latronem, incendia sulphure coepta
Atque dolo, primos quum janua colligit ignes;
Confer et hos, veteris qui tollunt grandia templi
Pocula adorandae robignis et populorum
Dona vel antiquo positas a rege coronas.
Haec ibi si non sunt, minor exstat sacrilegus, qui
Radat inurati femur Herculis et faciem ipsam
Neptuni; qui bracteolam de Castore ducat.
An dubitet solitus totum conflare Tonantem?
Confer et artifices mercatoremque veneni
Et deducendum corio bovis in mare, cum quo
Clauditur adversis innoxia simia fatis.
Haec quota pars scelerum, quae custos Gallicus Urbis
Usque a Lucifero, donec lux occidat, audit?
Humani generis mores tibi nosse volenti
Sufficit una domus. Paucos consume dies, et
Dicere te miserum, postquam illinc veneris, aude.
Quis tumidum guttur miratur in Alpibus? aut quis
In Meroe crasso majorem infante mamillam?
Caerula quis stupuit Germani lumina, flavam
Caesariem et madido torquentem cornua cirro?
Nempe quod haec illis natura est omnibus una.

Ours, to be hatch'd beneath some luckless wing!
Pause from your grief, and, with impartial eyes,
Survey the daring crimes which round you rise;
Your injuries, then, will scarce deserve a name,
And your false friend be half absolv'd from blame!
What's he, poor knave! to those who stab for hire,
Who kindle, and then spread, the midnight fire!
Say, what to those who, from the hoary shrine,
Tear the huge vessels age hath stamp'd divine,
Offerings of price, by grateful nations given,
And crowns inscribed, by pious kings, to heaven?
What to the minor thieves, who, missing these,
Abrade the gilded thighs of Hercules,
Strip Neptune of his silvery beard, and peel
Castor's leaf-gold, where spread from head to heel?
Or what to those who, with pernicious craft,
Mingle and set to sale the deadly draught;
Or those, who in a raw ox hide are bound,
And, with an ill-starr'd ape, poor sufferer! drown'd?
Yet these—how small a portion of the crimes,
That stain the records of those dreadful times,
And Gallicus, the city praefect, hears,
From light's first dawning, till it disappears!
The state of morals would you learn at Rome?
No further seek than his judicial dome:
Give one short morning to the horrours there,
And then complain, then murmur, if you dare!
Say, whom do goitres on the Alps surprise?
In Meroë, whom the breast's enormous size?
Whom locks, in Germany, of golden hue,
And spiral curls, and eyes of sapphire blue?
None; for the prodigy, among them shared,

Ad subitas Thracum volucres nubemque sonoram
Pygmaeus parvis currit bellator in armis:
Mox impar hosti raptusque per aera curvis
Unguibus a saeva fertur grue. Si videas hoc
Gentibus in nostris, risu quatiare: sed illic,
Quanquam eadem adsidue spectentur proelia, ridet
Nemo, ubi tota cohors pede non est altior uno.
Nullane perjuri capitis fraudisque nefandae
Poena erit? Abreptum crede hunc graviore catena
Protenus et nostro (quid plus velit ira?) necari
Arbitrio: manet illa tamen jactura, nec unquam
Depositum tibi sospes erit: sed corpore trunco
Invidiosa dabit minimus solatia sanguis:
At vindicta bonum vita jucundius ipsa.
Nempe hoc indocti, quorum praecordia nullis
Interdum aut levibus videas flagrantia causis.
Quantulacunque adeo est occasio, sufficit irae:
Chrysippus non dicet idem nec mite Thaletis
Ingenium dulcique senex vicinus Hymetto,
Qui partem acceptae saeva inter vincla cicutae
Accusatori nollet dare. Plurima felix
Paulatim vitia atque errores exuit omnes,

Becomes mere nature, and escapes regard.
When clouds of Thracian birds obscure the sky,
To arms! to arms! the desperate Pigmies cry:
But soon, defeated in the unequal fray,
Disorder'd flee; while, pouncing on their prey,
The victor cranes descend, and, clamouring, bear
The wriggling mannikins aloft in air.
Here, could our climes to such a scene give birth,
We all should burst with agonies of mirth;
There, unsurprised, they view the frequent fight,
Nor smile at heroes scarce a foot in height.
"Shall then no ill the perjured head attend,
No punishment o'ertake this faithless friend?"
Suppose him seiz'd, abandon'd to your will,
What more would rage? to torture or to kill;
Yet still your loss, your injury would remain,
And draw no retribution from his pain.
"True; but methinks the smallest drop of blood,
Squeezed from his mangled limbs, would do me good:
Revenge, THEY SAY, and I believe their words,
A pleasure sweeter far than life affords."
WHO SAY? the fools, whose passions, prone to ire,
At slightest causes, or at none take fire;
Whose boiling breasts, at every turn, o'erflow
With rancorous gall: Chrysippus SAID not so;
Nor Thales, to our frailties clement still;
Nor that old man, by sweet Hymettus' hill,
Who drank the poison with unruffled soul,
And dying, from his foes withheld the bowl.
Divine philosophy! by whose pure light
We first distinguish, then pursue the right,
Thy power the breast from every errour frees,

Prima docet rectum Sapientia: quippe minuti
Semper et infirmi est animi exiguique voluptas
Ultio. Continuo sic collige, quod vindicta
Nemo magis gaudet, quam femina. Cur tamen hos tu
Evasisse putes, quos diri conscia facti
Mens habet attonitos et surdo verbere caedit
Occultum quatiente animo tortore flagellum?
Poena autem vehemens ac multo saevior illis,
Quas et Caedicius gravis invenit et Rhadamanthus,
Nocte dieque suum gestare in pectore testem.
Spartano cuidam respondit Pythia vates:
Haud impunitum quondam fore, quod dubitaret
Depositum retinere et fraudem jure tueri
Jurando: quaerebat enim, quae numinis esset
Mens et an hoc illi facinus suaderet Apollo.
Reddidit ergo, metu, non moribus; et tamen omnem
Vocem adyti dignam templo veramque probavit
Extinctus tota pariter cum prole domoque
Et, quamvis longa deductis gente, propinquis.
Has patitur poenas peccandi sola voluntas.
Nam scelus intra se tacitum qui cogitat ullum,
Facti crimen habet. Cedo, si conata peregit?
Perpetua anxietas nec mensae tempore cessat,

And weeds out all its vices by degrees:—
Illumined by thy beam, revenge we find,
The abject pleasure of an abject mind,
And hence so dear to poor, weak, woman-kind.
But why are those, Calvinus, thought to scape,
Unpunish'd, whom, in every fearful shape,
Guilt still alarms, and conscience ne'er asleep,
Wounds with incessant strokes, "not loud but deep,"
While the vex'd mind, her own tormentor, plies
A scorpion scourge, unmark'd by human eyes!
Trust me, no tortures which the poets feign,
Can match the fierce, the unutterable pain
He feels, who night and day, devoid of rest,
Carries his own accuser in his breast.
A Spartan once the Oracle besought,
To solve a scruple which perplex'd his thought,
And plainly tell him, if he might forswear
A purse, of old, confided to his care.
Incens'd, the priestess answer'd—"Waverer, no!
Nor shalt thou, for the doubt, unpunish'd go."
With that, he hasten'd to restore the trust;
But fear alone, not virtue, made him just:
Hence, he soon proved the Oracle divine,
And all the answer worthy of the shrine;
For plagues pursued his race without delay,
And swept them from the earth, like dust, away.
By such dire sufferings did the wretch atone,
The crime of meditated fraud alone!
For, IN THE EYE OF HEAVEN, a wicked deed
Devised, is done: What, then, if we proceed?—
Perpetual fears the offender's peace destroy,
And rob the social hour of all its joy:

Faucibus, ut morbo, siccis interque molares
Difficili crescente cibo: sed vina misellus
Exspuit; Albani veteris pretiosa senectus
Displicet; ostendas melius, densissima ruga
Cogitur in frontem, velut acri ducta Falerno.
Nocte brevem si forte indulsit cura soporem
Et toto versata toro jam membra quiescunt:
Continuo templum et violati numinis aras
Et, quod praecipuis mentem sudoribus urget,
Te videt in somnis; tua sacra et major imago
Humana turbat pavidum cogitque fateri.
Hi sunt, qui trepidant et ad omnia fulgura pallent,
Quum tonat, exanimes primo quoque murmure coeli;
Non quasi fortuitus, nec ventorum rabie, sed
Iratus cadat in terras et judicet ignis.
Illa nihil nocuit, cura graviore timetur
Proxima tempestas, velut hoc dilata sereno.
Praeterea, lateris vigili cum febre dolorem
Si coepere pati, missum ad sua corpora morbum
Infesto credunt a numine; saxa Deorum
Haec et tela putant. Pecudem spondere sacello
Balantem et Laribus cristam promittere galli

Feverish, and parch'd, he chews, with many a pause,
The tasteless food, that swells beneath his jaws:
Spits out the produce of the Albanian hill,
Mellow'd by age;—you bring him mellower still,
And lo, such wrinkles on his brow appear,
As if you brought Falernian vinegar!
At night, should sleep his harass'd limbs compose,
And steal him, one short moment from his woes,
Then dreams invade; sudden, before his eyes,
The violated fane and altar rise;
And (what disturbs him most) your injured shade,
In more than mortal majesty array'd,
Frowns on the wretch, alarms his treacherous rest,
And wrings the dreadful secret from his breast.
These, these are they, who tremble and turn pale,
At the first mutterings of the hollow gale!
Who sink with terrour at the transient glare
Of meteors, glancing through the turbid air!
Oh, 'tis not chance, they cry; this hideous crash,
Is not the war of winds; nor this dread flash,
The encounter of dark clouds; but blasting fire,
Charged with the wrath of heaven's insulted sire!
That dreaded peal, innoxious, dies away;
Shuddering, they wait the next with more dismay,
As if the short reprieve were only sent,
To add new horrours to their punishment.
Yet more; when the first symptoms of disease,
When feverish heats, their restless members seize,
They think the plague by wrath divine bestow'd,
And feel, in every pang, the avenging God.
Rack'd at the thought, in hopeless grief they lie,
And dare not tempt the mercy of the sky:

Non audent: quid enim sperare nocentibus aegris
Concessum? vel quae non dignior hostia vita?
Mobilis et varia est ferme natura malorum.
Quum scelus admittunt, superest constantia: quid fas
Atque nefas, tandem incipiunt sentire peractis
Criminibus. Tamen ad mores natura recurrit
Damnatos, fixa et mutari nescia. Nam quis
Peccandi finem posuit sibi? quando recepit
Ejectum semel attrita de fronte ruborem?
Quisnam hominum est, quem tu contentum videris uno
Flagitio? Dabit in laqueum vestigia noster
Perfidus, et nigri patietur carceris uncum
Aut maris Aegaei rupem scopulosque frequentes
Exsulibus magnis. Poena gaudebis amara
Nominis invisi tandemque fatebere laetus,
Nec surdum, nec Tiresiam quemquam esse Deorum.

For what can such expect! what victim slay,
That is not worthier far to live, than they!
With what a rapid change of fancy roll
The varying passions of the guilty soul!—
Bold to offend, they scarce commit the offence,
Ere the mind labours with an innate sense
Of right and wrong;—not long, for nature still,
Incapable of change, and fix'd in ill,
Recurs to her old habits:—never yet
Could sinner to his sin a period set.
When did the flash of modest blood inflame
The cheek, once hardened to the sense of shame?
Or when the offender, since the birth of time,
Retire, contented with a single crime?
And this false friend of ours shall still pursue
His dangerous course, till vengeance, doubly due,
O'ertake his guilt; then shalt thou see him cast
In chains, 'mid tortures to expire his last;
Or hurried off, to join the wretched train
Of exiled great ones, in the Aegean main.
THIS, THOU SHALT SEE; and, while thy voice applauds
The dreadful justice of the offended gods,
Reform thy creed, and, with an humble mind,
Confess that Heaven is NEITHER DEAF NOR BLIND!

ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTEENTH SATIRE

JUVENAL begins this satire by insisting upon the responsibility of parents towards their children, to whose impressionable and imitative youth they owe the duty of a consistently good example; he reviews the history of various vices carelessly transmitted or even encouraged by parents, and comes lastly to avarice, which he treats at some length. Avarice, he says, is not natural to children; but they acquire it by lesson, and eventually become more proficient than their teachers; the mad desire of money leads them to folly, discomfort, crime; any means will serve, so long as the end is attained; yet the end is unsatisfying and exacting; the thirst for more grows instead of diminishing. In fact, the satire has two divisions: avarice is the subject of the second; influence and example at home that of the first.

Plurima sunt, Fuscine, et fama digna sinistra
Et nitidis maculam haesuram figentia rebus,
Quae monstrant ipsi pueris traduntque parentes.
Si damnosa senem juvat alea, ludit et heres
Bullatus parvoque eadem movet arma fritillo.
Nec melius de se cuiquam sperare propinquo
Concedet juvenis, qui radere tubera terrae,
Boletum condire et eodem jure natantes
Mergere ficedulas didicit nebulone parente
Et cana monstrante gula. Quum septimus annus
Transierit puerum, nondum omni dente renato,
Barbatos licet admoveas mille inde magistros,
Hinc totidem, cupiet lauto coenare paratu
Semper et a magna non degenerare culina.
Mitem animum et mores modicis erroribus aequos
Praecipit atque animas servorum et corpora nostra
Materia constare putat paribusque elementis:
An saevire docet Rutilus, qui gaudet acerbo
Plagarum strepitu et nullam Sirena flagellis
Comparat, Antiphates trepidi Laris ac Polyphemus,
Tum felix, quotiens aliquis tortore vocato
Uritur ardenti duo propter lintea ferro?
Quid suadet juveni laetus stridore catenae,
Quem mire afficiunt inscripta ergastula, carcer?

Yes, there are faults, Fuscinus, that disgrace
The noblest qualities of birth and place;
Which, like infectious blood, transmitted, run,
In one eternal stream, from sire to son.
If, in destructive play, the senior waste
His joyous nights, the child, with kindred taste,
Repeats, in miniature, the darling vice,
Shakes the small box, and cogs the little dice.
Nor does that infant fairer hopes inspire,
Who, train'd by the gray epicure, his sire,
Has learn'd to pickle mushrooms, and, like him,
To souse the beccaficos, till they swim!—
For take him, thus to early luxury bred,
Ere twice four springs have blossom'd o'er his head,
And let ten thousand teachers, hoar with age,
Inculcate temperance from the stoick page;
His wish will ever be, in state to dine,
And keep his kitchen's honour from decline!
Does Rutilus inspire a generous mind,
Prone to forgive, and to slight errours blind;
Instil the liberal thought, that slaves have powers,
Sense, feeling, all, as exquisite as ours;
Or fury? He, who hears the sounding thong,
With far more pleasure than the Syren's song;
Who, the stern tyrant of his small domain,
The Polypheme of his domestick train,
Knows no delight, save when the torturer's hand,
Stamps, for low theft, the agonising brand.—
O, what but rage can fill that stripling's breast,
Who sees his savage sire then only blest,
When his stretch'd ears drink in the wretches' cries,
And racks and prisons fill his vengeful eyes!

Rusticus expectas, ut not sit adultera Largae
Filia, quae nunquam maternos dicere moechos
Tam cito, nec tanto poterit contexere cursu,
Ut non ter decies respiret? Conscia matri
Virgo fuit: ceras nunc hac dictante pusillas
Implet et ad moechos dat eisdem ferre cinaedis.
Sic natura jubet: velocius et citius nos
Corrumpunt vitiorum exempla domestica, magnis
Quum subeunt animos auctoribus. Unus et alter
Forsitan haec spernant juvenes, quibus arte benigna
Et meliore luto finxit praecordia Titan:
Sed reliquos fugienda patrum vestigia ducunt,
Et monstrata diu veteris trahit orbita culpae.
Abstineas igitur damnandis: hujus enim vel
Una potens ratio est, ne crimina nostra sequantur
Ex nobis geniti; quoniam dociles imitandis
Turpibus ac pravis omnes sumus, et Catilinam
Quocunque in populo videas, quocunque sub axe:
Sed nec Brutus erit, Bruti nec avunculus usquam.
Nil dictu foedum visuque haec limina tangat,
Intra quae puer est. Procul, a! procul inde puellae

And dare we hope, yon girl, from Larga sprung,
Will e'er prove virtuous; when her little tongue,
Ne'er told so fast her mother's wanton train,
But that she stopt and breath'd, and stopt again?
Even from her tender years, unnatural trust!
The child was privy to the matron's lust:—
Scarce ripe for man, with her own hand, she writes
The billets, which the ancient bawd indites,
Employs the self-same pimps, and looks, ere long,
To share the visits of the amorous throng!

So Nature prompts: drawn by her secret tie,
We view a parent's deeds with reverent eye;
With fatal haste, alas! the example take,
And love the sin, for the dear sinner's sake.—
One youth, perhaps, form'd of superiour clay,
And warm'd, by Titan, with a purer ray,
May dare to slight proximity of blood,
And, in despite of nature, to be good:
One youth—the rest the beaten pathway tread,
And blindly follow where their fathers lead.
O fatal guides! this reason should suffice,
To win you from the slippery route of vice,
This powerful reason; lest your sons pursue
The guilty track, thus plainly mark'd by you!
For youth is facile, and its yielding will
Receives, with fatal ease, the imprint of ill:
Hence Catilines in every clime abound;
But where are Cato and his nephew found!

Swift from the roof where youth, Fuscinus, dwell,
Immodest sights, immodest sounds expel;
THE PLACE IS SACRED: Far, far hence, remove,
Ye venal votaries of illicit love!

Lenonum et cantus pernoctantis parasiti.
Maxima debetur puero reverentia. Si quid
Turpe paras, ne tu pueri contempseris annos:
Sed peccaturo obstet tibi filius infans.
Nam si quid dignum Censoris fecerit ira
Quandoque et similem tibi se non corpore tantum
Nec vultu dederit, morum quoque filius et qui
Omnia deterius tua per vestigia peccet;
Corripies nimirum et castigabis acerbo
Clamore ac post haec tabulas mutare parabis!
Unde tibi frontem libertatemque parentis,
Quum facias pejora senex vacuumque cerebro
Jampridem caput hoc ventosa cucurbita quaerat?
Hospite venturo, cessabit nemo tuorum.
Verre pavimentum, nitidas ostende columnas,
Arida cum tota descendat aranea tela;
Hic leve argentum, vasa aspera tergeat alter:
Vox domini furit instantis virgamque tenentis.
Ergo miser trepidas, ne stercore foeda canino
Atria displiceant oculis venientis amici,
Ne perfusa luto sit porticus; (et tamen uno
Semodio scobis haec emendat servulus unus:)

Ye dangerous knaves, who pander to be fed,
And sell yourselves to infamy for bread!
REVERENCE TO CHILDREN, AS TO HEAVEN, IS DUE:
When you would, then, some darling sin pursue,
Think that your infant offspring eyes the deed;
And let the thought abate your guilty speed,
Back from the headlong steep your steps entice,
And check you, tottering on the verge of vice.
O yet reflect! for should he e'er provoke,
In riper age, the law's avenging stroke,
(Since not alone in person and in face,
But ev'n in morals, he will prove his race,
And, while example acts with fatal force,
Side, nay outstrip, you, in the vicious course)
Vex'd, you will rave and storm; perhaps, prepare,
Should threatening fail, to name another heir!
—Audacious! with what front, do you aspire
To exercise the license of a sire?
When all, with rising indignation, view,
The youth, in turpitude, surpass'd by you,
By you, old fool, whose windy, brainless head,
Long since required the cupping-glass's aid!
Is there a guest expected? all is haste,
All hurry in the house, from first to last.
"Sweep the dry cobwebs down!" the master cries,
Whips in his hand, and fury in his eyes,
"Let not a spot the clouded columns stain;
Scour you the figured silver; you, the plain!"
O inconsistent wretch! is all this coil,
Lest the front-hall, or gallery, daub'd with soil,
(Which, yet, a little sand removes,) offend
The prying eye of some indifferent friend?

Illud non agitas, ut sanctam filius omni
Aspiciat sine labe domum vitioque carentem?
Gratum est, quod patriae civem populoque dedisti,
Si facis, ut patriae sit idoneus, utilis agris,
Utilis et bellorum et pacis rebus agendis.
Plurimum enim intererit, quibus artibus et quibus hunc tu
Moribus instituas. Serpente ciconia pullos
Nutrit et inventa per devia rura lacerta:
Illi eadem sumptis quaerunt animalia pinnis.
Vultur, jumento et canibus crucibusque relictis,
Ad fetus properat partemque cadaveris adfert.
Hic est ergo cibus magni quoque vulturis et se
Pascentis, propria quum jam facit arbore nidos.
Sed leporem aut capream famulae Jovis et generosae
In saltu venantur aves: hinc praeda cubili
Ponitur: inde autem, quum se matura levavit
Progenies, stimulante fame festinat ad illam,
Quam primum praedam rupto gustaverat ovo.
Aedificator erat Cetronius et modo curvo
Litore Caietae, summa nunc Tiburis arce,
Nunc Praenestinis in montibus alta parabat

And do you stir not, that your son may see,
The house from moral filth, from vices free!
True, you have given a citizen to Rome;
And she shall thank you, if the youth become,
By your o'er-ruling care, or soon or late,
A useful member of the parent state:
For all depends on you; the stamp he'll take,
From the strong impress which, at first, you make;
And prove, as vice or virtue was your aim,
His country's glory, or his country's shame.
The stork, with snakes and lizards from the wood,
And pathless wild, supports her callow brood;
And the fledged storklings, when to wing they take,
Seek the same reptiles, through the devious brake.
The vulture snuffs from far the tainted gale,
And, hurrying where the putrid scents exhale,
From gibbets and from graves the carcase tears,
And to her young the loathsome dainty bears;
Her young, grown vigorous, hasten from the nest,
And gorge on carrion with the parent's zest.
While Jove's own eagle, bird of noble blood,
Scours the wide champaign for untainted food,
Bears the swift hare, or swifter fawn away,
And feeds her nestlings with the generous prey;
Her nestlings hence, when from the rock they spring,
And, pinch'd by hunger, to the quarry wing,
Stoop only to the game they tasted first,
When, clamourous, from the shell, to light they burst.
Centronius plann'd and built, and built and plann'd;
And now along Cajeta's winding strand,
And now amid Praeneste's hills, and now,
On lofty Tibur's solitary brow,

Culmina villarum, Graecis longeque petitis
Marmoribus vincens Fortunae atque Herculis aedem:
Ut spado vincebat Capitolia nostra Posides.
Dum sic ergo habitat Cetronius, imminuit rem,
Fregit opes, nec parva tamen mensura relictae
Partis erat: totam hanc turbavit filius amens,
Dum meliore novas attollit marmore villas.
Quidam sortiti metuentem sabbata patrem,
Nil praeter nubes et coeli numen adorant,
Nec distare putant humana carne suillam,
Qua pater abstinuit; mox et praeputia ponunt:
Romanas autem soliti contemnere leges,
Judaicum ediscunt et servant ac metuunt jus,
Tradidit arcano quodcunque volumine Moses:
Non monstrare vias eadem nisi sacra colenti,
Quaesitum ad fontem solos deducere verpos.
Sed pater in causa, cui septima quaeque fuit lux
Ignava et partem vitae non attigit ullam.
Sponte tamen juvenes imitantur cetera: solam
Inviti quoque avaritiam exercere jubentur.
Fallit enim vitium specie virtutis et umbra,
Quum sit triste habitu vultuque et veste severum.
Nec dubie tanquam frugi laudatur avarus,
Tanquam parcus homo et rerum tutela suarum
Certa magis, quam si fortunas servet easdem
Hesperidum serpens aut Ponticus. Adde quod hunc, de
Quo loquor, egregium populus putat acquirendi

He rear'd prodigious piles, with marble brought
From distant realms, and exquisitely wrought:
Prodigious piles! that tower'd o'er Fortune's shrine,
As those of gelt Posides, Jove, o'er thine!
While thus Cretonius crowded seat on seat,
He spent his cash, and mortgaged his estate;
Yet left enough his family to content:
Which his mad son, to the last farthing, spent,
While, building on, he strove, with fond desire,
To shame the stately structures of his sire!
Sprung from a father who the sabbath fears,
There is, who nought but clouds and skies reveres;
And shuns the taste, by old tradition led,
Of human flesh, and swine's, with equal dread:—
This first: the prepuce next he lays aside,
And, taught the Roman ritual to deride,
Clings to the Jewish, and observes with awe,
All Moses bade in his mysterious law:
And, therefore, to the circumcised alone,
Will point the road, or make the fountain known;
Warn'd by his bigot sire, who whiled away,
Sacred to sloth, each seventh revolving day.
But youth, so prone to follow other ills,
Are driven to AVARICE, against their wills;
For this grave vice, assuming Virtue's guise,
Seems Virtue's self, to undiscerning eyes.
The miser, hence, a frugal man, they name;
And hence, they follow, with their whole acclaim,
The griping wretch, who strictlier guards his store,
Than if the Hesperian dragon kept the door.—
Add that the vulgar, still a slave to gold,
The worthy, in the wealthy, man behold;

Artificem: quippe his crescunt patrimonia fabris!
Sed crescunt quocunque modo majoraque fiunt
Incude adsidua semperque ardente camino.
Et pater ergo animi felices credit avaros,
Qui miratur opes, qui nulla exempla beati
Pauperis esse putat: juvenes horatur, ut illam
Ire viam pergant et eidem incumbere sectae.
Sunt quaedam vitiorum elementa: his protenus illos
Imbuit et cogit minimas ediscere sordes.
Mox acquirendi docet insatiabile votum.
Servorum ventres modio castigat iniquo,
Ipse quoque esuriens: neque enim omnia sustinet unquam
Mucida caerulei panis consumere frusta,
Hesternum solitus medio servare minutal
Septembri, nec non differre in tempora coenae
Alterius conchem aestivam cum parte lacerti
Signatam vel dimidio putrique siluro,
Filaque sectivi numerata includere porri.
Invitatus ad haec aliquis de ponte negabit.
Sed quo divitias haec per tormenta coactas,
Quum furor haud dubius, quum sit manifesta phrenesis,
Ut locuples moriaris, egentis vivere fato?

And, reasoning from the fortune he has made,
Hail him, A perfect master of his trade!
And true, indeed, it is—such MASTERS raise
Immense estates; no matter, by what ways;
But raise they do, with brows in sweat still died,
With forge still glowing, and with sledge still plied.
The father, by the love of wealth possest,
Convinced—the covetous alone are blest,
And that, nor past, nor present times, e'er knew
A poor man happy,—bids his son pursue
The paths they take, the courses they affect,
And follow, at the heels, this thriving sect.
Vice boasts its elements, like other arts;
These, he inculcates first; anon, imparts
The petty tricks of saving; last, inspires,
Of endless wealth, the insatiable desires.—
Hungry himself, his hungry slaves he cheats,
With scanty measures, and unfaithful weights;
And sees them lessen, with increasing dread,
The flinty fragments of his vinew'd bread.
In dogdays, when the sun, with fervent power,
Corrupts the freshest meat from hour to hour.
He saves the last night's hash, sets by a dish
Of sodden beans, and scraps of summer fish,
And half a stinking shad, and a few strings
Of a chopp'd leek—all told, like sacred things,
And seal'd with caution, though the sight and smell,
Would a starv'd beggar from the board repel.
But why this dire avidity of gain?
This mass collected with such toil and pain?
Since 'tis the veriest madness, to live poor,
And die with bags and coffers running o'er.

Interea pleno quum turget sacculus ore,
Crescit amor nummi, quantum ipsa pecunia crevit;
Et minus hanc optat qui non habet. Ergo paratur
Altera villa tibi, quum rus non sufficit unum,
Et proferre libet fines, majorque videtur
Et melior vicina seges: mercaris et hanc et
Arbusta et densa montem qui canet oliva.
Quorum si pretio dominus non vincitur ullo,
Nocte boves macri lassoque famelica collo
Jumenta ad virides hujus mittentur aristas;
Nec prius inde domum, quam tota novalia saevos
In ventres abeant, ut credas falcibus actum.
Dicere vix possis, quam multi talia plorent
Et quot venales injuria fecerit agros.
Sed qui sermones! quam foedae buccina famae!—
Quid nocet haec? inquit. Tunicam mihi malo lupini,
Quam si me toto laudet vicinia pago,
Exigui ruris paucissima farra secantem.—
Scilicet et morbis et debilitate carebis
Et luctum et curam effugies, et tempora vitae
Longa tibi post haec fato meliore dabuntur,
Si tantum culti solus possederis agri,
Quantum sub Tatio populus Romanus arabat.
Mox etiam fractis aetate ac Punica passis
Proelia vel Pyrrhum immanem gladiosque Molossos

Besides, while thus the streams of affluence roll,
They nurse the eternal dropsy of the soul,
For thirst of wealth, still grows with wealth increast,
And they desire it less, who have it least.—
Now swell his wants: one manor is too small,
Another must be bought, house, lands, and all;
Still "cribb'd confined," he spurns the narrow bounds,
And turns an eye on every neighbour's grounds:
There all allures; his crops appear a foil,
To the rich produce of their happier soil.
"And this, I'll purchase, with the grove," he cries,
"And that fair hill, where the gray olives rise."
Then, if the owner to no price will yield,
(Resolv'd to keep the hereditary field,)
Whole droves of oxen, starv'd to this intent,
Among his springing corn, by night, are sent,
To revel there, till not a blade be seen,
And all appear like a close-shaven green.
"Monstrous!" you say—And yet 'twere hard to tell,
What numbers, tricks like these have forced to sell.
But, sure, the general voice has mark'd his name,
And giv'n him up to infamy and shame:—
"And what of that?" he cries. "I value more,
A single lupine, added to my store,
Than all the country's praise; if curs'd by fate,
With the scant produce of a small estate."—
'Tis well! no more shall age or grief annoy,
But nights of peace succeed to days of joy,
If more of ground to you alone pertain,
Than Rome possest, in Numa's pious reign!
Since then, the veteran, whose brave breast was gored,
By the fierce Pyrrhick, or Molossian sword,

Tandem pro multis vix jugera bina dabantur
Vulneribus. Merces haec sanguinis atque laboris
Nullis visa unquam meritis minor, aut ingratae
Curta fides patriae. Saturabat glebula talis
Patrem ipsum turbamque casae, qua feta jacebat
Uxor et infantes ludebant quatuor, unus
Vernula, tres domini: sed magnis fratribus horum
A scrobe vel sulco redeuntibus, altera coena
Amplior et grandes fumabant pultibus ollae.
Nunc modus hic agri nostro non sufficit horto.
Inde fere scelerum causae; nec plura venena
Miscuit aut ferro grassatur saepius ullum
Humanae mentis vitium, quam saeva cupido
Indomiti census: nam dives qui fieri vult,
Et cito vult fieri. Sed quae reverentia legum,
Quis metus aut pudor est unquam properantis avari?
Vivite contenti casulis et collibus istis,
O pueri! Marsus dicebat et Hernicus olim
Vestinusque senex; panem quaeramus aratro,
Qui satis est mensis: laudant hoc numina ruris,
Quorum ope et auxilio gratae post munus aristae
Contingunt homini veteris fastidia quercus.
Nil vetitum fecisse volet, quem non pudet alto
Per glaciem perone tegi; qui submovet Euros

Hardly received for all his service past,
And all his wounds, TWO ACRES at the last;
The meed of toil and blood! yet never thought,
His country thankless, or his pains ill bought.
For then, his little glebe, improved with care,
Largely supplied, with vegetable fare,
The good old man, the wife in childbed laid,
And four hale boys, that round the cottage play'd,
Three free-born, one a slave: while, on the board,
Huge porringers, with wholesome pottage stored,
Smoked for their elder brothers, who were now,
Hungry and tired, expected from the plough.—
TWO ACRES will not, now, so changed the times,
Afford a garden-plot:—and hence our crimes!
For not a vice that taints the human soul,
More frequent points the sword, or drugs the bowl,
Than the dire lust of an "untamed estate"—
Since, he who covets wealth, disdains to wait:
Law threatens, Conscience calls—yet on he hies,
And this he silences, and that defies,
Fear, Shame,—he bears down all, and, with loose rein,
Sweeps headlong o'er the alluring paths of gain!
"Let us, my sons, contented with our lot,
Enjoy, in peace, our hillock and our cot,
(The good old Marsian to his children said,)
And from our labour, seek our daily bread.
So shall we please the rural Powers, whose care,
And kindly aid, first taught us to prepare
The golden grain, what time we ranged the wood,
A savage race, for acorns, savage food!
The poor who, with inverted skins, defy
The lowering tempest, and the freezing sky,

Pellibus inversis. Peregrina ignotaque nobis
Ad scelus atque nefas, quaecunque est, purpura ducit.—
Haec illi veteres praecepta minoribus: at nunc
Post finem autumni media de nocte supinum
Clamosus juvenem pater excitat; Accipe ceras,
Scribe, puer, vigila, causas age, perlege rubras
Majorum leges: aut vitem posce libello;
Sed caput intactum buxo naresque pilosas
Annotet et grandes miretur Laelius alas.
Dirue Maurorum attegias, castella Brigantum,
Ut locupletem aquilam tibi sexagesimus annus
Adferat: aut, longos castrorum ferre labores
Si piget et trepidum solvunt tibi cornua ventrem
Cum lituis audita, pares, quod vendere possis
Pluris dimidio, nec te fastidia mercis
Ullius subeant ablegandae Tiberim ultra,
Neu credas ponendum aliquid discriminis inter
Unguenta et corium. Lucri bonus est odor ex re
Qualibet. Illa tuo sententia semper in ore
Versetur, Dis atque ipso Jove digna poeta:
Unde habeas, quaerit nemo; sed oportet habere.—
Hoc monstrant vetulae pueris repentibus assae;
Hoc discunt omnes ante alpha et beta puellae.

Who, without shame, without reluctance go,
In clouted brogues, through mire and drifted snow,
Ne'er think of ill: 'tis purple, boys, alone,
Which leads to guilt,—purple, to us unknown."
Thus, to their children, spoke the sires of yore.
Now, autumn's sickly heats are scarcely o'er,
Ere, while deep midnight yet involves the skies,
The impatient father shakes his son, and cries,
"What, ho, boy, wake! Up; pleas, rejoinders draw,
Turn o'er the rubrick of our ancient law;
Up, up, and study: or, with a brief in hand,
Petition Laelius for a small command,
A captain's;—Laelius loves a spreading chest,
Broad shoulders, tangled locks, and hairy breast:
The British towers, the Moorish tents destroy,
And the rich Eagle, at threescore, enjoy!
But if the trump, prelusive to the fight,
And the long labours of the camp affright,
Go, look for merchandise of readiest vent,
Which yields a sure return of cent. per cent.
Buy this, no matter what; the ware is good,
Though not allow'd on this side Tiber's flood:
Hides, unguents, mark me, boy, are equal things,
And gain smells sweet, from whatsoe'er it springs.
This golden sentence, which the Powers of heaven,
Which Jove himself, might glory to have given,
Will never, never, from your thoughts, I trust,—
NONE QUESTION WHENCE IT COMES; BUT COME IT MUST.'
This, when the lisping race a farthing ask,
Old women set them, as a previous task;
The wondrous apophthegm all run to get,
And learn it sooner than their alphabet.

Talibus instantem monitis quemcunque parentem
Sic possem affari: Dic, o vanissime, quis te
Festinare jubet? meliorem praesto magistro
Discipulum. Securus abi: vinceris, ut Ajax
Praeteriit Telamonem, ut Pelea vicit Achilles.
Parcendum est teneris: nondum implevere medullas
Maturae mala nequitiae. Quum pectere barbam
Coeperit et longi mucronem admittere cultri,
Falsus erit testis, vendet perjuria summa
Exigua, et Cereris tangens aramque pedemque.
Elatam jam crede nurum, si limina vestra
Mortifera cum dote subit. Quibus illa premetur
Per somnum digitis! nam quae terraque marique
Acquirenda putas, brevior via conferet illi.
Nullus enim magni sceleris labor. Haec ego nunquam
Mandavi, dices olim, nec talia suasi.
Mentis causa malae tamen est et origo penes te.
Nam quisquis magni census praecepit amorem,
Et laevo monitu pueros producit avaros,
Et qui per fraudes patrimonia conduplicavit,
Dat libertatem et totas effundit habenas
Curriculo: quem si revoces, subsistere nescit
Et te contempto rapitur metisque relictis.
Nemo satis credit tantum delinquere, quantum

But why this haste? Without your care, vain fool!
The pupil will, ere long, the tutor school:
Sleep then, in peace; secure to be outdone,
Like Telamon, or Peleus, by your son.
O, yet indulge awhile his tender years:
The seeds of vice, sown by your fostering cares,
Have scarce ta'en root; but they will spring at length,
"Grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength."
Then, when the firstlings of his youth are paid,
And his rough chin requires the razor's aid,
Then he will swear, then to the altar come,
And sell deep perjuries, for a paltry sum!—
Believe your step-daughter already dead,
If, with an ample dower, she mount his bed:
Lo! scarcely laid, his murderous fingers creep,
And close her eyes in everlasting sleep.
For that vast wealth which, with long years of pain,
You thought would be acquired by land and main,
He gets a readier way: the skill's not great,
The toil not much, to make a knave complete.
But you will say hereafter, "I am free:
He never learned those practices of me."
Yes, all of you:—for he who, madly blind,
Imbues with avarice his children's mind,
Fires with the thirst of riches, and applauds
The attempt, to double their estate by frauds,
Unconscious, flings the headlong wheels the rein,
Which he may wish to stop, but wish in vain;
Deaf to his voice, with growing speed they roll,
Smoke down the steep, and spurn the distant goal!
None sin by rule; none heed the charge precise,
THUS, AND NO FURTHER, MAY YE STEP IN VICE;

Permittas: adeo indulgent sibi latius ipsi.
Quum dicis juveni, stultum, qui donet amico,
Qui paupertatem levet attollatque propinqui;
Et spoliare doces et circumscribere et omni
Crimine divitias acquirere, quarum amor in te,
Quantus erat patriae Deciorum in pectore, quantum
Dilexit Thebas, si Graecia vera, Menoeceus;
In quorum sulcis legiones dentibus anguis
Cum clypeis nascuntur et horrida bella capessunt
Continuo, tanquam et tubicen surrexerit una.
Ergo ignem, cujus scintillas ipse dedisti,
Flagrantem late et rapientem cuncta videbis.
Nec tibi parcetur misero, trepidumque magistrum
In cavea magno fremitu leo tollet alumnus.
Nota mathematicis genesis tua: sed grave tardas
Expectare colus. Morieris stamine nondum
Abrupto. Jam nunc obstas et vota moraris,
Jam torquet juvenem longa et cervina senectus.
Ocius Archigenen quaere atque eme quod Mithridates
Composuit, si vis aliam decerpere ficum
Atque alias tractare rosas. Medicamen habendum est,

But leap the bounds prescribed, and, with free pace,
Scour far and wide, the interdicted space.
So, when you tell the youth, that FOOLS alone
Regard a friend's distresses as their own;
You bid the willing hearer riches raise,
By fraud, by rapine, by the worst of ways;
Riches, whose love is on your soul imprest,
Deep as their country's on the Decii's breast;
Or Thebes on his, who sought an early grave,
(If Greece say true,) her sacred walls to save
Thebes, where, impregn'd with serpent's teeth, the earth
Pour'd forth a marshall'd host, prodigious birth!
Horrent with arms, that fought with headlong rage,
Nor ask'd the trumpet's signal, to engage.—
But mark the end! the fire, derived, at first,
From a small sparkle, by your folly nurst,
Blown to a flame, on all around it preys,
And wraps you in the universal blaze.
So the young lion rent, with hideous roar,
His keeper's trembling limbs, and drank his gore.
"Tush! I am safe," you cry; "Chaldaean seers,
Have raised my Scheme, and promised length of years."
But has your son subscribed? will he await
The lingering distaff of decrepid Fate?
No;—his impatience will the work confound,
And snap the vital thread, ere half unwound.
Ev'n now your long and stag-like age annoys
His future hopes, and palls his present joys.
Fly then, and bid Archigenes prepare
An antidote, if life be worth your care;
If you would see another autumn close,
And pluck another fig, another rose:—

Sorbere ante cibum quod debeat et pater et rex.
Monstro voluptatem egregiam, cui nulla theatra,
Nulla aequare queas Praetoris pulpita lauti,
Si spectes, quanto capitis discrimine constent
Incrementa domus, aerata multus in arca
Fiscus et ad vigilem ponendi Castora nummi,
Ex quo Mars Ultor galeam quoque perdidit et res
Non potuit servare suas. Ergo omnia Florae
Et Cereris licet et Cybeles aulaea relinquas:
Tanto majores humana negotia ludi.
An magis oblectant animum jactata petauro
Corpora quique solet rectum descendere funem,
Quam tu, Corycia semper qui puppe moraris
Atque habitas, Coro semper tollendus et Austro,
Perditus ac vilis sacci mercator olentis:
Qui gaudes pingue antiquae de litore Cretae
Passum et municipes Jovis advexisse lagenas?
Hic tamen ancipiti figens vestigia planta
Victum illa mercede parat, brumamque famemque
Illa reste cavet: tu propter mille talenta
Et centum villas temerarius. Aspice portus
Et plenum magnis trabibus mare; plus hominum est jam
In pelago; veniet classis, quocunque vocarit
Spes lucri, nec Carpathium Gaetulaque tantum
Aequora transiliet, sed, longe Calpe relicta,
Audiet Herculeo stridentem gurgite solem.
Grande operae pretium est, ut tenso folle reverti
Inde domum possis tumidaque superbus aluta

Take mithridate, rash man, before your meat,
A FATHER, you? and without med'cine eat!
Come, my Fuscinus, come with me, and view,
A scene more comick than the stage e'er knew.
Lo! with what toil, what danger, wealth is sought,
And to the fane of watchful Castor brought;
Since MARS THE AVENGER slumber'd, to his cost,
And, with his helmet, all his credit lost!
Quit then the plays! the FARCE OF LIFE supplies
A scene more comick, in the sage's eyes.
For who amuses most?—the man who springs,
Light, through the hoop, and on the tight-rope swings;
Or he, who, to a fragile bark confined,
Dwells on the deep, the sport of wave and wind?
Foolhardy wretch! scrambling for every bale
Of stinking merchandise, exposed to sale;
And proud to Crete, for ropy wine, to rove,
And jars, the fellow citizens of Jove!
THAT skips along the rope, with wavering tread,
Dangerous dexterity, which brings him bread;
THIS ventures life, for wealth too vast to spend,
Farm join'd to farm, and villas without end!
Lo, every harbour throng'd and every bay,
And half mankind upon the watery way!
For, where he hears the attractive voice of gain,
The merchant hurries, and defies the main.—
Nor will he only range the Libyan shore,
But, passing Calpé, other worlds explore;
See Phoebus, sinking in the Atlantick, lave
His fiery car, and hear the hissing wave.
And all for what? O glorious end! to come,
His toils o'erpast, with purse replenish'd, home,

Oceani monstra et juvenes vidisse marinos.
Non unus mentes agitat furor. Ille sororis
In manibus vultu Eumenidum terretur et igni,
Hic bove percusso mugire Agamemnona credit
Aut Ithacum. Parcat tunicis licet atque lacernis,
Curatoris eget qui navem mercibus implet
Ad summum latus et tabula distinguitur unda,
Quum sit causa mali tanti et discriminis hujus
Concisum argentum in titulos faciesque minutas.
Occurrunt nubes et fulgura : solvite funem,
Frumenti dominus clamat piperisque coempti :
Nil color hic coeli, nil fascia nigra minatur ;
Aestivum tonat. Infelix hac forsitan ipsa
Nocte cadet fractis trabibus, fluctuque premetur
Obrutus et zonam laeva morsuque tenebit.
Sed cujus votis modo non suffecerat aurum,
Quod Tagus et rutila volvit Pactolus arena,
Frigida sufficient velantes inguina panni
Exiguusque cibus, mersa rate naufragus assem
Dum rogat et picta se tempestate tuetur.
Tantis parta malis cura majore metuque
Servantur. Misera est magni custodia census.

And, with a traveller's privilege, vent his boasts,
Of unknown monsters seen on unknown coasts.
What varying forms in madness may we trace!—
Safe in his loved Electra's fond embrace,
Orestes sees the avenging Furies rise,
And flash their bloody torches in his eyes;
While Ajax strikes an ox, and, at the blow,
Hears Agamemnon, or Ulysses low:
And surely he, (though, haply, he forbear,
Like these, his keeper and his clothes to tear,)
Is just as mad, who, to the water's brim,
Loads his frail bark—a plank 'twixt death and him!
When all this risk, is but to swell his store,
With a few coins, a few gold pieces more,
Heaven lours, and frequent, through the muttering air,
The nimble lightning glares, or seems to glare:
"Weigh! weigh!" the impatient man of traffick cries,
These gathering clouds, this rack that dims the skies,
Are but the pageants of a sultry day;
A thunder shower, that frowns, and melts away."
Deluded wretch! dash'd on some dangerous coast,
This night, this hour, perhaps, his bark is lost;
While he still strives, though whelm'd beneath the wave,
His darling purse with teeth, or hand, to save.
Thus he, who sigh'd, of late, for all the gold,
Down the bright Tagus and Pactolus roll'd,
Now bounds his wishes to one poor request,
A scanty morsel and a tatter'd vest;
And shows, where tears, where supplications fail,
A daubing of his melancholy tale!
Wealth, by such dangers earn'd, such anxious pain,
Requires more care to keep it, than to gain:

Dispositis praedives hamis vigilare cohortem
Servorum noctu Licinus jubet, attonitus pro
Electro signisque suis Phrygiaque columna
Atque ebore et lata testudine. Dolia nudi
Non ardent Cynici: si fregeris, altera fiet
Cras domus, aut eadem plumbo commissa manebit.
Sensit Alexander, testa quum vidit in illa
Magnum habitatorem, quanto felicior hic, qui
Nil cuperet, quam qui totum sibi posceret orbem,
Passurus gestis aequanda pericula rebus.
Nullum numen habes, si sit prudentia; nos te,
Nos facimus, Fortuna, Deam. Mensura tamen quae
Sufficiat census, si quis me consulat, edam:
In quantum sitis atque fames et frigora poscunt,
Quantum, Epicure, tibi parvis suffecit in hortis,
Quantum Socratici ceperunt ante penates.
Nunquam aliud Natura, aliud Sapientia dicit.
Acribus exemplis videor te claudere? Misce
Ergo aliquid nostris de moribus; effice summam,
Bis septem ordinibus quam lex dignatur Othonis.
Haec quoque si rugam trahit extenditque labellum:
Sume duos Equites, fac tertia quadringenta.

Whate'er my miseries, make me not, kind Fate,
The sleepless Argus of a vast estate!
The slaves of Licinus, a numerous band,
Watch through the night, with buckets in their hand,
While their rich master trembling lies, afraid,
Lest fire his ivory, amber, gold, invade.
The naked Cynick mocks such restless cares,
His earthen tub no conflagration fears;
If crack'd, to-morrow he procures a new,
Or, coarsely soldering, makes the old one do.
Even Philip's son, when, in his little cell,
Content, he saw the mighty master dwell,
Own'd, with a sigh, that he, who nought desired,
Was happier far, than he who worlds required,
And whose ambition certain dangers brought,
Vast, and unbounded, as the object sought.—
Fortune, advanced to heaven by fools alone,
Would lose, were wisdom ours, her shadowy throne.
"What call I, then, ENOUGH?" What will afford,
A decent habit, and a frugal board;
What Epicurus' little garden bore,
And Socrates sufficient thought, before:
These squared by Nature's rules their blameless life—
Nature and Wisdom never are at strife.
You think, perhaps, these rigid means too scant,
And that I ground philosophy on want;
Take then, (for I will be indulgent now,
And something for the change of times allow,)
As much as Otho for a knight requires:—
If this, unequal to your wild desires,
Contract your brow; enlarge the sum, and take,
As much as two,—as much as three—will make.

Si nondum implevi gremium, si panditur ultra,
Nec Croesi fortuna unquam, nec Persica regna
Sufficient animo, nec divitiae Narcissi,
Indulsit Caesar cui Claudius omnia, cujus
Paruit imperiis, uxorem occidere jussus.

If yet, in spite of this prodigious store,
Your craving bosom yawn, unfill'd, for more,
Then, all the wealth of Lydia's king, increast
By all the treasures of the gorgeous East,
Will not content you ; no, nor all the gold
Of that proud slave, whose mandate Rome controll'd,
Who sway'd the Emperour, and whose fatal word
Plunged, in the Empress' breast, the lingering sword !

ARGUMENT OF THE FIFTEENTH SATIRE

After a contemptuous reference to Egypt and to the gods there worshipped, Juvenal describes a fight between two neighbouring Egyptian townships; a fight caused by religious intolerance and hatred, which ended in a detestable scene of cannibalism; he deplores the savage cruelty of the whole affair, and laments the decay of that sympathy and affection which nature gives to man and to man alone, and which is the foundation of all society. The satire seems to be directed against superstition and bigotry, no less than against the savage actions which they engender.

Quis nescit, Volusi Bithynice, qualia demens
Aegyptus portenta colat? Crocodilon adorat
Pars haec; illa pavet saturam serpentibus ibin.
Effigies sacri nitet aurea cercopitheci,
Dimidio magicae resonant ubi Memnone chordae
Atque vetus Thebe centum jacet obruta portis.
Illic aeluros, hic piscem fluminis, illic
Oppida tota canem venerantur, nemo Dianam.
Porrum et caepe nefas violare et frangere morsu.
O sanctas gentes, quibus haec nascuntur in hortis
Numina! Lanatis animalibus abstinet omnis
Mensa; nefas illic fetum jugulare capellae:
Carnibus humanis vesci licet. Attonito quum
Tale super coenam facinus narraret Ulixes
Alcinoo, bilem aut risum fortasse quibusdam
Moverat, ut mendax aretalogus. In mare nemo
Hunc abicit, saeva dignum veraque Charbydi,
Fingentem immanes Laestrygonas atque Cyclopas?
Nam citius Scyllam vel concurrentia saxa
Cyaneas plenos et tempestatibus utres
Crediderim, aut tenui percussum verbere Circes
Et cum remigibus grunnisse Elpenora porcis.
Tam vacui capitis populum Phaeaca putavit?

Who knows not to what monstrous gods, my friend,
The mad inhabitants of Egypt bend?—
The snake-devouring ibis these inshrine,
Those think the crocodile alone divine;
Others, where Thebes' vast ruins strew the ground,
And shatter'd Memnon yields a magick sound,
Set up a glittering brute of uncouth shape,
And bow before the image of an ape!
Thousands regard the hound with holy fear,
Not one, Diana: and 'tis dangerous here,
To violate an onion, or to stain
The sanctity of leeks with tooth profane.
O holy nations! Sacro-sanct abodes!
Where every garden propagates its gods!
They spare the fleecy kind, and think it ill,
The blood of lambkins, or of kids, to spill;
But, human flesh—O! that is lawful fare,
And you may eat it without scandal there.
When, at the amazed Alcinoüs' board, of old,
Ulysses of so strange an action told,
He moved of some the mirth, of more the gall,
And, for a lying vagrant, pass'd with all.
"Will no one plunge this babbler in the waves,
(Worthy a true Charybdis,)—while he raves
Of monsters seen not since the world began,
Cyclops and Laestrigons, who feed on man!
For me—I less should doubt of Scylla's train,
Of rocks that float and jostle in the main,
Of bladders fill'd with storms, of men, in fine,
By magick changed, and driven to grunt with swine,
Than of his cannibals:—the fellow feigns,
As if he thought Phaeacians had no brains."

Sic aliquis merito nondum ebrius et minimum qui
De Corcyraea temetum duxerat urna:
Solus enim hoc Ithacus nullo sub teste canebat.
Nos miranda quidem, sed nuper Consule Junio
Gesta super calidae referemus moenia Copti,
Nos vulgi scelus et cunctis graviora cothurnis.
Nam scelus, a Pyrrha quanquam omnia syrmata volvas,
Nullus apud tragicos populus facit. Accipe, nostro
Dira quod exemplum feritas produxerit aevo.
Inter finitimos vetus atque antiqua simultas,
Immortale odium et nunquam sanabile vulnus
Ardet adhuc, Ombos et Tentyra. Summus utrinque
Inde furor vulgo, quod numina vicinorum
Odit uterque locus, quum solos credat habendos
Esse Deos, quos ipse colit. Sed tempore festo
Alterius populi rapienda occasio cunctis
Visa inimicorum primoribus ac ducibus, ne
Laetum hilaremque diem, ne magnae gaudia coenae
Sentirent, positis ad templa et compita mensis
Pervigilique toro, quem nocte ac luce jacentem
Septimus interdum sol invenit. Horrida sane
Aegyptus: sed luxuria, quantum ipse notavi,
Barbara famoso non cedit turba Canopo.

Thus, one, perhaps, more sober than the rest,
Observ'd, and justly, of their travell'd guest,
Who spoke of prodigies till then unknown;
Yet brought no attestation but his own.
—I bring my wonders, too; and I can tell,
When Junius, late, was consul, what befel,
Near Coptus' walls; tell of a people stain'd,
With deeper guilt, than tragedy ere feign'd:
For, sure, no buskin'd bard, from Pyrrha's time,
E'er tax'd a whole community with crime;
Take then a scene yet to the stage unknown,
And, by a nation, acted—IN OUR OWN!

Between two neighbouring towns a deadly hate,
Sprung from a sacred grudge of ancient date,
Yet burns; a hate no lenients can assuage,
No time subdue, a rooted, rancorous rage!
Blind bigotry, at first, the evil wrought:
For each despised the other's gods, and thought
Its own the true, the genuine, in a word,
The only deities to be adored!

And now the Ombite festival drew near:
When the prime Tent'rites, envious of their cheer,
Resolv'd to seize the occasion, to annoy
Their feast, and spoil the sacred week of joy.—
It came: the hour the thoughtless Ombites greet,
And crowd the porches, crowd the publick street,
With tables richly spread; where, night and day,
Plunged in the abyss of gluttony, they lay:
(For savage as the name appears, it vies
In luxury, if I MAY TRUST MY EYES,
With dissolute Canopus:) Six were past,
Six days of riot, and the seventh and last

Adde, quod et facilis victoria de madidis et
Blaesis atque mero titubantibus. Inde virorum
Saltatus nigro tibicine, qualiacunque
Unguenta et flores multaeque in fronte coronae:
Hinc jejunum odium. Sed jurgia prima sonare
Incipiunt animis ardentibus: haec tuba rixae.
Dein clamore pari concurritur, et vice teli
Saevit nuda manus: paucae sine vulnere malae:
Vix cuiquam aut nulli toto certamine nasus
Integer. Aspiceres jam cuncta per agmina vultus
Dimidios, alias facies et hiantia ruptis
Ossa genis, plenos oculorum sanguine pugnos.
Ludere se credunt ipsi tamen et pueriles
Exercere acies, quod nulla cadavera calcent:
Et sane quo tot rixantis millia turbae,
Si vivunt omnes? Ergo acrior impetus, et jam
Saxa inclinatis per humum quaesita lacertis
Incipiunt torquere, domestica seditioni
Tela; nec hunc lapidem, quales et Turnus et Ajax,
Vel quo Tydides percussit pondere coxam
Aeneae; sed quem valeant emittere dextrae
Illis dissimiles et nostro tempore natae.
Nam genus hoc vivo jam decrescebat Homero;

Rose on the feast: and now the Tent'rites thought,
A cheap, a bloodless victory might be bought,
O'er such a helpless crew; nor thought they wrong,
Nor could the event be doubtful, where a throng
Of drunken revellers, stammering, reeling-ripe,
And capering to a sooty minstrel's pipe,
Coarse unguents, chaplets, flowers, on this side fight;
On that, keen hatred, and deliberate spite!
At first both sides, though eager to engage,
With taunts and jeers, the heralds of their rage,
Blow up their mutual fury; and anon,
Kindled to madness, with loud shouts rush on;
Deal, though unarm'd, their vengeance blindly round,
And with clench'd fists print many a ghastly wound.
Then might you see, amidst the desperate fray,
Features disfigured, noses torn away,
Hands, where the gore of mangled eyes yet reeks,
And jaw-bones starting through the cloven cheeks!
But this is sport, mere children's play, they cry—
As yet beneath their feet no bodies lie,
And, to what purpose should such armies fight
The cause of heaven, if none be slain outright?
Roused at the thought, more fiercely they engage,
With stones, the weapons of intestine rage;
Yet not precisely such, to tell you true,
As Turnus erst, or mightier Ajax, threw;
Nor quite so large as that two-handed stone,
Which bruised Aeneas on the huckle-bone;
But such as men, in our degenerate days,
Ah, how unlike to theirs! make shift to raise.
Even in his time, Maeonides could trace,
Some diminution of the human race:

Terra malos homines nunc educat atque pusillos
Ergo Deus, quicunque aspexit, ridet et odit.
A diverticulo repetatur fabula. Postquam
Subsidiis aucti, pars altera promere ferrum
Audet et infestis pugnam instaurare sagittis;
Terga fugae celeri praestantibus omnibus, instant
Qui vicina colunt umbrosae Tentyra palmae.
Labitur hic quidam, nimia formidine cursum
Praecipitans, capiturque: ast illum in plurima sectum
Frusta et particulas, ut multis mortuus unus
Sufficeret, totum corrosis ossibus edit
Victrix turba: nec ardenti decoxit aeno
Aut verubus: longum usque adeo tardumque putavit
Expectare focos, contenta cadavere crudo.
Hic gaudere libet, quod non violaverit ignem,
Quem summa coeli raptum de parte Prometheus
Donavit terris. Elemento gratulor et te
Exsultare reor. Sed qui mordere cadaver
Sustinuit, nil unquam hac carne libentius edit.
Nam scelere in tanto ne quaeras et dubites, an
Prima voluptatem gula senserit. Ultimus autem
Qui stetit, absumpto jam toto corpore, ductis
Per terram digitis aliquid de sanguine gustat.
Vascones, haec fama est, alimentis talibus olim
Produxere animas: sed res diversa, sed illic
Fortunae invidia est bellorumque ultima, casus

Now, earth, grown old and frigid, rears with pain
A pigmy brood, a weak and wicked train;
Which every god, who marks their passions vile,
Regards with laughter, though he loaths the while.
But to our tale. Inforced with arm'd supplies,
The zealous Tent'rites feel their courage rise,
And wave their swords, and, kindling at the sight,
Press on, and with fell rage renew the fight.
The Ombites flee; they follow:—in the rear,
A luckless wretch, confounded by his fear,
Trips and falls headlong; with loud yelling cries,
The pack rush in, and seize him as he lies.
And now the conquerours, none to disappoint
Of the dire banquet, tear him joint by joint,
And dole him round; the bones yet warm, they gnaw,
And champ the flesh that heaves beneath their jaw.
They want no cook to dress it—'twould be long,
And appetite is keen, and rage is strong.
And here, Volusius, I rejoice at least,
That fire was unprofaned by this curs'd feast,
Fire, rapt from heaven! and you will, sure, agree
To greet the element's escape, with me.
—But all who ventured on the carcase, swore
They never tasted—aught so sweet before!
Nor did the relish charm the first alone—
Those who arrived too late for flesh, or bone,
Stoop'd down, and scraping where the wretch had lain,
With savage pleasure lick'd the gory plain!
The Vascons once, (the story yet is rife,)
With such dire sustenance prolong'd their life;
But then the cause was different: Fortune, there,
Proved adverse: they had borne the extremes of war,

Extremi, longae dira obsidionis egestas.
Hujus enim, quod nunc agitur, miserabile debet
Exemplum esse cibi: sicut modo dicta mihi gens
Post omnes herbas, post cuncta animalia, quidquid
Cogebat vacui ventris furor, hostibus ipsis
Pallorem ac maciem et tenues miserantibus artus,
Membra aliena fame lacerabant, esse parati
Et sua. Quisnam hominum veniam dare, quisve Deorum
Ventribus abnueret dira atque immania passis,
Et quibus illorum poterant ignoscere manes,
Quorum corporibus vescebantur? Melius nos
Zenonis praecepta monent: nec enim omnia, quaedam
Pro vita facienda putat. Sed Cantaber unde
Stoicus, antiqui praesertim aetate Metelli?
Nunc totus Graias nostrasque habet orbis Athenas.
Gallia causidicos docuit facunda Britannos:
De conducendo loquitur jam rhetore Thule.
Nobilis ille tamen populus, quem diximus, et par
Virtute atque fide, sed major clade, Saguntus
Tale quid excusat. Maeotide saevior ara
Aegyptus: quippe illa nefandi Taurica sacri
Inventrix homines (ut jam, quae carmina tradunt,
Digna fide credas) tantum immolat, ulterius nil

The rage of famine, the still watchful foe,
And all the ills beleaguered cities know.
(And nothing less, should prompt mankind to use
Such desperate means.) May this their crime excuse!
For after every root and herb were gone,
And every aliment to hunger known;
When their lean frames, and cheeks of sallow hue,
Struck even the foe with pity at the view,
And all were ready their own flesh to tear,
They first adventured on this horrid fare.
And surely every god would pity grant,
To men so worn by wretchedness and want,
And even the very ghosts of those they ate,
Absolve them, mindful of their dreadful state!
  True, we are wiser; and, by Zeno taught,
Know life itself may be too dearly bought;
But the poor Vascon, in that early age,
Knew nought of Zeno, or the Stoick page.—
Now, thanks to Greece and Rome, in wisdom's robe,
The bearded tribes rush forth, and seize the globe:
Already, learned Gaul aspires to teach,
Your British orators the Art of Speech;
And Thulé, blessings on her! seems to say,
She'll hire a good grammarian, cost what may.
  The Vascons, then, who thus prolong'd their breath,
And the Saguntines, true, like them, to death,
Brave too, like them, but by worse ills subdued,
Had some small plea for this abhorred food.
  Diana first, (and let us doubt no more,
The barbarous rites we disbelieved of yore,)
Rear'd her dread altar near the Taurick flood,
And ask'd the sacrifice of human blood:

Aut gravius cultro timet hostia. Quis modo casus
Impulit hos? quae tanta fames infestaque vallo
Arma coegerunt tam detestabile monstrum
Audere? Anne aliam, terra Memphitide sicca,
Invidiam facerent nolenti surgere Nilo?
Qua nec terribiles Cimbri, nec Britones unquam,
Sauromataeque truces aut immanes Agathyrsi,
Hac saevit rabie imbelle et inutile vulgus,
Parvula fictilibus solitum dare vela phaselis
Et brevibus pictae remis incumbere testae
Nec poenam sceleri invenies, nec digna parabis
Supplicia his populis, in quorum mente pares sunt
Et similes ira atque fames. Mollissima corda
Humano generi dare se Natura fatetur,
Quae lacrimas dedit: haec nostri pars optima sensus.
Plorare ergo jubet casum lugentis amici,
Squaloremque rei, pupillum ad jura vocantem
Circumscriptorem, cujus manantia fletu
Ora puellares faciunt incerta capilli.
Naturae imperio gemimus, quum funus adultae
Virginis occurrit vel terra clauditur infans

Yet there the victim only lost his life,
And fear'd no cruelty beyond the knife.
Far, far more savage, Egypt's frantick train,
They butcher first, and then devour the slain!
But say, what cause impell'd them to proceed,
What siege, what famine, to this monstrous deed?
What could they more, had Nile refused to rise,
And the soil gaped with ever-glowing skies,
What could they more, the guilty Flood to shame,
And heap opprobrium on his hateful name!
Lo! what the barbarous hordes of Scythia, Thrace,
Gaul, Britain, never dared,—dared by a race
Of puny dastards, who, with fingers frail,
Tug the light oar, and hoist the little sail,
In painted pans! What tortures can the mind,
Suggest for miscreants of this abject kind,
Whom spite impell'd worse horrours to pursue,
Than famine, in its deadliest form, e'er knew!
  Nature, who gave us tears, by that alone,
Proclaims she made the feeling heart our own;
And 'tis her noblest boon: This bids us fly,
To wipe the drops from sorrowing friendship's eye,
Sorrowing ourselves; to wail the prisoner's state,
And sympathize in the wrong'd orphan's fate,
Compell'd his treacherous guardian to accuse,
While many a shower his blooming cheek bedews,
And through his scatter'd tresses, wet with tears,
A doubtful face, or boy or girl's, appears.
As Nature bids, we sigh, when some bright maid
Is, ere her spousals, to the pyre convey'd;
Some babe—by fate's inexorable doom,
Just shown on earth, and hurried to the tomb.

Et minor igne rogi. Quis enim bonus et face dignus
Arcana, qualem Cereris vult esse sacerdos,
Ulla aliena sibi credat mala? Separat hoc nos
A grege mutorum, atque ideo venerabile soli
Sortiti ingenium divinorumque capaces
Atque exercendis capiendisque artibus apti
Sensum a coelesti demissum traximus arce,
Cujus egent prona et terram spectantia. Mundi
Principio indulsit communis conditor illis
Tantum animas, nobis animum quoque, mutuus ut nos
Affectus petere auxilium et praestare juberet,
Dispersos trahere in populum, migrare vetusto
De nemore et proavis habitatas linquere silvas;
Aedificare domos, Laribus conjungere nostris
Tectum aliud, tutos vicino limine somnos
Ut collata daret fiducia; protegere armis
Lapsum aut ingenti nutantem vulnere civem,
Communi dare signa tuba, defendier isdem
Turribus atque una portarum clave teneri.
Sed jam serpentum major concordia: parcit
Cognatis maculis similis fera. Quando leoni
Fortior eripuit vitam leo? quod nemore unquam
Exspiravit aper majoris dentibus apri?
Indica tigris agit rabida cum tigride pacem
Perpetuam: saevis inter se convenit ursis.

For who, that to the sanctity aspires,
Which Ceres, for her mystick torch, requires,
Feels not another's woes? This marks our birth;
The great distinction from the beasts of earth!
And therefore,—gifted with superiour powers,
And capable of things divine,—'tis ours,
To learn, and practise, every useful art;
And, from high heaven, deduce that better part,
That moral sense, denied to creatures prone,
And downward bent, and found with man alone!—
For He, who gave this vast machine to roll,
Breathed LIFE in them, in us a REASONING SOUL
That kindred feelings might our state improve,
And mutual wants conduct to mutual love;
Woo to one spot the scatter'd hordes of men,
From their old forest, and paternal den;
Raise the fair dome, extend the social line,
And, to our mansion, those of others join,
Join too our faith, our confidence to theirs,
And sleep, relying on the general cares:—
In war, that each to each support might lend,
When wounded, succour, and when fall'n, defend;
At the same trumpet's clangour rush to arms,
By the same walls be shelter'd from alarms,
Near the same tower the foe's incursions wait,
And trust their safety to one common gate.
—But serpents, now, more links of concord bind:
The cruel leopard spares the spotted kind;
No lion spills a weaker lion's gore,
No boar expires beneath a stronger boar;
In leagues of friendship, tigers roam the plain,
And bears with bears perpetual peace maintain.

Ast homini ferrum letale incude nefanda
Produxisse parum est; quum rastra et sarcula tantum
Assueti coquere et marris ac vomere lassi
Nescierint primi gladios extendere fabri.
Aspicimus populos, quorum non sufficit irae
Occidisse aliquem: sed pectora, brachia, vultum
Crediderint genus esse cibi. Quid diceret ergo,
Vel quo non fugeret, si nunc haec monstra videret
Pythagoras, cunctis animalibus abstinuit qui
Tanquam homine et ventri indulsit non omne legumen?

While man, alas! flesh'd in the dreadful trade,
Forges without remorse the murderous blade,
On that dire anvil, where primaeval skill,
As yet untaught a brother's blood to spill,
Wrought only what meek nature would allow,
Goads for the ox, and coulters for the plough!
Even this is trifling: we have seen a rage,
Too fierce for murder only to assuage;
Seen a whole state their victim piecemeal tear,
And count each quivering limb delicious fare.
O, could the Samian Sage these horrours see,
What would he say? or to what deserts flee?
He, who the flesh of beasts, like man's, declined,
And scarce indulged in pulse—of every kind!

ARGUMENT OF THE SIXTEENTH SATIRE

The advantages of a soldier's life are here described—he is tried for his offences before a military court which is certain to favour him; he is not obliged to await the slow process of the civil courts when he is the prosecutor. Again, he can make a will, though his father be still alive.——

[The satire is unfinished.]

Quis numerare queat felicis praemia, Galle,
Militiae? Nam si subeuntur prospera castra,
Me pavidum excipiat tironem porta secundo
Sidere. Plus etenim fati valet hora benigni,
Quam si nos Veneris commendet epistola Marti
Et Samia genitrix quae delectatur arena.
Commoda tractemus primum communia: quorum
Haud minimum illud erit, ne te pulsare togatus
Audeat; immo etsi pulsetur, dissimulet, nec
Audeat excussos Praetori ostendere dentes
Et nigram in facie tumidis livoribus offam
Atque oculum, medico nil promittente, relictum.
Bardaicus judex datur haec punire volenti
Calceus et grandes magna ad subsellia surae,
Legibus antiquis castrorum et more Camilli
Servato, miles ne vallum litiget extra
Et procul a signis. Justissima Centurionum
Cognitio est igitur de milite; nec mihi deerit
Ultio, si justae defertur causa querelae:
Tota cohors tamen est inimica, omnesque manipli
Consensu magno efficiunt, curabilis ut sit
Vindicta et gravior quam injuria. Dignum erit ergo
Declamatoris mulino corde Vagelli,
Quum duo crura habeas, offendere tot caligas, tot

Who can recount the advantages that wait,
Dear Gallus, on the Military State?—
For let me once, beneath a lucky star,
Faint as I am of heart, and new to war,
But join the camp, and that ascendant hour
Shall lord it o'er my fate with happier power,
Than if a line from Venus should commend
My suit to Mars, or Juno stand my friend!
And first, of benefits which all may share:
'Tis somewhat—that no citizen shall dare
To strike you, or, though struck, return the blow:
But wave the wrong; nor to the Praetor show
His teeth dash'd out, his face deform'd with gore,
And eyes, no skill can promise to restore!
A Judge, if to the camp your plaints you bear,
Coarse shod, and coarser greaved, awaits you there:
By antique law proceeds the cassock'd sage,
And rules prescribed in old Camillus' age;
To wit, Let soldiers seek no foreign bench,
Nor plead to any charge, without the trench.
O nicely do Centurions shift the cause,
When buff-and-belt-men violate the laws!
And ample, if with reason we complain,
Is, doubtless, the redress our injuries gain!
Even so:—but the whole legion are our foes,
And, with determined aim, the award oppose.
"These snivelling rogues take special pleasure still,
To make the punishment outweigh the ill."
So runs the cry; and he must be possest,
Of more, Vagellius, than thy iron breast,
Who braves their anger, and with ten poor toes,
Defies such countless hosts of hobnail'd shoes.

Millia clavorum. Quis tam procul absit ab Urbe
Praeterea, quis tam Pylades, molem aggeris ultra
Ut veniat? Lacrimae siccentur protenus, et se
Excusaturos non sollicitemus amicos,
Da testem, judex quum dixerit. Audeat ille,
Nescio quis, pugnos qui vidit, dicere, Vidi?
Et credam dignum barba dignumque capillis
Majorum. Citius falsum producere testem
Contra paganum possis, quam vera loquentem
Contra fortunam armati contraque pudorem.

Praemia nunc alia atque alia emolumenta notemus
Sacramentorum. Convallem ruris aviti
Improbus aut campum mihi si vicinus ademit
Et sacrum effodit medio de limite saxum,
Quod mea cum patulo coluit puls annua libo;
Debitor aut sumptos pergit non reddere nummos,
Vana supervacui dicens chirographa ligni;
Expectandus erit qui lites inchoet annus
Totius populi: sed tunc quoque mille ferenda
Taedia, mille morae; totiens subsellia tantum
Sternuntur; jam facundo ponente lacernas
Caedicio et Fusco jam micturiente, parati
Digredimur; lentaque fori pugnamus arena.

Who so untutor'd in the ways of Rome?
Say, who so true a Pylades? to come,
Within the camp?—no: let thy tears be dried,
Nor ask that kindness, which must be denied.
For, when the Court exclaims, "Your witness, here!"
Let that firm friend, that man of men, appear,
And testify but what he saw and heard;
And I pronounce him, worthy of the beard,
And hair of our forefathers! You may find,
False witnesses against an honest hind,
Easier than true, (and who their fears can blame?)
Against a soldier's purse, a soldier's fame!
But there are other benefits, my friend,
And greater, which the sons of war attend:
Should a litigious neighbour bid me yield
My vale irriguous, and paternal field;
Or from my bounds the sacred landmark tear,
To which, with each revolving spring, I bear,
In pious duty to the grateful soil,
My humble offerings, honey, meal, and oil;
Or a vile debtor my just claims withstand,
Deny his signet, and abjure his hand;
Term after Term I wait, till months be past,
And scarce obtain a hearing at the last.
Ev'n when the hour is fix'd, a thousand stays
Retard my suit, a thousand vague delays:
The Cause is call'd, the witnesses attend,
Chairs brought, and cushions laid—and there an end!
Caeditus finds his cloak or gown too hot,
And Fuscus slips aside to seek the pot;
Thus, with our dearest hopes the judges sport,
And when we rise to speak, dismiss the Court!

Ast illis, quos arma tegunt et balteus ambit,
Quod placitum est ipsis, praestatur tempus agendi,
Nec res atteritur longo sufflamine litis.
Solis praeterea testandi militibus jus
Vivo patre datur: nam, quae sunt parta labore
Militiae, placuit non esse in corpore census,
Omne tenet cujus regimen pater. Ergo Coranum
Signorum comitem castrorumque aera merentem,
Quamvis jam tremulus, captat pater. Hunc favor aequus
Provehit et pulcro reddit sua dona labori.
Ipsius certe ducis hoc referre videtur,
Ut, qui fortis erit, sit felicissimus idem,
Ut laeti phaleris omnes et torquibus omnes.

But spear-and-shield-men may command the hour:
The time to plead, is always in their power;
Nor are their wealth and patience worn away,
By the slow drag-chain of the law's delay.
Add that the soldier, while his father lives,
And he alone, his wealth bequeaths or gives;
For what by pay is earn'd, by plunder won,
The law declares, vests solely in the son.
Coranus therefore sees his hoary sire,
To gain his Will, by every art, aspire!—
He rose by service; rank in fields obtain'd,
And well deserved the fortune which he gain'd.
And every prudent chief must, sure, desire,
That still the worthiest should the most acquire;
That those who merit, their rewards should have,
Trappings, and chains, and all that decks the brave.

NOTES TO SATIRE I

2. The *Theseid* is the name of an epic poem.

3. *Togatas*, i.e. *togatas fabulas*, comedies of Roman life.

5, 6. *Telephus* and *Orestes* are names of tragedies.

7–14. i.e. The subjects of modern poetry, the tales, that is, of mythology, are all only too well known to Juvenal.

10. *Aeacus:* one of the judges of the underworld.

11. *Monychus:* a centaur.

16. "Sulla" was, no doubt, a frequent subject for boy's exercises.

20. Lucilius, the first great Roman satirist, was born at Aurunca.

26. *Canopus:* a city of Egypt.

35. *Massa* and *Earus* were common informers; Thymele and Latinus were actors.

44. A contest for *Rhetores* was instituted at Lyons by the Emperor Caligula; the punishment for defeat was severe.

49. *Marius:* a provincial governor who was convicted of plundering his province.

51. Horace was born at Venusium in Apulia; his satires have, however, but little "indignatio" in them.

61. *Automedon:* Achilles' charioteer in the *Iliad*. There is no doubt that a better sense is obtained by putting the stop after *Automedon* instead of after *Flaminiam; ipse* then becomes the subject of *tenebat*, but Gifford read the line as it is here printed.

71. *Locusta:* a famous poisoner.

72. *Nigros:* discoloured by the poison.

73. *Gyara:* an island where prisoners were confined.

81. *Deucalion:* the Noah of ancient mythology; he and his wife Pyrrha repopulated the earth after the flood by throwing behind them stones which turned into human beings.

92. *Armigero:* he carries the weapons of war—the money.

100. *Trojugenas:* Romans of ancient and noble birth: Aeneas was a Trojan.

108. Corrinus was a patrician name.

109. Pallas and Licinus were freedmen.

118. *Sportula:* the daily dole of food or money given by a great man to his "clientes"—dependants.

128. *Apollo:* a statue of Apollo, near which legal business was transacted.

143. *Crudum* means "undigested."

154. *Mucius* was attacked by Lucilius.

155. Tigellinus: an infamous companion of Nero. The second of Gifford's two versions of these lines is here printed. The difficulty is not yet solved to the satisfaction of all critics; Madan's note on the passage well supports the view here taken; he compares *Sat.* VII, 48–9. The half-humorous anti-climax is in full accord with Juvenal's manner, as also are the somewhat redundant adjectives *latum* and *media*.

161. The line means, "If you but say 'That's he!' you will be considered as accusing him of a crime, and informed against accordingly."

164. The boy Hylas, while drawing water, fell in and was drowned. Hercules sought him long and in vain.

169. *Galeatum:* when he has put his helmet on, ready for the fight.

171. By the side of these roads, outside the city, the Roman nobles were buried.

NOTES TO SATIRE III

3. The Sibyl's cave or temple was at Cumae; and here, too, Daedalus had alighted after flying through the air from Crete (line 25).

5. Prochyta was a desolate island. The Suburra was one of the principal streets of Rome. Johnson in his "London" parallels it by "the Strand."

11. Over the Porta Capena passed an aqueduct.

12. Numa, a legendary King of Rome, was said to have conversed nightly with a nymph, Egeria, who taught him to frame his laws.

16. The Muses, to whom the grove had been dedicated, were obliged to give place to beggars.

27. Lachesis was one of the three Fates, and wound the thread of life on the spindle.

33. *Hasta:* the spear was the sign of an auction.

36. The spectators of a gladiatorial combat expressed by the turning of their thumbs their desire that the conquered gladiator should be spared or killed; whether it was the upward or the downward gesture that signified death is uncertain.

47. Gifford is inaccurate. *Comes exeo* means, "I follow in the train or at the bidding of——"

53. *Verres*, a notorious former governor of Sicily, is introduced here, in Juvenal's manner, as a type of injustice and extortion.

62. *Orontes:* the chief river of Syria.

67–8. i.e. "The descendants of the farmers of ancient Rome wear Greek shoes ('run-to-dinner shoes'—dress-shoes), and hang Greek gymnastic prizes round their necks, which they bedaub with Greek ointment."

80. Daedalus, according to the legend, was born in Athens.

85. *Baca:* the olive.

98. i.e. "We admire these actors, but in Greece (illic) they are nothing extraordinary; all Greeks can act."

115. *Abolla* means a cloak; the interpretation here is uncertain; perhaps "a crime of deeper dye" may be a fair English equivalent, but critics differ.

118. Pegasus, the winged steed sprung from the Gorgon Medusa's blood, dropped a feather upon Tarsus in Cilicia, the town here indicated.

120. The names are Greek.

137–9. The senate chose Scipio Nasica, on account of his virtuous life, to take charge of the sacred image of Cybele,

brought to Rome from Phrygia in 204 B.C. The image of Minerva or Palladium was rescued from her burning temple in 241 B.C. by L. Caecilius Metellus.

159. L. Roscius Otho passed in 67 B.C. a law dividing the seats in the theatre according to wealth, reserving, that is, certain places for those possessed of a "knight's" estate.

162. Under the Empire, the aediles were police magistrates.

186. When the hair or beard of a favourite slave was first cut, his master often gave a feast and made a sacrifice in his honour, dedicating the hair to some god.

199. Virgil, *Aeneid* II, 311–12, says: *Jam proximus ardet Ucalegon.* Juvenal uses the name to denote a "neighbour"; the incongruity of this epic reference thoroughly accords with his style.

205. *Chiro:* a figure of the centaur Chiron.

217. Euphranor and Polyclitus were both famous sculptors of ancient Greece.

221. Gifford evidently refers *Persicus* to *Asturius*, and considers that he was a Persian by birth; *Persicus* might mean "luxurious, effeminate." Cf. Horace, *Odes* I, 38: *Persicos odi puer apparatus.*

229. Pythagoras of Samos recommended a vegetable diet.

231. *Lacertae:* i.e. (to quote Johnson) "As much ground as one may have a chance to find a lizard upon," lizards being extremely common in Italy.

238. Seals are proverbially sleepy.

257. *Saxa Ligustica:* marble from Luna in Etruria.

267. Charon demanded a fee for his ferryman's work.

280. "The son of Peleus" is Achilles.

296. *Proseucha:* a Jewish place of prayer; this is the last and worst insult.

307. Haunts of highwaymen and robbers to the south of Rome, the marsh in Latium, the wood near Cumae; they were periodically cleared by soldiers sent from Rome.

319. Aquinum was Juvenal's birthplace; Ceres Helvina and Diana seem to have been especially worshipped there.

322. *Caligatus:* wearing a countryman's thick boots, not the soft and elegant shoes of the town.

NOTES TO SATIRE IV

1. Crispinus came from Canopus in Egypt; from a seller of salt fish he rose to become a member of Domitian's inner circle of advisers, and a knight. Compare lines 32–3.

9. *Incestus:* the act was a religious as well as a moral offence, and the offender was technically *incestus;* the vestal virgin who broke her vow of chastity was, according to the old law, buried alive.

13. Titius and Seius correspond to our "Jones and Brown," —any average men.

23. *Apicius:* a notorious spendthrift and glutton.

24. Crispinus had worn a plain coarse garment in his native country, suitable to his low degree and mean life.

33 *Municipes:* the fish came from Egypt, too, and were thus his "fellow-countrymen."

34–5. i.e. "Let there be no standing upon ceremony, no high flights of song; this is plain unvarnished truth." Calliope is the muse of epic song.

37–8. Domitian was the third and last emperor of the Flavian dynasty; he added baldness, Juvenal means to say, to all the failings of Nero; he was not even good-looking.

40. Ancona was a city of Picenum on the Adriatic Sea; it had been founded from Syracuse which was a colony of Dorian Greece.

42–3. *Glacies Maeotica:* the sea of Azof was called *Palus Maeotica. Ponti:* the Black Sea, *Pontus Euxinus.*

46. The emperor was always *Pontifex maximus.*

49. *Agerent cum remige nudo:* "Would bring an action against the half-clad boatman."

53. Palfurius and Armillatus were lawyers.

61. Alba Longa was the legendary seat of the sacred fire brought by Aeneas from Troy; Domitian had a palace there.

75. *Liburno:* a slave from Illyria.

98. A man of "no birth" was said to be *terrae filius;* compare *Sat.* VI, 13.

102–3. L. Junius Brutus pretended madness in order to deceive and escape from Tarquin, King of Rome (Livy I, 56).

117. Aricia was a town situated (says Mr. Duff) in a hollow on the Appian way; he thus explains *devexae* as "descending the slope." Other commentators, however, put Aricia on the top of a hill.

121. *Cilicis:* a Cilician gladiator.

122. *Velaria:* awnings.

124. *Bellona:* the goddess of war.

129. Fabricius is another name belonging to Veiento.

133. Prometheus formed man out of clay, according to one legend; thus in this epic style he stands for a potter.

141. Rutupia was the Roman name of Richborough in Kent; the Lucrine lake was in Campania, near Baiae; Circei in Latium.

147. These were tribes of Germany.

153–4. *Cerdo* is a Greek word, and is here used for a member of the lower classes—slaves and artisans, and small tradesmen. It was to a conspiracy of mean men that Domitian owed his downfall and death, after the noblest Romans (of whose high descent and illustrious names Aelius Lamia is the type) had fallen unavenged under his hand.

NOTES TO SATIRE V

4. *Caesaris:* Augustus.

8. *Crepido:* the outside steps of a building—"perron."

23. "Bootes" is a constellation near that of the Great Bear.

25. The Corybantes were priests of Cybele who raved in much the same way as a "dancing dervish" of to-day.

31. The date of the Social wars was c. 90 B.C.

36–7. Thrasea and Helvidius, whose republican sympathies cost them their lives under the Empire, are imagined as drinking to the memory of the two great "liberators," Brutus and Cassius, who killed Julius Caesar.

38. *Heliadum crustas:* cups of carved amber; the Heliades, daughters of the sun, were, as the legend goes, turned into trees, their tears into amber.

45. Dido preferred Aeneas to her African suitor Iarbas.

46. Certain grotesque cups or pots were named after Vatinius, once a cobbler of Beneventum; their shape seems to have caricatured his nose.

48. Broken glass and pottery was exchanged at Rome for sulphur matches.

50. The Latin means "cooler than Scythian snows"; *decocta* is "distilled." Gifford mistranslates the words.

55. By the Via Latina were tombs. Compare *Sat.* 1, 171.

57. Tullus and Ancus were kings of early Rome.

59. Ganymede was the cupbearer of Juppiter.

78. Many houses of wealthy men were built on the Esquiline Hill; and here Virro is supposed to live.

85. *Feralis coena:* a scanty offering of food was made to the dead and placed in their tombs.

89. *Micipsarum:* the Numidians are meant, since Micipsa was the name of one of their kings. *Canna:* a boat or ship of some kind.

93. *Tauromenium:* the modern Taormina in Sicily.

98. i.e. Aurelia will sell again the present which Lenas makes to conciliate her favour.

100. *Auster:* the south wind.

106. *Cryptam:* "a drain" (underneath the street called Suburra).

109. The names are those of generous "patrons" of former days.

105. Greek legend represented Meleager as the slayer of a terrible wild boar in Aetolia.

125. Cacus was a robber whom Hercules killed and dragged out of his cave by the feet.

127. All free-born Romans had three names: e.g., Gaius Cornelius Scipio. Trebius is treated according to his behaviour —as a slave.

138–9. An application of Virgil, *Aeneid* IV, 328–9, where Dido says:—

Si quis mihi parvulus aula
Luderet Aeneas.

Aeneas is thus equivalent to *filius*.

141. *Nunc:* the modern view translates this, "as it is," "since you are poor and can leave nothing in any case." Gifford understands it differently.

147. The Emperor Claudius was killed by poison given in a mushroom.

151–2. The land of the Phaeacians, where Alcinous reigned, was no less famous for fruit than the garden of the Hesperides in Africa.

155. *Capella:* a slang name for a sergeant or other petty officer. Literally the word means "a goat."

164–5. In token of their free birth the children of Roman nobles wore a golden ornament originally introduced from Etruria, those of freedmen and the poor a leathern knot.

169. *Stricto pane:* a grotesque application of the common phrase *stricto ense*, "with sword drawn."

NOTES TO SATIRE VI

1. The poets placed the Golden Age under the reign of Saturn in Italy; he was dethroned by his son Juppiter.

7, 8. The allusions are to Cynthia, mistress of the poet Propertius; and to Lesbia, mistress of Catullus, for whom he wrote an elegy on the death of her sparrow.

19, 20. i.e. Astraea, goddess of Justice, left the earth with her sister Pudicitia, or Chastity.

29. Tisiphone was one of the three Furies who drove men to madness.

38. The "Julian law" laid disabilities upon celibacy and encouraged marriage; another "Julian law" (to which Gifford seems to refer this passage) punished adultery severely.

44. Latinus was the typical stage lover who hid from the angry husband in a chest.

47. *Tarpeium:* Juppiter's temple on the Capitoline hill. He and Juno *pronuba* presided over marriage.

56–7. Gabii and Fidenae were at this time small if not deserted towns; even there, Juvenal hints, her virtue may be too frail to survive.

63. i.e. The story of Leda's seduction by Juppiter was acted on the stage.

68–9. i.e. In the "long vacation"; the Megalesian games held in honour of Cybele, mother of the Gods, took place in April; the Plebeian in November.

71. *Atellanae:* a species of farce was named *Atellana*, as coming from Atella, a town of Campania.

72. Of Autonoe little is known; legend made her the daughter of Cadmus, and ill-fated.

75. Quintilian, the great professor of rhetoric, is taken as a type of grave virtue.

80–1. Lentulus was the name of a noble Roman family. *Mirmillonem:* a special kind of gladiator was so called.

83. *Pharum:* the island near Alexandria, on which a light-house stood. Lagus was the father of the Ptolemy who succeeded Alexander in Egypt; Alexandria is meant.

84. *Canopo:* a notoriously evil city of Egypt.

87. Paris was a dancer and actor.

105. Gifford is misleading here; the Romans only shaved "clean" (*radere*) at middle age (40). Sergius was no longer a young man.

110. Hyacinthus, according to legend, was a boy of great beauty; thus *Hyacinthos* stands for "handsome young men."

150. *Ulmos:* elms were used as supports on which to train vines.

153–4. Gifford understands *casa candida* to mean the houses white with snow or frost. Some commentators, however, see in the whole passage a reference to a fair held in December near the "arcade of the Argonauts," *casa candida* being the white canvas booths erected for the purpose.

156. *Murrhina:* vases of a precious stone, of which nothing is now known with certainty. Berenice lived with her brother King Agrippa II of Judaea, and was commonly accused of incest with him. Cf. *Acts* 25, 26.

164. The Sabine women, who had been carried off by the Romans, stopped the fighting between the two peoples: so ran the legendary history.

167. "Cornelia, Mother of the Gracchi" (Juvenal copies the inscription upon her statue), was the daughter of Scipio Africanus, whose conquests are here referred to.

174. Amphion was Niobe's husband; she boasting the number of her children insulted Latona, who sent Apollo and Diana to avenge her.

177. Aeneas found a miraculous litter of pigs on the future site of Alba Longa. Cf. Virgil, *Aeneid* VIII, 43.

187. i.e. An Athenian instead of a provincial Italian.

188. Gifford believed this line spurious, and omitted it accordingly.

198. Haemus and Carpophorus were actors.

205. The reference is to the emperor's head on the coins; whether any particular emperor is here indicated, and, if so, whether it is Trajan or Domitian, is a wholly unimportant question: Juvenal would be more likely to leave it vague. Dacicus and Germanicus are titles of honour, like "Lord Kitchener *of Khartoum.*"

217. *Arenae:* i.e. gladiators.

245. As Archigenes stands for any member of the profession —medicine—in which he was distinguished, so Celsus represents rhetoricians; according to Juvenal's manner.

265. These are names of noble Roman families.

280. Quintilian, master of persuasive speech, is called upon to frame an excuse if he can.

387. Domitian instituted "Capitoline games" in imitation of Olympia; they included competitions in music and poetry; a wreath of oak leaves formed the prize.

409. *Niphatem:* a river of Armenia.

442. It was believed that the moon's eclipses, being caused by witchcraft, could be frightened away by the clash of metal and the bray of barbaric music.

444. Gifford is misleading. The words mean: "The wise man puts a limit even to good things," i.e. One can have too much even of a good thing; virtues may be carried to excess.

447. Only men sacrificed to Silvanus.

450. *Enthymema:* syllogism.

452. Palaemon was a celebrated grammarian.

456. Soli in Cilicia was notorious in Greece for its incorrectness of language; this bad reputation was perpetuated in a Greek word, which passed into Latin, and has become the English "solecism."

462. Poppaea, Nero's wife, no doubt invented an ointment, which was named after her.

483. *Transversa:* lines written across the whole page or strip of papyrus.

486. The Sicilian "tyrants"—notably Phalaris, Dionysius, and Agathocles—were proverbially cruel.

503. Andromache, the wife of Hector, here typifies beauty and grace.

512. The worship of Bellona, goddess of war, was celebrated, much like that of Cybele, with frenzied rites.

525. *Regis agrum:* the Campus Martius, dedicated to Mars by the people when King Tarquinius Superbus, who had owned it, was driven from Rome.

527. Io was changed into a white cow by Juppiter; Roman legend identified her with the Egyptian goddess Isis.

528. *Meroe:* an island in the Nile.

529. *Ovili:* the sheepfold—an enclosure referred by legend to the times of the Kings.

534. Anubis, the dog-headed god of Egypt, is carried in procession, impersonated by a priest wearing a mask. The people mourn the loss of Osiris, who underwent death and resurrection.

542. Compare III, 14. Solyma was the Roman name for Jerusalem. *Arboris:* the wood mentioned in III, 16.

555. The oracle of Zeus Ammon in Africa was much revered, and to it pilgrimages were made; a miraculous fountain gushed forth there.

559. Otho was urged on by an astrologer to compass the death of the Emperor Galba whom he succeeded.

563–4. i.e. One whose death sentence was commuted to banishment to a small island, and who only effected his escape after long imprisonment there.

576, 581. Thrasyllus and Petosiris are astrologers.

577. *Lapidem:* milestone.

583. The Circus was a recognised station for fortune-tellers.

587. A public service of expiation was held over any place struck by lightning.

589. Gifford seems to have read *nullis* for *nudis*, misunder-

standing the reference, which is to disreputable women, then, as now, vulgarly ostentatious.

590. Phalae were wooden towers erected for fights in the Circus; in the centre of the arena were columns supporting figures of dolphins.

610. Thessaly was notorious for witches.

615. The Emperor Gaius (Caligula), uncle of Nero, was supposed to be mad—a charitable explanation of his monstrous cruelty and caprice; Juvenal and Suetonius attribute the madness to a love potion given by his wife.

620. Compare v, 147. Agrippina poisoned her husband, the Emperor Claudius, with a drugged mushroom; he had been almost a buffoon in life, and his death and deification gave occasion for scornful satire.

633. *Pappas:* tutor—paedagogus.

634. *Cothurnum:* the high shoe worn by tragic actors.

636. Sophocles is taken as a typical tragedian.

637. The Rutuli were an ancient people of Italy.

643–4. Medea and Procne both killed their own children, and are the stock mythological instances of maternal heartlessness.

655. The Belides, daughters of Danaus: Eriphyle: and Clytemnestra, daughter of Tyndarus, slew their own husbands.

660. *Atrides:* Agamemnon, husband of Clytemnestra; the parallel is sustained—"the modern Agamemnon."

661. Mithridates, King of Pontus, was three times defeated by the Romans. It was believed that he had invented an antidote to poison which successfully protected his life from such attempts upon it; this Gifford here terms "mithridate."

NOTES TO SATIRE VII

1. It is much disputed which emperor is meant by "Caesar"; Trajan, Nerva, Domitian, Hadrian, are all suggested; perhaps the ambiguity is intentional; the Emperor is the sole hope, because (and this is the point of the whole satire) there is none elsewhere.

2. *Camenas:* the Muses.

6–8. Clio represents her sister Muses; they have left their home in Greece, and are forced to jostle for bread in Rome. *Pieria:* sacred to the Muses; poetic.

16. i.e. They had once been slaves. Slaves were exposed for sale at Rome barefooted.

19. *Laurum:* to chew laurel-leaves was supposed to produce inspiration.

25. *Veneris marito:* Vulcan, god of fire.

32. "Juno's bird" is the peacock.

35. Terpsichore here stands for the Muses or any one of them.

37. The punctuation follows Gifford; most texts now put the stop after *relicta* instead of after *colis*.

59–60. Aonia was the part of Boeotia (in Greece) sacred to the Muses. The Bacchanals and other frenzied votaries of gods carried a staff called a "thyrsus"; it is the emblem of inspiration.

62. *Enoe:* a Bacchanal shout.

64. *dominis . . . .*: Apollo and Bacchus.

67. *Rutulum:* Turnus, whom Aeneas conquered. Cf. *Aeneas* VII, 445.

73. *Atreus:* the name of the tragedy which Lappa is writing.

87. Paris was a dancer and actor of great popularity and influence at court.

89. *Semestri auro:* "a gold ring" (the sign of knightly rank) "given for six months' service." i.e. A poet might be given a sinecure appointment in the army, and thus raised to a knight's estate.

92. *Pelopea, Philomela:* pieces acted by Paris.

104. Gifford seems to misunderstand *acta legenti;* it means the slave who read out the *Gazette* or official record of events.

114. *Russati:* "belonging to the red party"; four parties—"factiones"—competed in the Circus, each with its own racing colour—red, white, blue, and green.

115 The passage alludes to Ovid's description of the contention, before the Greek host, between Ajax and Ulysses for Achilles' arms.

121–2. The punctuation follows Gifford; the best texts put a full stop after *lagenae*, a comma after *egisti*.

134. What *stlataria* means is still uncertain. The interpreters are divided between "costly" and "deceptive."

159. The heart is represented as the seat of intellect.

166. Gifford read *ast* for *haec*; hence his translation.

167–8. The professors of rhetoric (*sophistae*) leave the mythological subjects of declamation in order to engage in real law suits to recover their fees.

171. The gladiator on his honourable discharge received a "rudis," or fencing-foil, as a token of long service ended. Cf. VI, 113

174. *Tessera*: a tally that could be exchanged for corn.

176–7. Gifford no doubt read *scindens*, not *scindes*; he is accordingly misleading. Chrysogonus and Pollio were musicians. The meaning is: "When you see what a high fee a music-master gets in comparison, you will tear up Theodorus' book on rhetoric, in disgust with the profession."

186. *Quintiliano*: a notable professor of rhetoric.

192. Strictly speaking, the crescent sewed upon the shoe was the sign of patrician not senatorial rank.

199. Ventidius rose from captive to consul; Servius Tullius, a servant's son, became King of Rome (cf. VIII, 259).

203. *Cathedrae*: the desk from which rhetoricians taught their pupils; the "chair of rhetoric."

206. Capital punishment at Athens was inflicted by means of hemlock; Socrates was put to death in this way.

210. The centaur Chiron taught Achilles music.

214. *Quem* is now generally read instead of *qui*. *Qui* implies that Rufus accused Cicero of barbarity of style; *quem* that his class nicknamed Rufus "the Gallic Cicero," he being a Gaul. Gifford evidently read *qui*.

218. *Acoenonoetus*: unfeeling, inhuman, unsympathetic.

NOTES TO SATIRE VIII

14. The Gens Fabia claimed descent from Hercules.

23. *Virgas:* rods carried by the lictors in front of the consuls as emblems and instruments of authority.

29. *Osiri:* see note on VI, 534.

46. Cecrops was, according to legend, the first king of Athens.

47. *Quiritem:* a Roman citizen.

56. *Tencrorum proles:* Aeneas was a Trojan; see note to I, 100.

62–3. Corytha and Hirpinus were presumably horse-dealers.

67. Instead of *Nepotis*, *nepotes* is now generally read.

68. *Privum:* "something of your own," is now regarded as a certain correction for *primum;* Gifford read *primum*.

73. Gifford is perhaps misleading. *Sensus communis* here is thought to mean "sympathy with one's fellow-men," "feeling for others."

81. Phalaris was a Sicilian tyrant, who roasted his enemies alive in a brazen bull.

86. *Gaurana:* from the Lucrine lake in Campania. Cosmus was a perfumer.

87–8. The provinces were governed by men of birth or distinction sent from Rome.

93. Gifford read *Tutor* for *Numitor*. Capito was condemned for extortion in a province.

97. Gifford rightly treats this as a proverbial expression. *Tace* means "leave off complaining"; for to lodge complaints does no good and costs money.

103–4. Polyclitus was a sculptor, Mentor a "caelator"—one who chased and embossed plate.

105–6. *Dolabella*, *Antonius*, *Verres:* the names of notoriously extortionate and rapacious provincial governors.

120. *Marius:* he was sentenced in 100 A.D. See I, 49.

126. The Sibyl's oracles, written on palm-leaves, were long preserved religiously at Rome.

128. *Acersecomes:* a Greek word meaning "unshorn"; here, a favourite slave who wears his hair long.

145. *Sautonico:* the Sautones were a people of Gaul.

156. *More Numae:* i.e. "according to the ancient law." See III, 12.

157. Gifford read *Hipponam* instead of *Solam Eponam;* she was the protecting goddess of horses and asses.

168. *Thermarum calices:* wine could be procured at the public baths.

176. *Galli:* one of the enunch priests of Cybele.

181. *Trojugenae:* see note to I, 100.

186. *Siparium* means "stage-curtain," and so "stage."

187. *Laureolus:* a robber whose crucifixion was represented on the stage.

191. *Planipedes:* the actors in "mimes"—i.e. broad farces—went barefooted.

194. *Celsi:* this may allude to the praetor's high seat in the theatre. All public exhibitions under the Empire were managed by the praetors.

195. *Gladios* means "execution," not "the arena."

203. Gracchus is a "retiarius" armed with a net and trident; his opponent a "secutor" armed with sword and buckler.

209–10. Gifford is diffuse. The Latin means that even to have to fight with one so vile as Gracchus was a disgrace.

212. Seneca had at one time been Nero's tutor and guide; he was forced to commit suicide by Nero.

214. Nero killed his mother and his wife. The traditional punishment for one who murdered his parents or near relations was that he should be sewn up in a sack with a monkey, a snake, a dog, and a cock, and be thrown into the sea or a river.

215. Orestes killed his mother to avenge Agamemnon, his father.

221. Nero wrote an epic poem called *Troica.* Vindex rebelled against Nero; Verginius acquiesced in his deposition; Galba succeeded him.

226. *Apium:* a wreath of parsley formed the prize at one or more of the Greek contests.

228. Nero adorns the statues of his ancestors with the emblems and relics of his theatrical triumphs. Thyestes, Antigone, Melanippe, are "parts" acted by him.

234. Part of Gaul was called *Gallia Bracata*, because its inhabitants wore *bracae*, breeches. The Senones were also a Gallic tribe.

236. Cicero by his prompt measures suppressed the conspiracy of Catilina and Cethegus in the year of his consulship, 63 B.C.

239. Gifford read *gente* not *monte*.

245. The reference is to Marius, a man of mean birth, who rose to the dictatorship of Rome. His military skill and courage repelled and defeated the German tribes of Cimbri and Teutones in 101 B.C.

248. *Dolabra* seems to mean "pick-axe"; Gifford, however, as well as some of the commentators, understand it as an instrument for cutting wood.

254. Two Decii, father and son, sacrificed their lives in order to secure victory in battle to the Roman arms. Some such sacrifice superstition demanded.

258. Gifford read *qui* for *quae*.

259. The reference is to Servius Tullius. *Quirini*: Romulus.

262. The sons of Brutus plotted to bring back the expelled King Tarquin; a slave disclosed the secret, and the new republic was saved. Cocles and Mutius are heroic names of early Roman history. It was said that a Roman girl once escaped from the Etruscan camp, where she was a hostage, and swam the Tiber, to recover home and liberty.

269. *Thersites*: the meanest, most ridiculous, and most cowardly of all the Greeks whom Homer describes as besetting Troy. Achilles, grandson of Aeacus, fought with arms forged by Hephaestus (Vulcan).

273. Rome had started as a miscellaneous collection of bandits, criminals, deserters, of every kind, presided over by Romulus, who, in thus establishing a sanctuary, created with ease a populous and an active city; such was the legend; no doubt it was, in great part, true.

NOTES TO SATIRE X

11. The reference is to Milo, a celebrated "strong man," who died "wedg'd in the timber which he strove to rend."

25. *Foro:* the bankers kept their money and did their business in the Forum.

28. Democritus was called the laughing, Heraclitus the weeping, philosopher, since the spectacle of human life was said to have moved the one to perpetual laughter, the other to perpetual tears.

38. *Tunica Jovis:* a triumphal vestment kept in the temple of Juppiter Capitolinus.

50. Democritus was born at Abdera in Thrace, a town proverbial for the stupidity of its people.

53. The middle finger was used in gesture to express insult and contempt; it is often called *infamis digitus*.

55. *Incerare:* referring to waxen tablets fastened to the statues of the gods; on the tablets prayers and vows were written.

63. Sejanus was first favourite and prime minister of the Emperor Tiberius; his downfall was sudden and complete; Tiberius sent a letter from his palace in Caprae to the Senate at Rome suggesting the removal of Sejanus, who was instantly destroyed, with his statues.

66. *Cretatum:* "chalked"; any dark patch on the animal must be whitewashed.

74. *Nurtia:* an Etruscan goddess; Sejanus was born in Etruria, and is thus called *Tuscus*.

84. i.e. as Ajax in madness killed unoffending sheep, so Tiberius may confound the innocent with the guilty.

91. *Curules:* i.e. *curules sellas*, magisterial seats, magistracies, the consulship.

109. The reference is to Julius Caesar.

115. The Quinquatrus was an annual festival in honour of Minerva; 116 probably refers to the boy's offering to the treasury of the goddess.

122, etc. Cicero's second Philippic oration enraged Antony, against whom it was directed, and led him to compass Cicero's

death; Cicero's head and right hand were cut off and exposed. Demosthenes poisoned himself; his father was a sword-maker.

153. *Aceto:* Juvenal seems to represent Hannibal as dissolving or blasting rocks with the aid of vinegar.

156. *Subura:* see III, 5.

158. *Gaetula belua:* the elephant.

160, etc. Hannibal fled to Bithynia and attached himself to the court there; at length, in order to avoid being given up to the Romans, he took poison which he carried in a ring. In the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, Johnson takes Wolsey as the parallel to Sejanus, Charles XII of Sweden to Hannibal.

168. Alexander the Great was born at Pella, and died at Babylon.

173. *Creditur olim:* "It has long been believed. . . ." Xerxes, invading Greece, bridged the Hellespont, punishing its unruly waves with fetters and stripes, and made a canal through the peninsula of Mount Athos; he was defeated at Salamis.

181–2. *Aeolus* was lord of the winds. *Ennosigaeum:* "the earth-shaker"—Neptune (Poseidon).

194. Tabraca: a town in Numidia.

246. *Rex Pylius:* Nestor.

249. The Romans used the right hand to count hundreds, the left for tens and units; so Duff explains the passage, but there are various opinions.

257. *Alius:* Laertes, father of Ulysses (Odysseus).

259. *Assaracus:* a legendary ancestor of Priam.

262. *Cassandra, Polyxena:* daughters of Priam.

272. Hecuba, Priam's wife, was turned into a dog.

273. Mithridates, King of Pontus, and Croesus, King of Lydia, fell from monarchy and wealth to poverty and subjection.

276. See VIII, 245. Marius hid in a marsh at Minturnae to escape his enemy Sulla.

286, etc. Pompey, defeated by Caesar, fled to Egypt, and was there beheaded. Lentulus, Cethegus, and Catilina, were all political conspirators. See VIII, 231, etc.

293–4. Lucretia was violated by Sextus Tarquinius. Virginia was killed by her father and thus preserved from Appius Claudius.

314. Mars and Venus were discovered together by the injured husband Vulcan.

322. *Sive Oppia sive Catulla:* i.e. rich or poor.

325, etc. Hippolytus was tempted to adultery by Phaedra, Bellerophon by Sthenoboea; each refused, and each was in revenge accused, like Joseph, by the woman to her husband. *Haec* and *Cressa* refer to Phaedra, daughter of Minos, King of Crete.

330, etc. Messalina, wife of the Emperor Claudius, became enamoured of Silius, and compelled him, though a married man, to go through the form of marriage with her.

361. "The labours of Hercules" here typify the trials and the courageous struggles of a good man.

NOTES TO SATIRE XI

3. *Apicius:* a celebrated glutton.

8. This line is now commonly thought to refer to the signing of a contract and taking of an oath to obey the trainer (*lanista*).

18. *Fracta:* probably a metal bust, "broken-up" on purpose for sale.

27. "Know thyself" was a famous, even a sacred, motto of Greece.

30. Gifford imagined the bracketed words to be a late addition: he translates them in a note:—

> "Nor did Thersites at that armour aim
> To which Ulysses, trembling, urged his claim."

Cf. VIII, 269. The punctuation before and after *ancipitem* is variously given by various editors.

49. *Vertere solum:* "shift their ground," i.e. run off. Gifford read *ostia* for *ostrea*.

61, etc. Evander freely entertained both Hercules and Aeneas to whom the allusion here is. Hercules was born at Tiryus, and was burnt to death; Aeneas was drowned; both were of divine parentage, and were deified after death. Gifford in his note excuses the insufficiency of his translation by the "trite mythology" of the passage in the Latin.

65 and 69. It is commonly inferred that Juvenal possessed a farm at Tibur, the modern Tivoli.

78. *Curius* is a "stock example" of old Roman bravery and simplicity.

95. *Trojugenis:* see I, 100.

97. *Coronati:* legend connected the ass with Silenus and Bacchus; hence the crown of vine leaves.

104. The scene described is that of the wolf suckling Romulus and Remus, while Mars, their father, descends from the sky, perhaps on his way to Rhea Silvia, their mother.

137. *Pergula:* an outhouse; here, a "school," since lectures were given in such outhouses. Trypherus taught carving by means of wooden models of the various "joints" and animals.

138, etc. *Pygargus:* probably an antelope. *Phoenicopterus:* a flamingo. *Oryx:* a wild goat.

144. Gifford read *frustis* for *furtis*. With *furtis*, the passage means: "The boy gets no opportunity of stealing delicate meats in my house; his only customary theft is that of some small and simple scrap."

162. *Gaditana:* Spanish dancing was famous in Juvenal's time. Gifford makes no doubt that "the dance alluded to is neither more nor less than the Fandango; which still forms the delight of all ranks in Spain. . . ."

180–1. Virgil is said to dispute the palm of poetry with Homer.

193. The Megalesian games were held in honour of Cybele: see the note on III, 137–9. The signal for the start of a chariot race was the dropping of a handkerchief or napkin (*mappa*).

195. *Praeda caballorum:* Gifford misunderstands this; it means "the prey of horseflesh," i.e. all his substance is spent upon horseflesh and the races; the praetor presided over the games in imperial times.

198. See note to VII, 114.

204–6. It was not customary at Rome to stop working before mid-day—*sexta hora*—except on public holidays.

NOTES TO SATIRE XII

4. Minerva's shield was set with the Gorgon's head, Medusa, whom Perseus killed in Africa.

13. *Clitumnus:* a river in Umbria.

18. Gifford read *Evasi, densae . . . .*; but the reading here printed gives a better and more logical sense.

27. Pictures representing the dangers escaped were hung up in recognition on the temple walls, a custom directly inherited by Roman Catholicism in Italy.

45. Pholus was a proverbially thirsty Centaur.

47. Philip of Macedon bribed the city of Olynthus to capitulation.

49. *Argento:* "plate."

64–5. The Fates are supposed to spin a white thread for good fortune.

70, etc. Iulus, son of Aeneas, left Lavinium or Lavinum, where his stepmother Lavinia lived, and founded Alba Longa; *sublimis apex* is the hill above Alba Longa. *Sumen:* see note on VI, 177.

75–6. The harbour of Ostia is described. *Pharon:* "lighthouse." See note on VI, 83.

81. *Vertice raso:* the sailors shaved their heads in performance of a vow made in time of danger.

105. The Rutuli were a people of Italy; Turnus, their leader, was Aeneas' chief foe in Italy. See I, 162.

108. Pyrrhus (*rex Molossus*) first introduced elephants into Italy, 280 B.C.

119. Agamemnon sacrificed his daughter Iphigenia in order to pacify Artemis (Diana), who detained the Greek fleet at Aulis; but the goddess rescued her, and substituted a hind for the sacrifice. Iphigenia had been beguiled to Aulis with a promise of marriage; hence she is called *nubilis*. The subject was treated by Euripides, in a "tragedy."

122. *Libitina:* the goddess presiding over funerals; so "death."

127. *Mycenis:* Iphigenia. Agamemnon, her father, was

King of Mycenae. Pacuvius' daughter is called Iphigenia, as in VI, 660, an injured husband is called Agamemnon; this application of heroic names is very common in Juvenal.

128. Nestor's length of life was proverbial. See X, 249.

NOTES TO SATIRE XIII

4. The votes of the jury over which the praetor presided were written on tablets and dropped into an urn.

17. Fontenis was consul in 67 A.D.

27. Thebes had seven gates, the Nile seven mouths.

28. *ferri:* the various ages were designated by metals. The Golden Age came first; the Iron Age last.

33. *Sportula:* the "clients" bribed by the sportula or "dole." *Bulla:* a children's ornament. See note on V, 164.

40, etc. Juppiter was brought up in a cave of Mount Ida in Crete; he expelled his father Saturn from the throne of Heaven; Saturn consoled himself with husbandry; Juppiter gave the sea to Neptune, the underworld to Pluto (whose wife was Proserpina, carried off by him from Sicily). Gifford refers the mention of Vulcan (Hephaestus) to Homer, who describes him as acting cupbearer once (*Iliad* I, 597). Atlas was supposed to support the heavens on his shoulders.

51. i.e. The punishments of Hades were then not yet invented.

62. *Tuscis:* the art of divining portents came to Rome from Etruria.

78. See note upon VI, 47.

79. *Cirrha* was the harbour of Delphi, and is often put for Delphi.

93. The *sistrum* was a rattle used in the worship of Isis.

97–8–9. *Ladas:* a celebrated runner. At Anticyra grew a herb supposed to cure madness. Archigenes was a doctor. The meaning is, "unless he wants remedies for madness," i.e. "unless he is mad." Pisa was near Olympia, where the great games of Greece were held.

111. Catullus wrote farces. See VIII, 186.

112. *Stentora:* Homer represents Stentor as shouting as loud as fifty men.

119. Gifford read *Bathylli* for *Vagelli.*

132. *deducere:* "to rend" a garment.

153. Gifford purposely omits this line, for no very good reason; in his note he translates it:—

> "What will they not, who, with irreverence dire,
> Steal and melt down the Thunderer entire?"

155–6. See note to VIII, 214.

167–8. The Pygmies inhabited Ethiopia, and fought battles with cranes; so said legend.

184–5. *Chrysippus* was a famous Stoic philosopher, *Thales* one of the "seven wise men" of Greece. Socrates is the *senex vicinus Hymetto,* Hymettus being a mountain near Athens. See VII, 206.

197. *Caedicius:* apparently a proverbially cruel judge. *Rhadamanthus:* one of the judges of Hades.

199. Herodotus tells this story of a Spartan named Glaucus.

246. Prisoners were often confined on small or desolate islands; see note to I, 73.

249. Tiresias, a prophet and soothsayer of Thebes, was blind. Hence *Tiresiam* is equivalent to *caecum.*

NOTES TO SATIRE XIV

5. *Bullatus:* see note to V, 164.

20 *Antiphates* and *Polyphemus,* giants who figure in the *Oayssey,* are typical of cruelty.

24. *Inscripta:* i.e. where slaves are branded.

35. *Titan:* Promethus. See note to IV, 133.

41, 43. Catilina is typical of profligacy and rebellion; Cato and Brutus of the stern virtues of ancient Rome.

58. i.e. He has long been "wrong in the head." Cupping was effected by exhausting the air in the cup, which is thus somewhat unreasonably called *ventosa.*

91. Posides was a freedman of the Emperor Claudius.

114. The Garden of the Hesperides and the Golden Fleece in Pontus were each guarded by a wakeful dragon.

134. Bridges were favourite stations for beggars.

160. Tatius: one of Rome's legendary early kings.

162. See note to XII, 108.

176. Gifford read *immodici*, the commonly preferred reading of to-day; but he adopted Holyday's translation of *indomiti*, imagining it (as his note shows) to refer to *immodici*.

180–1. The Marsi, Hernici, and Vestini, were Italian tribes, subsequently absorbed by Rome. They here typify simplicity and strength.

193. *Vitem:* the vine-staff was the ensign of a centurion's rank and office.

195. *Annotet . . . . miretur:* "Let him see. . . ." "Take care that he sees . . . . and admires. . . ." Gifford is misleading. Laelius seems to be the general in command.

196. The Brigantes were a British tribe.

197. The *Aquila* or standard of the legion was in charge of the chief centurion; his post was profitable as well as honourable.

202. Tanning, and such trades as were "nuisances," had to be carried on on the far side of the river.

208. Gifford read *poscentibus assem*. *Assae* means "dry-nurses."

216. Perhaps Gifford read *nativae* for *maturae*.

229. *Conduplicavit* is Mr. Owen's conjecture for *conduplicare* or *conduplicari*. A finite verb seems necessary. Gifford seems to have read *conduplicare dat libertatem, totas*.

239. See note to VIII, 254.

241. Legend told that a host of armed men sprang up from a dragon's teeth sowed on the future site of Thebes; they fought, and the survivors formed the first inhabitants of the new city.

251. The stag was proverbially long-lived.

252. See notes on VI, 245, and VI, 661.

260. Money was stored in temples for safety.

265. *Petauro:* this is said to mean "spring-board," but commentators differ.

267. Corycus was a town in Crete.

271. See note to XIII, 40.

279–80. *Calpe* is Gibraltar. Hercules was said to have reached the Atlantic Ocean, which is accordingly named after him here.

282–3. Modern English editors put a comma after *aluta*, and refer the next line to *operae:* "the toil of having seen the creatures of the deep. . . ."

302. i.e. He is a beggar, and excites pity by showing a picture of the storm which caused his shipwreck and ruin.

309. Diogenes' "tub" was a large earthenware jar.

311, etc. See x, 168–9.

324. By a law of Roscius Otho, passed in 67 B.C., fourteen rows of seats in the theatre were specially reserved for the knights; the minimum fortune for a knight being the *quadringenta* here mentioned—400,000 sesterces.

329, etc. Narcissus was a freedman; the wife of Claudius was Messalina (see x, 330 . . . .); Narcissus, says Juvenal, persuaded him to have her killed.

NOTES TO SATIRE XV

5. There was at Thebes in Egypt a statue of Memnon, famed for the magic music which it gave forth; an earthquake had broken it in half.

7. *Aeluros:* cats.

14, etc. Odysseus (Ulysses) related his adventures to Alcinous, King of the Phaeacians.

25. Phaeacia was supposed to be Corcyra (Corfu).

27. *Junco* is now generally read for *Junio*, and a Juncus is said to have been consul in 127 A.D.

28. Coptus was a city in Egypt.

29. *Cothurnis:* see note to VI, 634.

30. *Pyrrha:* see note to I, 81.

43–5. Gifford's translation is more free than accurate.

46. *Canopo:* see note to VI, 84.

51. *jejunum:* "(malice) whetted by an empty stomach," as one translator renders it.

65, etc. Virgil and Homer speak of the degenerate size and strength of the men of their own day; so much mightier were the heroes of old—Diomede (Tydides), Turnus, and Ajax.

85. Prometheus brought fire down from Heaven as a gift to man.

93. The Vascones were Spaniards; the allusion is to a famous siege.

107. Zeno founded the Stoic philosophy.

108. *Cantaber:* Spaniard; so "Vascon."

110. *nostras Athenas:* Rome and her culture.

114. *Saguntus:* a Spanish city, besieged and taken by Hannibal.

115, etc. The reference is to the altar of Artemis (Diana) among the Tauri, near the Sea of Azov (Palus Maeotis), where human sacrifices were offered.

134. *Causam dicentis* is now commonly read for *casum lugentis*.

140–1. The initiated carried torches in their hands at the mystic worship of Ceres (Demeter).

168. *Gladios extendere:* "to forge long swords" (Duff).

174. Pythagoras was a vegetarian, and abstained also from eating beans. See III, 229.

NOTES TO SATIRE XVI

6. Samos was specially favoured by Juno, the mother of Mars.

13. *Bardaicus calceus:* a soldier's boot, named after an Illyrian tribe.

15. Camillus was an early Roman general who organised the army.

21–2. Gifford seems to have read:—

> officiunt. Curabitis, ut sit
> Vindicta gravior quam injuria.

Curabilis is said to mean "requiring medical treatment," i.e. "the remedy is as bad as the disease."

26. *Pylaaes:* i.e. a true friend.

32, etc. The Continental system of "droit administratif" often affords instances of this official immunity.

42–3. This seems to mean, "I must wait till the legal year begins and common pleas are heard."

56. Gifford probably read *labor* for *favor*.

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